

CHATTERLINE

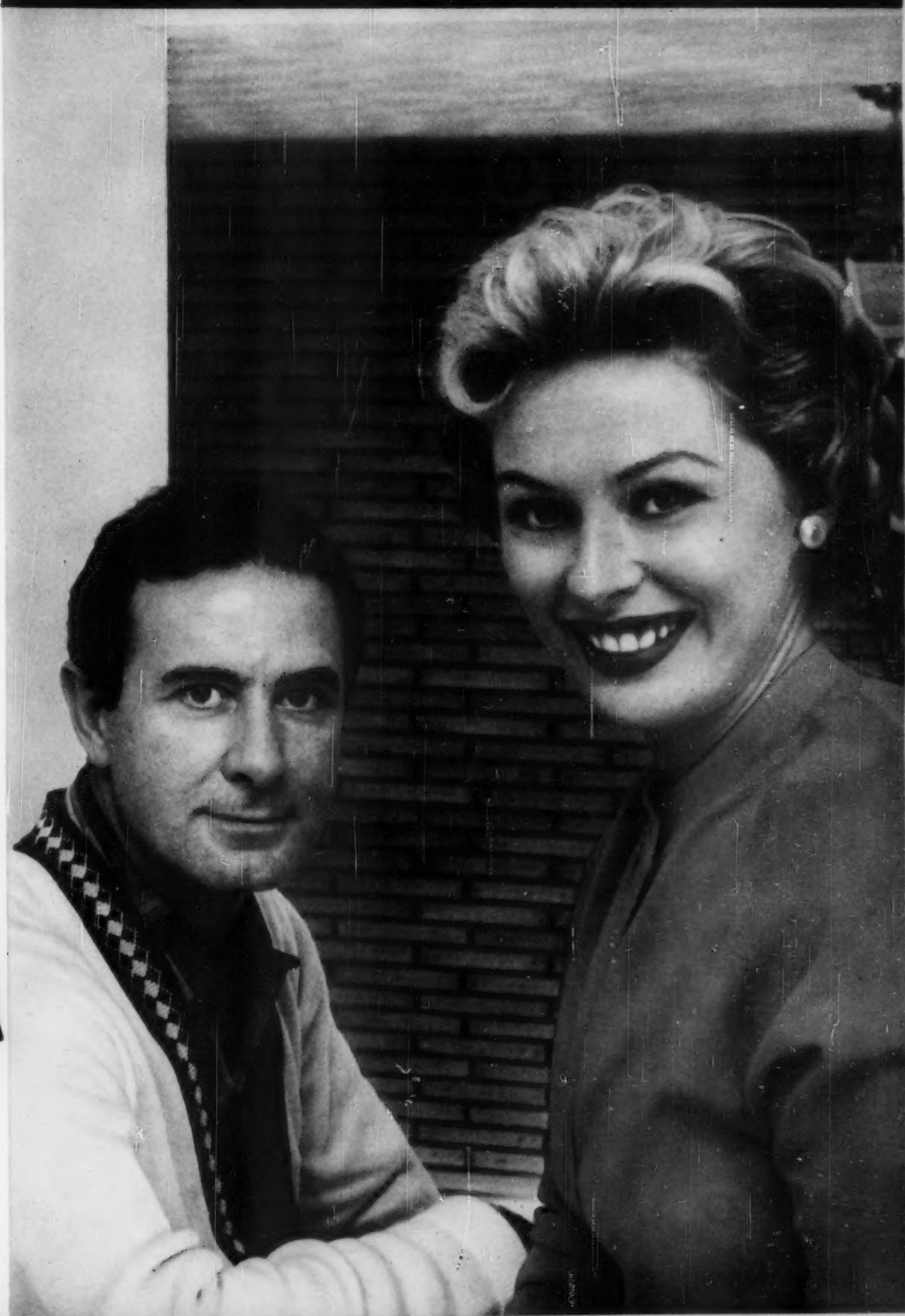
The Canadian Home Journal

DECEMBER 1959

15 CENTS



Could you have a nervous breakdown?
The Queen prepares for a royal baby
TV's Sylvia Murphy and Charles Templeton



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GUEST EDITORIAL

"Forgive us our Christmases"

A TEACHER DETECTED an irregularity as her pupils recited the Lord's Prayer one morning. Careful listening revealed that one of them was saying, "... and forgive us our Christmases."

Perhaps the child had a point. There is always a danger that the very beauty of the season may lead us to treat Christmas as an interlude of pleasant fancy between two calendar years of hard reality. To do so is to profane it.

Christmas is not "the children's festival," except insofar as we can all be young at heart. It does, of course, celebrate the birth of a child — but more than a child. Christmas marks the coming among us of the most mature life the world has seen. The date is not important. December 25 may have been the occasion of any number of ancient pagan festivals at the winter solstice. But the fact of Christmas is important. The birth, ministry, crucifixion and eternal life of Jesus Christ have had so deep an influence upon the world that most people are barely aware of their indebtedness to Him. Christmas is not simply the climax of the year; it is the Great Divide of human history.

The world can never again be what it might have been had Christ not lived. Humanity cannot forget its finest hour. So towering a figure is He that even those who rejected Him feel constrained to justify themselves. Nor is it without significance that it was men who fancy themselves to have outgrown religion who first transmitted a record of the birth of Jesus Christ to outer space. The Soviet Lunik II bore the date 1959 — so many years after Bethlehem.

What does Christmas mean?

Forgive us our Christmases? One cannot think of Our Lord condemning the innocent merriment of the season. But He would certainly encourage us to face the facts. Life is not a holiday and the human heart is not always merry. The tensions of living must be resolved, not by escape but by a faith that can face facts and still sing, "Glory to God in the highest." The Christ who while He was yet a child became a displaced person, who knew the weariness of those who labor, the anguish of being misunderstood and the pain of crucifixion, is the Person in whose company religion becomes reality and faith ceases to be fancy.

How many of mankind's hopes would go out with the extinguishing of the lights of Christmas! While fear builds walls around persons and sin creates divisions between nations and classes, the Child of Bethlehem who grew up to carry the Cross continues His work of integration and redemption.

For at least one day this month the town of Bethlehem becomes the capital of the world.

"O weary, weary is the world
But here the world's desire."

— G. K. Chesterton in *A Christmas Carol*

William Bothwell

The Reverend William C. Bothwell
Anglican Chaplain, University of Toronto



CHATELAINE

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All the girls need
NIVEA!



**SHE'S AN OUTDOOR GIRL
— SO SHE NEEDS NIVEA!**



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WEEK — SO SHE NEEDS NIVEA!**

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NIVEA *Hand Lotion*

Soft, supple hands are assured by new NIVEA HAND LOTION. Like NIVEA CREME, it contains moisturizing Eucerite. And the plastic squeeze bottles come in household or handy purse sizes!



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Chatelaine • December 1959

what's new at Chatelaine

Author Dorothy Burrus shows what it was like back on the farm.



Storytelling Canadian style

We're pleased to tell you that our three fiction stories in this Christmas issue were all written by Canadians. **Dorothy Burrus**, who wrote **The Faithful Reindeer** (page 30), says she was born on a farm in Iowa, and sent us the picture above to prove it. (In a footnote she admits that the horse was stuffed.) She says she met her husband while staging shows in small Canadian and U. S. towns. She cast him in a minstrel show, married him and now lives in **Wellington, Ont.** She originally wrote **The Faithful Reindeer** for her five-year-old son Bob. Our happiness in publishing **Home For Christmas** (page 22) by **Patricia Blondal**, whose three-part serial, **Strangers to Love**, was concluded in November, was overshadowed by sadness with the news at presstime of the sudden death in Montreal, at just thirty-two, of this most talented Canadian author.



Gordon Woodward.

Gordon Woodward who wrote our third Christmas story, **The Woolen Gloves** (page 26) is a freelance writer living in **Vancouver**. Born

in Regina, he says he turned to writing after a wide variety of jobs, from freight trucker to department-store clerk. He is now rewriting his first novel and has a second novel drafted. He says he writes slowly, going over every page thirty or forty times.

Making snow in August

The slap-happy looking staffers surrounded by Christmas tinsel

are home planning editor **Barbara Reynolds** (below left) and crafts editor **Wanda Nelles**, working on snowflakes and icicles (page 84) while the thermometer bubbled away at **95 degrees**.



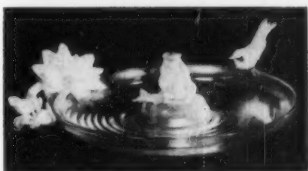
Christmases we'll never forget

When we were planning **My Most Memorable Christmas Gift** (page 48) everyone at **Chatelaine** started talking about his or her most memorable gifts. **Doris Anderson** had no trouble remembering a printing set she received at the age of seven. She started out to print short stories but immediately lost all the Os, which restricted her literary output a little. **Joan Chalmers**, art director, said a doll's house made by her father, mother and brother thrilled her most. **Ken Jobe**, assistant art director, says he would sit by the hour watching a sign maker letter signs for his father's store. One Christmas the sign maker gave him a book of type, which he treasured for years. **Eveleen Dolery** remembers a red butterfly skirt which transformed her into a whirling dervish. Maribou-trimmed slippers for **Vivian Wilcox**, skis for **Jessie London**, a gun that shot sparks for **Jean Yack**, garden seeds and a trowel for **Elaine Collett** are a few other gifts that shine in our memories. The children on our cover this month are naturally Sylvia Murphy's son Michael, aged four, and her daughter Debbie, six.

what's new in the shops

A fountain for indoors

As clever in design as it is attractive in appearance, the Fontana illuminated fountain doesn't need a separate water connection or pump unit. Just put water in the bowl and plug it in to an electrical outlet. The spray, ten to twelve inches high, doesn't splash over. A delightful addition to an indoor garden, it will be in department stores across Canada in the New Year — at present from Ransten Imports, 814 Midland Avenue, Toronto, \$49.95.



New faces in 1960

"Makeur" is an electrical gadget that puts on make-up for you with gossamer fineness — and gives you a massage into the bargain (see photo). Outfit consists of an applicator, cosmetic spatula



Makeur: \$35.

and set of eight buffers, each designed for a different type of application. Set, in case, \$35 from Fairway Beauty, 330 Donald Street, Ottawa. And Lu-Bette de Paris has two new beautifiers — a duet of **mask cream** (4-ounce jar) and **blue crystals** (1-ounce jar) to be mixed in proportion to dry- or oily-skin needs. Wonderfully refreshing! A new **pencil gadget** has double business ends to hold lipstick and eyeliner or lipstick and lipliner. \$2.75. Refills three for \$1. Lu-Bette de Paris, 494 Avenue Road, Toronto.

Twinkle toes

The new sparkling gold and silver luminous nylons are glamor-

ous beyond belief for evening wear, reports **Vivian Wilcox**, our fashion editor. About \$1.95 to \$3.95 a pair.

A pool in your future

Talking about **swimming pools** in December is not as mad as it sounds because if we tell you now you can start planning. The Trend Backgarden Pool, 36x16 feet, complete with all the important equipment, can be **installed for \$1,995** — and on installment terms if you wish. Information from Design Trends, 781 Warden Avenue, Scarborough, Ont.

Make your own radio

"Tune-a-Dyne" is a little gadget three inches long that converts any of the new 1960 Seabreeze **record players** — even a child's — into a radio and back again with equal ease. At \$24.75, Eaton's across Canada.

A practical present

Nonscratching rigid plastic is used for these **stacking shelves**, ideal for the teen-ager's room. Yellow, green, brown with permanent gloss finish, two units and cover, \$9.95. Three units will cost you \$13.95; available in department stores.



Exotic drinks and pink sinks

There's a lotus-land flavor to the new frozen fruit concentrates. Pineapple-strawberry, pineapple-raspberry and deep-mint pineapple juice are some of them.

And also you can now have sinks installed to match equipment — pink, green, yellow — whatever may suit your kitchen décor.

Continued on page 4



How many home accident hazards can you find here?

Look closely at the picture above and you'll find a number of potentially dangerous situations that could cause accidents — perhaps without your realizing it — in your own home.

Notice the turned-up corner of the rug, the skates on the floor and the books on the staircase. Each of these is an invitation to a fall — and falls cause over 1,500 home fatalities a year.

Keep stairways free of obstructions. Provide a storage place for toys — and teach children to keep them there. Rugs should be made trip and slide proof to prevent tripping or skidding.

See the open fire without a screen? It's estimated that over 150 homes are attacked by fire each day — some of them because open fireplaces are not properly screened. Every fireplace should be screened — especially if there are toddlers in the family.

Did you spot the frayed electric cord leading to the table lamp? It could cause severe shock or a painful burn. Be sure that all the cords and electrical outlets throughout your home are always in good repair.

Notice the heavy vase on the table? An inquisitive youngster could reach and pull it over on himself. Keep heavy objects in the center of the table.

What about other potential "danger spots" in your home? The bathroom can be especially dangerous — if medicines are left where young children can get at them. All medicines should be kept in a secure storage place. And so should household preparations including bleach, lye, insecticides and cleaning fluids.

Poisoning from such substances is now a common medical emergency among young children.

Two of the important precautions to take in the kitchen are: keep sharp knives in a special rack on the wall; be sure that curtains do not hang where they can blow over an open flame.

In one year home accidents took the lives of 2,600 Canadians and caused 125,000 disabling injuries.

Why not inspect your home now for potential sources of accidents — and make the necessary repairs, rearrangements, or corrections for their removal? If you do so, your home can be much safer for everyone in your family.

Metropolitan's booklet "Your Family's Safety", gives much more information to help you make your home the safe, secure haven it should be. For your free copy, use the coupon below.

PASTE COUPON ON POSTCARD

<p>Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. Canadian Head Office (Dept. H.W.) Ottawa 4, Canada</p> <p>Please send me the free booklet "Your Family's Safety" 129L.</p>		
<p>Name</p>		
<p>Street</p>		
<p>City Prov.</p>		



It's "Cream of Wheat" weather ...time for the nourishment of hot "Cream of Wheat"

There's a generous amount of food-energy in every steaming bowl of "Cream of Wheat" and milk. Delicious, too! For an extra treat, top with brown sugar, maple syrup, or jam.

Start your family
with hot, nourishing
"Cream of Wheat"!



what's new to see and hear

By EDNA MAY



Esther Williams and columnist Edna May:
Where did the spectaculars go?

Shake-up of the movie queens

There's confusion among the movie queens today — no one is sure what type she should be. Look what's happened, for instance, to the Swimmer (**Esther Williams**), the Sweet Young Thing (**Debbie Reynolds**) and the unrobed Sex Symbol (**Brigitte Bardot**).

Esther Williams, still smooth as a satin suit, has turned to pro-



Reynolds: From Sweet to Frisky.

moting swimming pools and acting as guest and hostess on TV specials. When I talked with her she put it this way: "They just don't make the type of movie spectacular I used to star in . . . Perhaps I never did really dig the Hollywood bit." Esther said she had rejected scripts because they were unsuitable or "too controversial."

Debbie Reynolds seems to be rushing to change type. She appeared as a guest of the **Jack Paar Show** and before you could say "sweet" she exploded with gags and gymnastic prankishness that



Brigitte Bardot.

left her bewildered host coatless, tieless, shoeless and on the verge of losing his shirt. In her latest movie, **It Started With a Kiss**, the new bolder Debbie's main scene revolves around a frisky bed scene with **Fred Clark**.

Meantime, back in France, the international Sex Symbol changes her strip. **Brigitte Bardot** stars in **Babette Goes to War** and when this picture arrives here early this year you'll see the new BB, as she joins the underground, keeps on her clothes and heads for the rank of actress.

Stars shine bright on tour

After Christmas at home in Toronto, soprano **Lois Marshall** takes off in January for what is likely the longest tour ever made by a Canadian artist. She'll perform not only in England, Europe and Russia (by popular request after her visit last year), but also in India, Singapore and Australia — eight solid months of music.



Lois Marshall.

When I admired one of her sparkling white stage gowns, she explained that a singer's wardrobe is not an easy one to muster. "Gowns have to appear to fit," she explained, "and yet leave enough room for diaphragm expansion."

You can hear Miss Marshall the night of December 20 on the Trans-Canada Network when she joins the CBC Symphony for Beethoven's Ninth, conducted by **Efrem Kurtz**, with **Maureen Forrester**, **Donald Bell**, **Alan Crofoot** and the **Toronto Mendelssohn Choir**.

Continued on page 6

Exciting new Cranberry Surprise



Here is modern Gel-Cookery at its colorful best—*natural* cranberry flavor, just right with holiday turkey, chicken, ham, delicious at *any* meal.

This festive new Cranberry Soufflé Salad is so *light*
and easy to make with **KNOX GELATINE... HELLMANN'S / BEST FOODS MAYONNAISE**

Here's a molded salad that adds all the traditional appeal of cranberries to your holiday menu *plus* the non-filling lightness so important to modern appetites. The delicate creaminess of Hellmann's / Best Foods Real Mayonnaise blends perfectly with the intriguing tartness of cranberries . . . and, thanks to Knox Unflavored Gelatine, all the *natural* flavor comes through at its best. Try this new holiday recipe soon—see how simple it is to follow, how fast it becomes a family favorite for *all year round!*



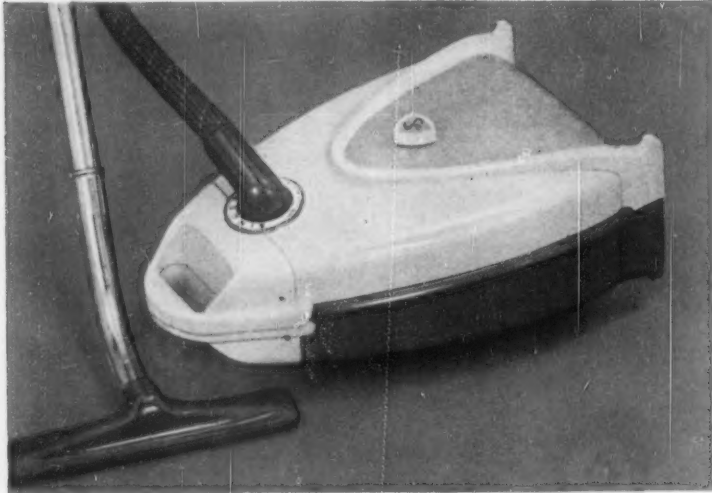
CRANBERRY SOUFFLÉ SALAD

1. Mix together 1 envelope Knox Unflavored Gelatine with 2 tablespoons sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.
2. Add 1 cup very hot water and stir until gelatine is dissolved.
3. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Hellmann's / Best Foods Real Mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Blend with a rotary beater.
4. Pour into a refrigerator tray. Quick chill in freezing unit (without changing control) 20 to 25 minutes, or until firm about 1 inch from edge but soft in center.
5. Put 2 cups fresh cranberries through food chopper. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Let stand 10 minutes.
6. Beat gelatine mixture until fluffy. Fold in 1 medium-size orange or apple, peeled and diced, or 1 cup drained, canned pineapple tidbits, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped walnuts and prepared cranberries.
7. Pour into individual molds or a 1-quart mold and chill until firm.
8. Unmold on lettuce. Top with Real Mayonnaise, if desired. Makes 6 servings.

If canned cranberries are used instead of fresh . . . use 1 (15 oz.) can whole cranberry sauce, and omit the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Fold in with orange and walnuts.

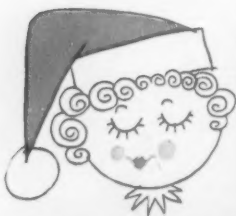


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Few gifts combine beauty and practicality so well as the SINGER® Extra-Power GOLDEN GLIDE. Its powerful suction makes cleaning easier, faster. Two-way design lets it roll

smoothly without tipping...or stand up for cleaning stairs or storing in a closet. Throw-away bag holds three times as much as most other cleaner bags. Nylon-rubber hose, too.



OR FROM YOU TO YOU.



Your Christmas budget can easily handle the wonderful SINGER Full-Power "Roll-A-Magic." It has powerful suction equal to cleaners costing nearly

twice as much. The swinging swivel head and easy-roll casters make for effortless cleaning. Complete with handy attachments, only **\$59.50**



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Headquarters for the finest sewing machines and vacuum cleaners. Listed in your phone book under SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY. *A Trademark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

what's new to see and hear Continued



Alan Crofoot.



Donald Bell.

Baritone Bell, of British Columbia, is becoming one of our best known stars having appeared this year at the **Lucerne Festival** in Switzerland. He's now on a fifteen-concert tour of Canada and, for the first time, the United States. Immediately following

his North American tour, Bell will return to London for a January performance of *The Messiah* in Royal Albert Hall.

Who knows how to buy sculpture?

Practically nobody, even though sculpture is becoming increasingly popular. However, if your church, service organization or city is planning to buy a plaque, bust or fountain, note this: to help you judge, buy, price and even place sculpture, the **Sculptors' Society of Canada** is working on a first guide book of its kind. It will be edited by **Elford B. Cox**, and among other sculptors contributing will be such people as **Frances Loring**, with a chapter on commemorative monuments; **Pauline Redsell**, on portrait heads; and **Marius Plamondon**, on ecclesiastical sculpture.

Christmas books to give

At your counters you'll find a big new edition of **Thornton W. Burgess'** old-time favorite **Bed-**

time Stories (Little, Brown \$3.50) with **Buster Bear**, **Danny Meadow Mouse** and all the other familiar animals splashed with fresh color... Not the type of book you'd buy except as a present is **Frances Parkinson Keyes' Christmas Gift** (McClelland & Stewart, \$3.25), shaped long to stuff a stocking, elegantly embellished, with twelve vignettes written to friends at Christmas times past... For the more recherché on your list there's **Paris New York Arts Yearbook 3** (Double-day, \$5.75). It is not just another collection of city views, but a guide to twenty-four painters of the 1950s, with samples of their work in beautiful color and photographs.



A Tree grows for Toronto

This Christmas will bring young sculptor **Rebecca Sisler** into the limelight when she presents the **Art Gallery of Toronto** with **Tree of Life**, a sculpture she did with the help of a Canada Council grant. I visited Rebecca in her cleverly converted blacksmith shop at Terra Cotta, forty-five miles northwest of Toronto, and found her putting the finishing touches on the Tree, a graceful figure representing a mother with arms circling two standing children, carved on the full round of walnut and almost four feet high.



Sculptor Sisler.

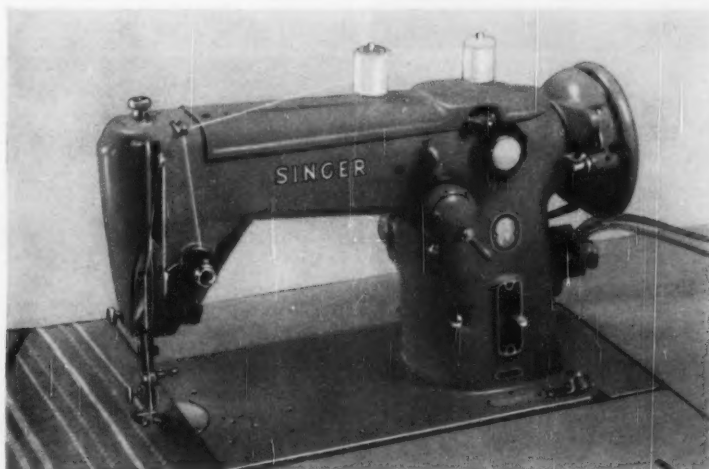
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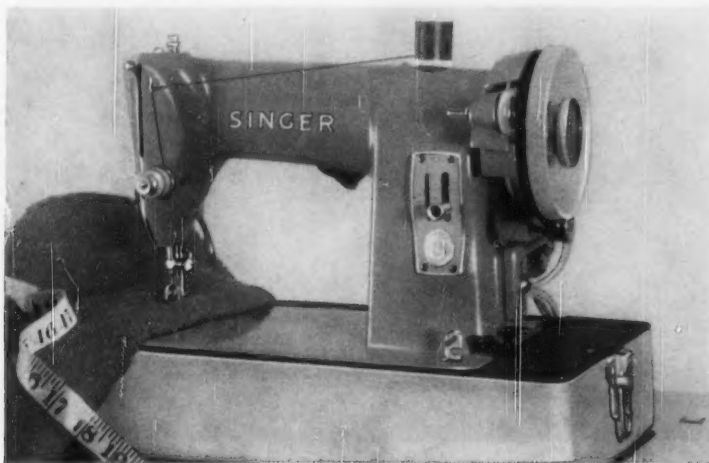
...and for my big gift



More women will wish for—and get—a SINGER this Christmas than any other machine and here's why...



Celebrated FASHION* DISK . . . a versatile machine that lets you do hundreds of decorative stitches and sew two rows of stitches at once because of the amazing twin-needle. You can also sew on buttons, mend and blind stitch. Cabinet and portable styles.

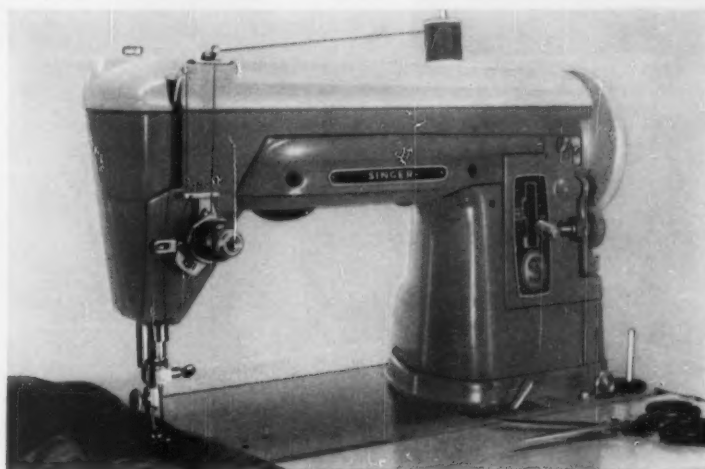


Young-Budget SINGER . . . sleek new machine designed specially for young homemakers! Easy to run—even most beginners make curtains, bed-spreads and things for the family right off. And, young husbands are naturally drawn to the tiny price. Cabinet and portable styles.

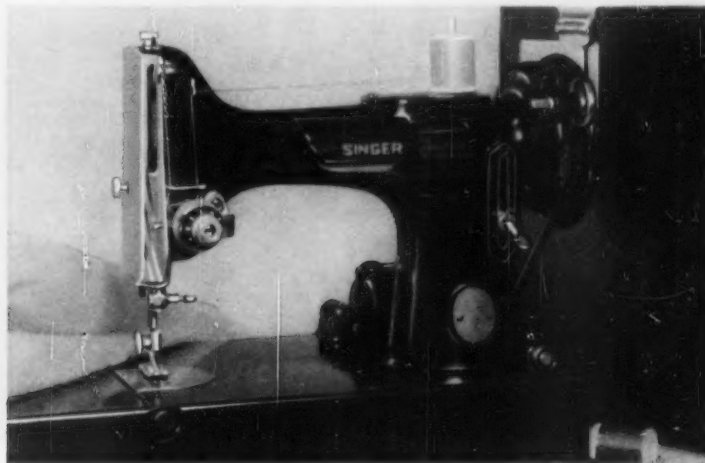
And you can tell Santa . . . SINGER low prices start at \$59.50 for the SPARTAN* model (not illustrated).



Famous SLANT-O-MATIC*. Here is the most talented machine you can buy. Lets you create thousands of fancy stitches *just by "tuning" a knob*. Do practical every-day sewing. Sew buttons, buttonholes, blind stitching, even do darning. Cabinet and portable styles.



New! SLANT-NEEDLE Deluxe! This greatest-of-all straight-stitch machines has foolproof threading; exclusive slant-needle; front "drop-in" bobbin. Never slips or stalls. And a zigzag attachment for fancy stitching is included. Cabinet and portable styles.



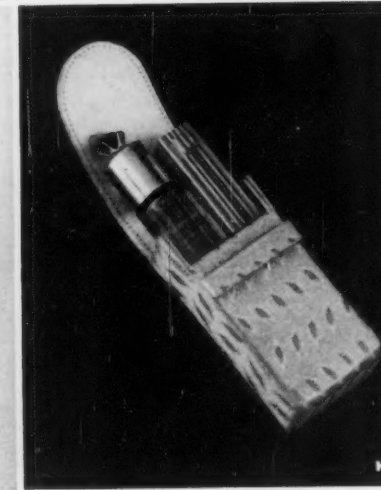
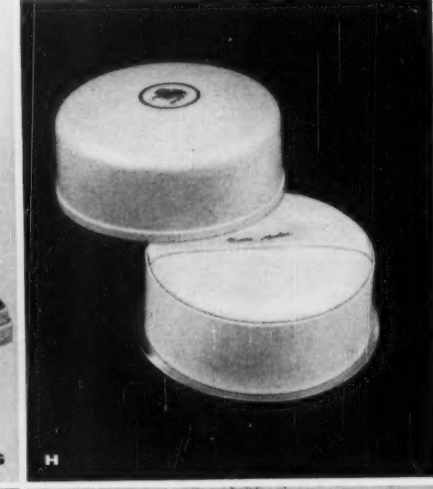
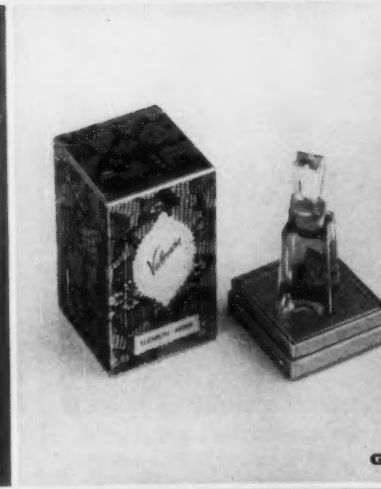
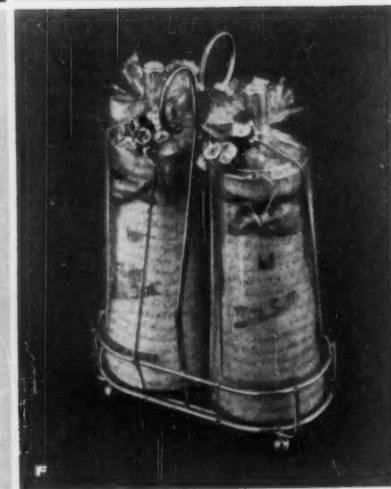
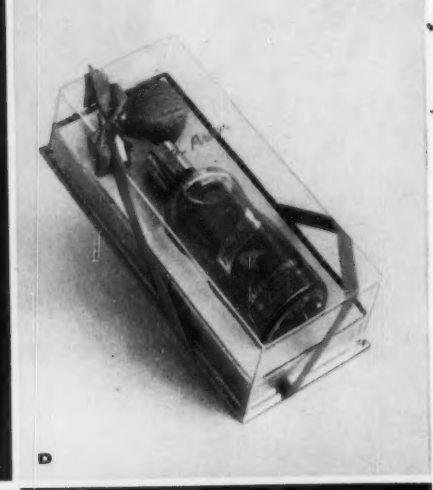
The FEATHERWEIGHT* has probably been put under more Christmas trees than any other electric portable in the world. And no wonder. Weighs only 11 pounds, yet does the job of a full-sized SINGER* Sewing Machine. Sews perfectly on every fabric. Compact for storage, too.



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Listed in your phone book under SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.
*A Trademark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.

Elizabeth Arden adds gay sparkle to Christmas giving



- A. Continental Beauty Box. All the beauty essentials for the woman on the go, 45.00
- B. Golden Wishing Well (Blue Grass Flower Mist, Parfumair, Dusting Powder, Fluffy Milk Bath, Bath Soap), 15.00
- C. Chatterbox (simulated leather) pink, blue Raehide. New Introductory Beauty Box. Convenient introduction to Miss Arden's famous preparations, 12.00
- D. Blue Grass Flower Mist with Atomizer, 3.50
- E. Blue Grass Perfume Mist, 5.00
- F. Golden Bath Duet (Blue Grass Luxury Bath Salts, Fluffy Milk Bath), 16.00
- G. Valencia Perfume (3/4 oz.) Miss Arden's New French perfume created, bottled and sealed in France, 6.00
- H. Luxury Dusting Powder (Blue Grass, My Love, Mémoire Chérie, On Dit, June Geranium), 5.50
- I. Letter Box (Blue Grass Flower Mist 8 oz., Fluffy Milk Bath, Large Puff-Puff, Bath Soap), 12.00
- J. Blue Grass Bath Set (Flower Mist, Dusting Powder, Hand Lotion, Bath Soap, Special Atomizer), 9.75
- K. Brocade Fashion Case (Automatic Lipstick, Blue Grass Parfumair), 6.50
- L. Bath Shell (Hand Lotion, Bath Soap) Blue Grass or June Geranium fragrance, 2.50

Elizabeth Arden
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Tissue Tricot of DU PONT Nylon



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Kayonara, a rare achievement in lingerie. Neither words nor pictures can capture its radiant new beauty. You must touch it to know how much more silken it is... lighter yet more opaque, more comfortable in every season. Ask for it by name...Tissue Tricot Nylon!



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DU PONT OF CANADA LIMITED • MONTREAL



Mrs. M. S. Allen, of Toronto, Ontario, with her Inglis Royal pair

Why 136,969 Canadian housewives were glad to pay more for Inglis automatic washers and dryers

Inglis pioneered the manufacture of the automatic washer and dryer in Canada. They have concentrated on the perfection of laundry equipment ever since. The engineers at Inglis will tell you that, when it comes to washers and dryers, they are interested in one thing only. Clean laundry, all done automatically!

This is perhaps the most important reason why (to date) 136,969 women were happy to pay more to get Inglis equipment. Now, you want to know the other reasons.

Let's look at Mrs. Allen's Inglis Royal pair. (Notice that washer and dryer are identical in size and shape.) First, her washer. It has 10 washing cycles—to cover every wash need—including 2 Wash'n Wear actions that will not wrinkle wash and wear garments. The Inglis secret? The garments are cooled while in suspension; thus restoring the wrinkle resistance of the fabric. A special water

selector allows you to save water on partial loads by using just the amount of water needed for the size of the wash.

The Royal washer also features (1) the Inglis "Sani-Sun" germicidal lamp, which helps destroy common germs while it gives the clothes a sweet, fresh air fragrance, (2) a built-in lint filter, which



works all the time the wash is on, even on partial loads, (3) the famous Inglis Suds Saver, which, on big washing loads, ingeniously saves the sudsy hot water and returns it clean for re-use with the next load, (4) an automatic built-in rinse conditioner dispenser, (5) Free Flow draining, in which wash and rinse water are drained away from the clothes, not through them, (6) four automatic water temperature selections.

The Royal automatic dryer has 8 automatic cycles



to fit every fabric need. Its features include (1) a Moisture Minder that automatically shuts off the dryer at "dry enough," (2) Tempered Heat, which means your clothes are never exposed to direct radiation of high temperature; but rather the heat sweeps through the clothes in scientific pattern, (3) a built-in sani-lamp that drenches and sanitizes clothes with "sunshine freshness", without danger of fading, (4) the fabulous Inglis Wash'n Wear cycles, which provide a 10-minute fluffing, cooling off action at room temperature . . . the only way you can dry wash-and-wears wrinkle-free in a dryer.

Mrs. Allen, and 136,968 other housewives, know that Inglis makes the most efficient washers and dryers in Canada. Your local Inglis dealer will show you all three Inglis models—the Royal, Citation, and Superb. Even the lowest priced Inglis models give you more features than the highest priced models of other makes. So, do see your Inglis dealer, soon.



here's health

by Lawrence Galton

A simple "social" reducing diet

A reducing diet which allows near-normal eating, with so few modifications that there is no problem in family food preparation and no need for friends to realize that any dieting is being done, has produced excellent results. The report comes from a New York physician. The modifications include: not more than one slice of bread at any meal; for breakfast, cereal or one slice of toast, but not both; for dinner, small portions of rice, noodles, cracked wheat or spaghetti, a small baked potato, or portions of peas or lima beans to give variety to the usual lean-meat, green-vegetable routine; no gravies to be added to any food; portions of everything reduced by about one fourth, with no "seconds," and, for dessert, one portion of fresh fruit, one ounce of cheese, or a small slice of angel-food cake. In one hundred patients, this routine reduced intake by fourteen hundred calories a day and, reports the physician, "in many instances, the patient's friends—and sometimes his family—did not know that he was on a diet."

What they're doing for "bad" backs

Twenty-four patients who had injured disks were treated by Israeli physicians with ACTH and chlorpromazine. The drugs were infused into a vein for eight hours to reduce swelling about the injured disk and to relieve the accompanying muscle spasm. Active exercise was encouraged. In three cases no improvement occurred, and surgery became necessary. In the others, dramatic relief from pain occurred within a few days, often within twenty-four hours.

Is it the right antibiotic for you?

A simple paper test that can be readily performed in a doctor's office to show the right antibiotic needed for a given infection now promises to save useless treatment and possibly reduce treatment time and expense. A special filter paper, divided into several areas with a small quantity of a different antibiotic in each, is swabbed with infectious material from the patient, sealed in a plastic bag, and heated. If an antibiotic stops growth of the infecting bacteria, the paper stays white. Otherwise, it turns red. Thus, the doctor knows which drug to use.

Time required to complete the test ranges from three to twelve hours. Excellent results were achieved in 100 patients with boils, tonsillitis, abscesses, sinusitis, urinary tract and other infections. In seventy-six, antibiotic treatment was started before results of the test were available and only twenty-three showed enough improvement within forty-eight hours to warrant continuation of the antibiotic. When the other fifty-three switched to the drugs indicated by the test, they began improving.

In twenty-four other cases, treatment was delayed until after the test. In fourteen, good results were obtained with the indicated antibiotics. In the other ten, the test showed that no bacteria were



Your Doctor will agree

LET'S FACE IT—there are days when a woman just doesn't feel up to par—when nerves are stretched taut—when irritations mount up 'til a body can hardly stand it.

Being a woman, *you* probably follow this pattern. On your 'down' days you may take many cups of tea or coffee trying to calm your nerves and soothe your ruffled feelings. Many people can do this of course, without harming themselves. But others just can not.

If you asked your Doctor about this, he would tell you that tea and coffee contain stimulants, drugs, caffeine. Instead of getting the relief you crave, your symptoms are aggravated, you become even more tense and disturbed.

Next time those worrisome days come along, *you can* take a hot beverage that really *will* comfort you—Instant Postum. *There's* a beverage that's safe. Instant Postum is not like tea or coffee. There are no stimulants, drugs or caffeine in Instant Postum. The comforting flavor and aroma will delight you. Why drag through another month when you can let Instant Postum help you so easily! Get a jar. Drink Instant Postum faithfully. Experience for yourself the ease, the calm it brings you, as you become happier, brighter, like your *usual* gay self.

**There is no substitute for
Instant POSTUM**

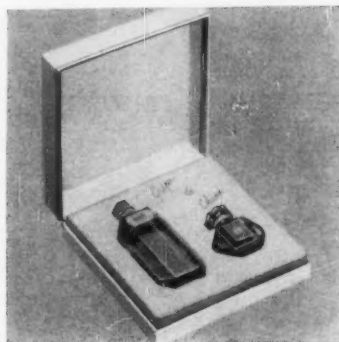
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CRÊPE DE CHINE,

"That silken fragrance she loves to wear", created by F. MILLOT, PARIS, FRANCE, presented in an exquisitely decorated coffret containing Cologne and Perfume: \$6.00. (Bottled, packaged and sealed in France.)

SPECIAL PRE-CHRISTMAS OFFER

Two elegant Waterman gifts for the price of one! World famous Cartridge Filled Pen and Pencil Set, plus a handsome Lord Waterman men's Jewelry Set. Reg. \$30.00, now \$25.00. Look for this unique pre-Christmas special by Waterman's, at pen and jewelry counters everywhere.



MOUTONIA LAMB-SKIN RUGS FOR APPROX. \$15

A touch of luxury that makes an unusual and welcome Christmas gift. Yet so economical. Size 8 to 9 sq ft. Non-slip backing. Will last a life-time. Attractively Christmas-packed in a polyethylene bag that has a hundred other uses. Available at department stores everywhere. Choose them in snow white, honey beige and other colors. Ask for "MOUTONIA" Lamb-Skin Rugs. Or write "MOUTONIA," 121 Prescott Ave., Toronto, Ont.



TO KINDLE THE IMAGINATION OF A CHILD ... GIVE VIEW-MASTER

It's like opening a magic door. A child looks into View-Master and finds a thrill he's never known before! Christmas Stories, Fairy Tales, Adventure Stories ... come alive in the matchless realism of 3-D. Endorsed by educators, applauded by parents, loved by children! View-Master 3-Dimension Viewer plus any 3-reel 21-picture packet you choose only \$3.95. At leading photo, drug, gift and department stores everywhere.

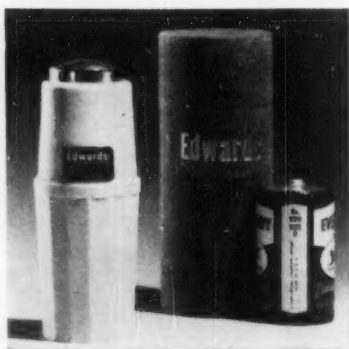
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presents its five world-famous fragrances, available in the new golden flacon Lanvinette designed by Cartier, with an inscribed Jewel Box.

ARPÈGE — RUMEUR \$4.75,
PRETEXTE \$4.25, MY SIN—
SCANDAL \$3.75.

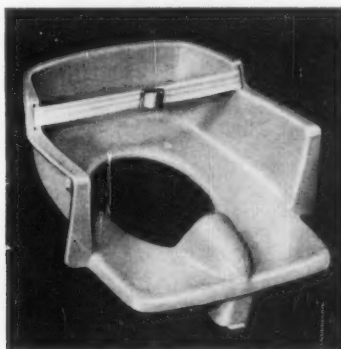




PHILISHAVE SPEEDSHAVER'S rotary shaving action changes the "ouch" of shaving discomfort to the "ahh-hh" of real comfort. The one shaver that can't nick, pull or pinch — it adjusts automatically to every type of skin and whisker. No wonder it's Canada's largest selling electric shaver... the Number One replacement for outmoded shavers... and the Christmas gift sure to please every man who shaves. Also available in battery-operated Sportsman model — the ideal second shaver — for camping, fishing, hunting trips.

WEDGWOOD — for Christmas... and for a lifetime!

This is Wedgwood's "Asia"... a new dinnerware pattern interpretation of today's trend to a richer, more opulent decor. Inspired way to say Merry Christmas... to complement a gracious lady's way of life... for now and forever! The 5-piece place setting in muted green, touched with gold on translucent white bone china \$23.80.



FOR BABY FROM TOP TO BOTTOM

Columbia "John-ee" Training seat in soothing pastel colours. Styrene seat is completely guaranteed against breaking. Built-in deflector, safety belt, rust proof steel clamp for quick secure adjustment to any residential type seat. Available in pink, blue, ivory and maize — only \$3.98. Also available, Columbia "John-ee" Folding Seat for home or travel — only \$4.98.



SEAFORTH'S GIFT SPECIAL... TO PLEASE A MAN!

This world famous name in men's toiletries is highlighting their gift selection with this beautifully gift-wrapped Christmas set: king-sized "gold" jugs of Scotch Heather Shave Lotion and Cologne, plus Seaforth's refreshing push-button Minute Shave. All three at only \$4.75. Other Seaforth favourite gift sets from \$1.25 at drug and department stores.



here's health CONTINUED

present, indicating probable virus infection, and these patients were spared the needless hazard and expense of antibiotic treatment which has no effect on virus diseases.

Can misbehavior mean epilepsy in a child?

This, a German study shows, is a possibility worth checking. The study covered a group of children ranging from preschool to early teen-age—all previously well-adjusted youngsters who suddenly had become abnormally irritable, restless, overactive, subject to bouts of rage. Electroencephalograph tests showed brain-wave changes. And even as they were being studied, some of the children had epileptic seizures—their first. In every case, irritability, restlessness and other symptoms were brought under control with anticonvulsive drugs.

Voice change in elderly people — what it may reveal

In elderly people, voice changes and speech peculiarities sometimes are the only obvious signs of myxedema, or underfunctioning of the thyroid gland. So reports a British physician. Many patients over sixty do have other symptoms which may be due to myxedema — such as weight gain, constipation, hair loss, sensitivity to cold, dry skin, difficulty in walking, limb pains, and failure of memory and concentration—but they mistakenly ascribe these to age and therefore do not mention them to a physician. The voice changes usually include low pitch, increased nasal tone, huskiness and harshness. The voice also has a "clotted" quality, much like that which occurs after a large amount of milk chocolate is dissolved in the mouth and then swallowed. As treatment with thyroid extract relieves the thyroid condition, the voice returns to normal and other symptoms improve.

Surgery to end a chest disease

Bronchiectasis, a formidable chronic disease, widens air passages to the lungs, produces large amounts of offensive pus, paroxysmal cough, and sometimes expectoration of blood. When the disease is localized and chronic bronchitis is not present, surgery to remove diseased segments of the air passages may be the best means of treatment, a Scottish physician has reported to a joint meeting of the British and Canadian Medical Associations. Of two hundred and fifty-two patients who underwent surgery at the Edinburgh Thoracic Unit, all but forty-three were relieved. Among those benefited, there has been no spread or recurrence of the condition since surgery.

Help for hardening-skin disease

A chronic disease that hardens the skin to the point where breathing, chewing and joint movements become difficult, scleroderma is most common in women. Its cause remains unknown. Long-term treatment with potassium para-aminobenzoate produces fair to great improvement in most cases. This is the finding of a physician from Temple University in Philadelphia. Of twelve patients treated for less than three months, five showed little or no improvement. On the other hand, of sixty treated for longer periods, only two had disappointing results.

END



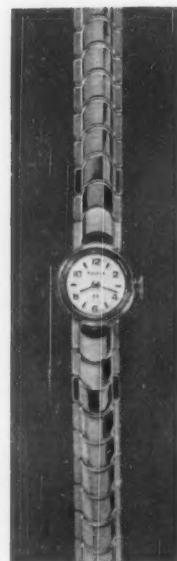
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AND DAZZLINGLY
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Unique
bracelet watches
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to catch
each shaft of light
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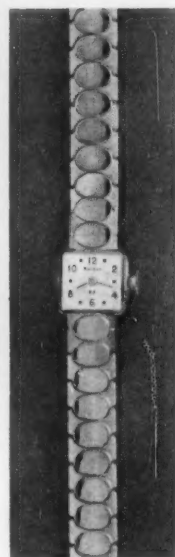
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the fascination
of fine jewelry...
adding the
elegance of a
23-jewel movement
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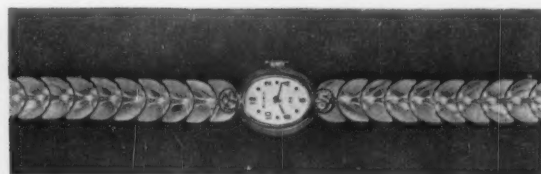
Half moon link bracelet spirals around your pretty wrist, sets off a tiny circle watch. Also white. \$55.



A cascade of ovals glitters, dazzles, streams down a shining frame. The watch—square and sophisticated. Also in white. \$75.



Glittering mesh, draping fluidly like cloth, narrows to a rectangular catch. The watch, a perfect circle. \$75.



Fascinating tulip leaf bracelet with each leaf alternately polished to either a high luster or a soft satin glow. Two diamonds edge the oval watch. Also in white. \$95.



**YOU CAN BE PROUD OF
THAT BULOVA DIFFERENCE**

teen tempo

*In this sparkling quintette of party dresses
you'll find the one to make
you look your prettiest — so pretty, in fact . . .*

You'll want to dance all night

By VIVIAN WILCOX

Chatelaine Fashion Editor

"WHERE TO BUY" ON PAGE 60

Obviously a success—the dress under the mistletoe, right. It is velveteen. Comes in holiday red, royal and black with detachable eggshell satin cuffs. By Judy 'n Jill. Sizes 9 to 17. About \$25.



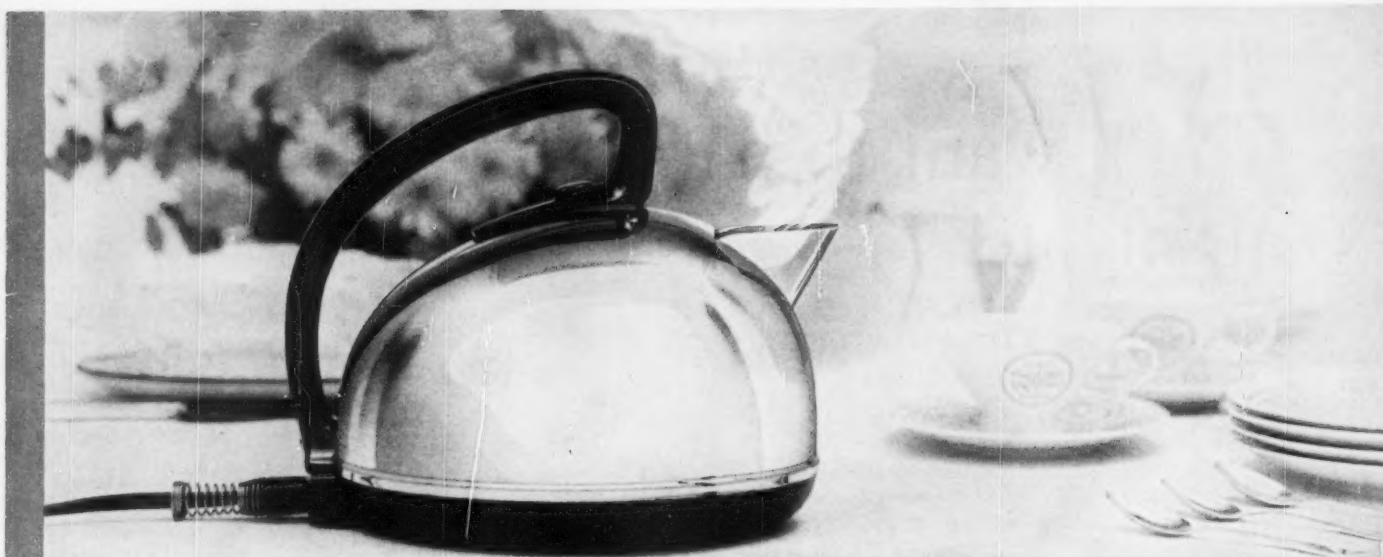
Photographs by Tom Davenport

Here, a variety of date-bait—all of it tempting. At the left, a white and grey silk organza formal with satin cummerbund. (Comes in white and navy too.) By Algo Juniors. Sizes 7 to 15. About \$30. Next, a white silk organza dress with emerald-green satin bands and embroidery. And

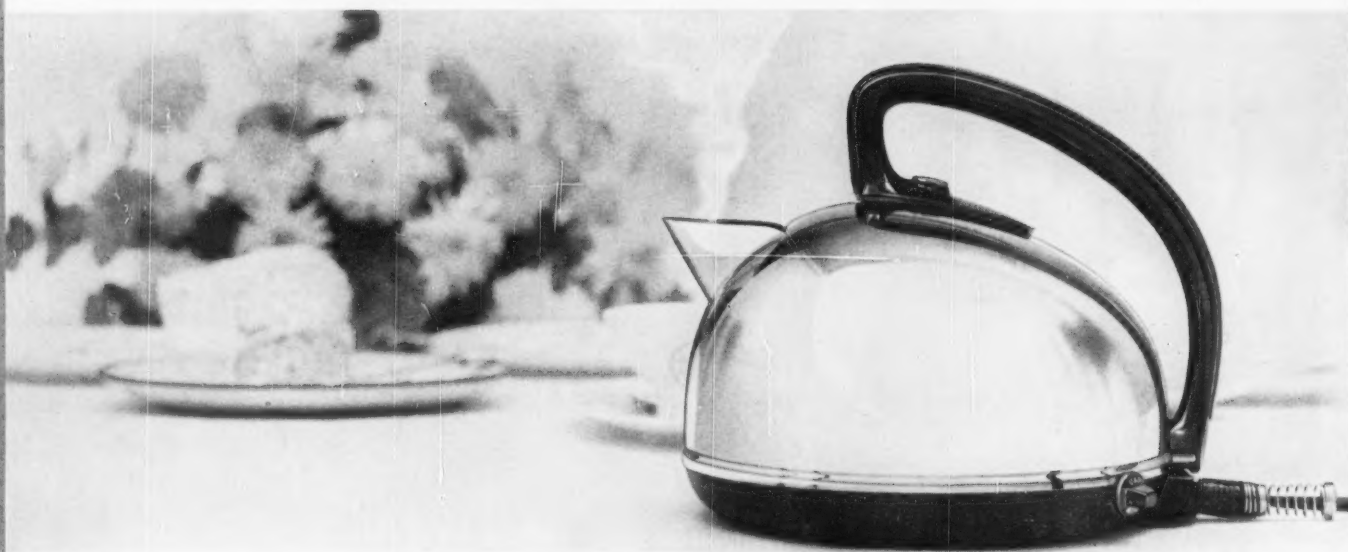
—on the other side of the dark suit—white brocade, the cape lined in aqua satin. Both these dresses are by Wm. G. Sizes 7 to 15. Each about \$30. Finally a black formal with velveteen bodice, three-tiered taffeta skirt. This one is by Judy 'n Jill. Comes in sizes 9 to 17. About \$19.95.

between cups...

DON'T TURN OFF THE KETTLE



JUST TURN DOWN THE STEAM



Exclusive General Electric Vapour Control Kettle lets you control the steam! Never before a kettle like this! For the first time you can keep water boiling without billows of steam. The exclusive vapour control button does it for you. Makes your kettle *four times as useful*. Use it as a hi-speed kettle — stay-hot kettle — room humidifier — sick-room vapourizer. Only General Electric has it!



Look for the Kettle with this Button: Set the exclusive Vapour Control Button at the "Boil" position and you have a hi-speed kettle that boils a pint of water in 2½ minutes. Switch to the "Vap" setting and steam slows down to a trickle — water stays at a gentle boil for up to 8 hours of continuous moisturizing action.



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**VAPOUR CONTROL
KETTLE**

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

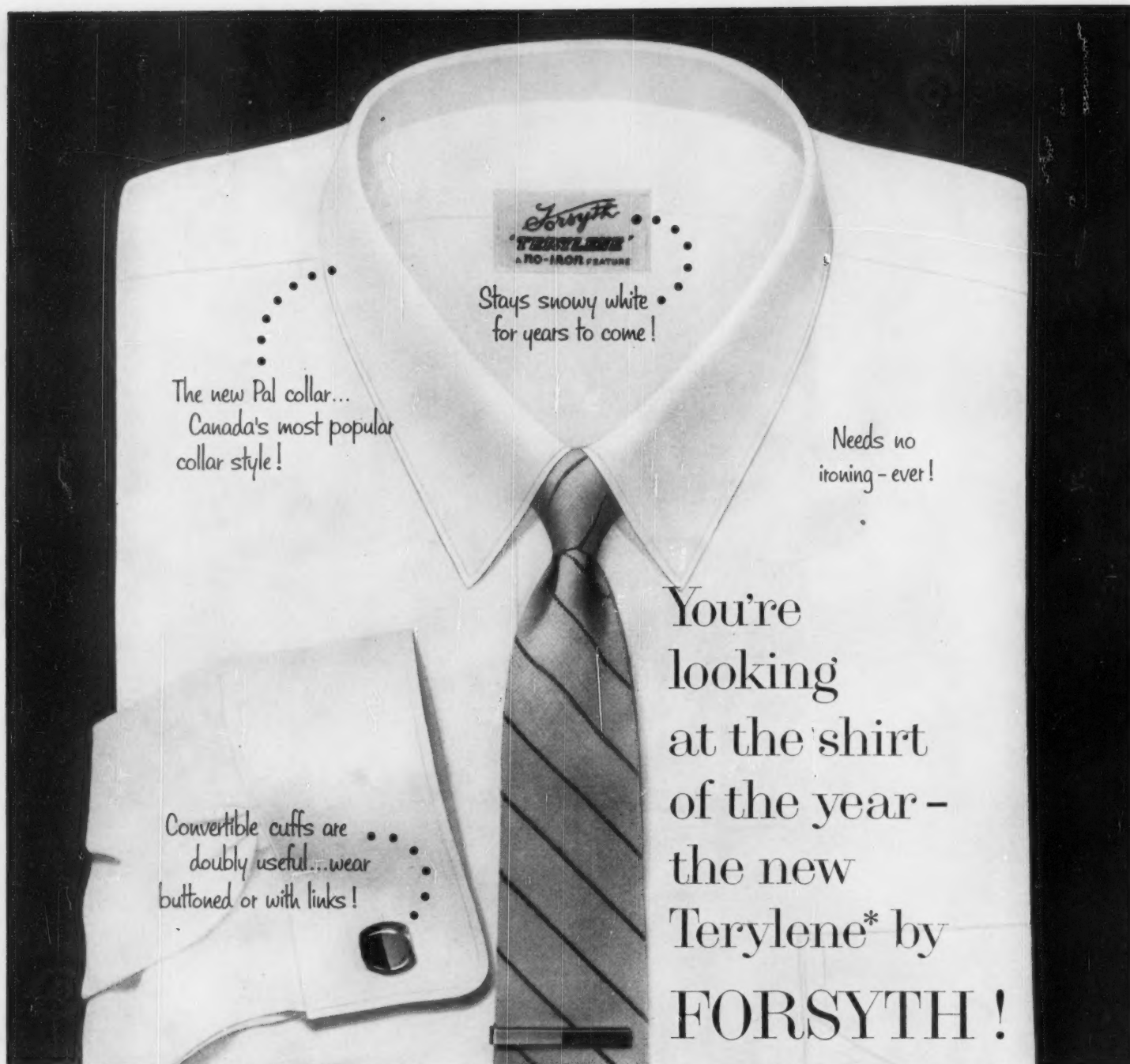


Superb Coffee Pleasure...

Enjoy the rich, fresh-roasted
flavor and aroma of
NEW BLEND 19 NESCAFÉ

For the hostess who takes pride in a gracious table, the *coffee* you'll serve with pride—New Blend 19 Nescafé. Here in your cup is the full, fresh-roasted flavor and aroma you enjoy only in the finest *blended* coffees . . . and Nescafé is *blended* by the world's most experienced makers of instant coffee! Try it. Delight your guests and brighten your day with Nescafé.





Wash 'n' Wear tie \$1.50, Mother of Pearl links and tie-bar \$7.50—by Forsyth

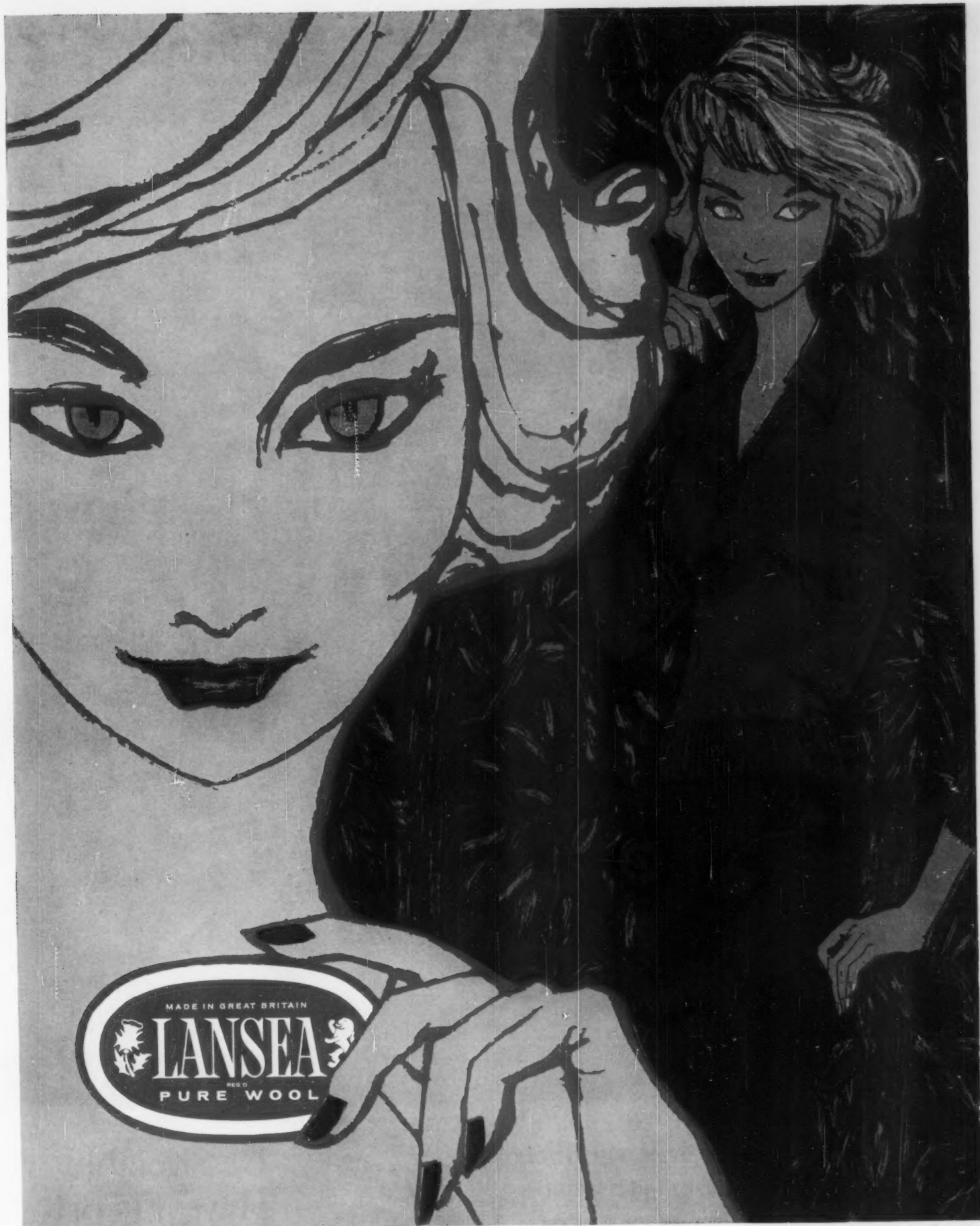
...and one of the great things about it is that it's dollars less than you would expect to pay!

For the first time... a high-quality Terylene famous-name No-Iron shirt, at dollars less than you would expect to pay. Forsyth brings you a superb Terylene fabric for the best No-Iron performance yet... flawlessly tailored with famous Forsyth attention to detail. Wash, drip-dry or tumble-dry... it dries smooth, fresh, immaculate. The new Forsyth Terylene offers far more fine features, far more value, than any other shirt within dollars of its price — \$7.95. See it now at better stores everywhere in stripes and in gleaming white. Performance-guaranteed — by Forsyth!

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MAKER OF CANADA'S FINEST SHIRTS



Lansea Sweaters...fashioned and finished by hand

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They surround themselves with friends and part of their fun is Pepsi-Cola. It refreshes without filling. You're one of The Sociables. Have a Pepsi anywhere... at play, at home or at your favorite soda fountain.



Be Sociable,
Have a Pepsi

Refresh without filling

Could YOU have a nervous breakdown?

Why are some women more prone to breakdown than others? How can you tell when you're close to the cracking point? A compelling report about one of the most widely spread, misunderstood and least talked-about illnesses among women

By JUNE CALLWOOD

● Of all the crises which occur in a normal lifetime, the most terrifying, humiliating and wretched is the one everybody but a doctor calls a nervous breakdown. Affecting at least half, and maybe more, of the population of North America in their severe forms, and everyone in their mildest versions, breakdowns give the impression they are on the increase, especially among housewives.

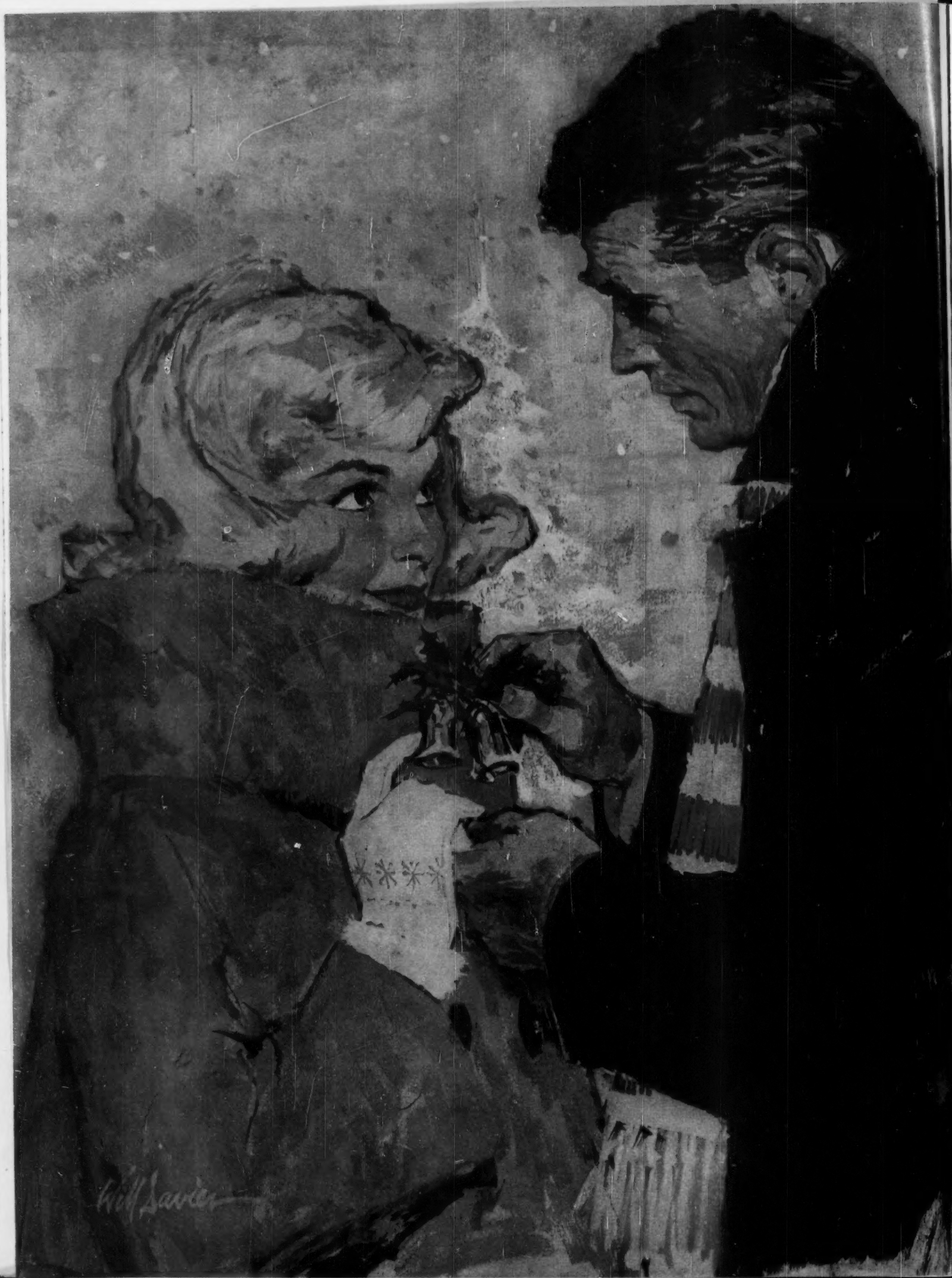
But psychiatrists and social workers in Canada's two largest cities, Toronto and Montreal, claim the cases are not more numerous, only more apparent. With the stigma on emotional problems easing, women whose anxieties and depressions have reached

alarming proportions are beginning to take the bold, brave step of asking for help from general practitioners, psychiatrists, clergymen, mental-health clinics and social workers. Only ten years ago these same women would have cowered in their homes, statistically invisible, and waited in anguish for the mood to lift.

The first, and most comforting, discovery that a despairing woman makes when she decides to confide her difficulties is that she is one of a multitude. Psychiatrists can't handle all the cases, general practitioners are boning up on symptoms and new drugs for treatment, the psychiatric depart- *Continued on page 60*



PAUL ROCKETT



By PATRICIA BLONDAL

Illustrated by Will Davies

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

It had been two years since fear had driven Todd from Ann and the home he loved.

Now he was pleading for a second chance. But could he overcome the bitterness that welled in Ann's reply? "Win me, Todd . . . if you can. I offer nothing more . . ."

ALTHOUGH he was tall and whip-lean with youth, his shoulders were broad, the shoulders of a working man. His face held only the illusion of youth; deep in the eyes, the stern set of mouth and jaw, there was no youth.

He was going home. The faint winter wind bore steadily on his face, pushing him gently back. He thrust his dark head forward slightly against it as if to convey a firmness of purpose to any who watched.

He felt, this day, many watched. Pale, light-glazed windows on the row of snug bungalows seemed to conceal shadowy figures; drapes appeared to stir with surprise as he passed.

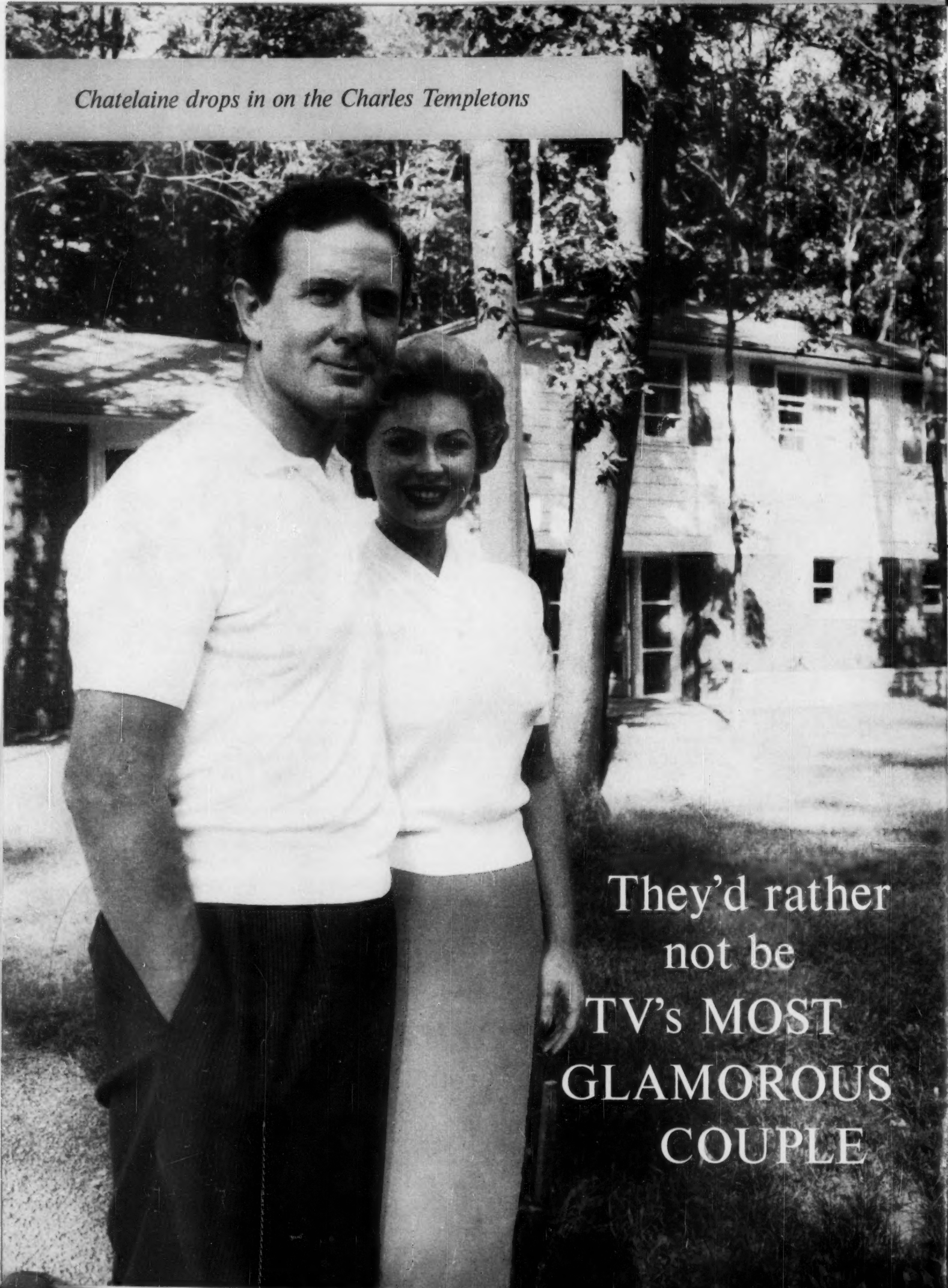
An abandoned sled, a snow-encrusted flying saucer, a solitary red mitten. Carefully he walked around them, not daring to hesitate, encourage the hot choked sensation distending his throat. He was going home and he was afraid.

When he had stepped from the bus the suburban street had seemed to stretch away into infinity. In the cool grey December twilight, facing it, his brain had unreeled all the torment of the two years past, known and imagined, had staggered away from home which could only add a new dimension to his guilt. The illusion of infinity vanished. With elastic speed the street snapped to destination.

The house was the same. A five-room frame bungalow, white with green trim; the warm wonder of Christmas, red and green and silver; sprinkled on the tree in the window; a big tree, the first on the street, put up well before Christmas so that each

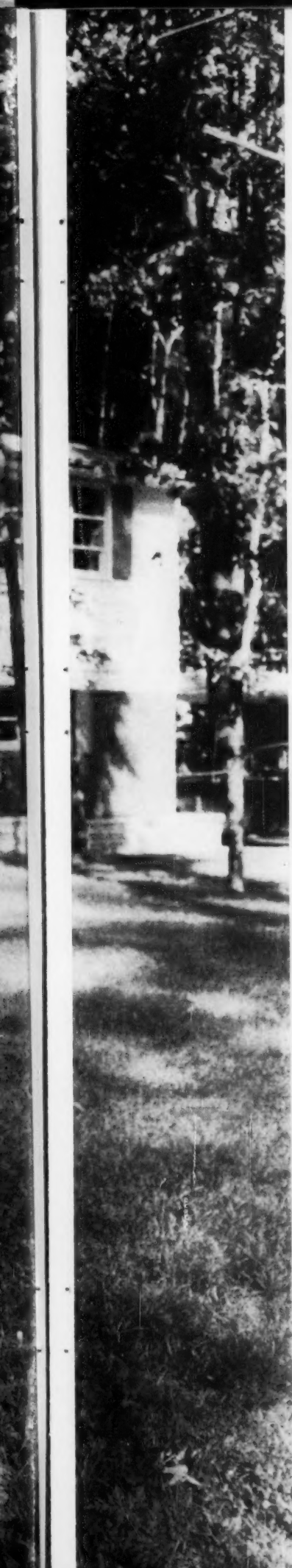
Continued on page 90

Todd's hands trembled. Ann said, "Please don't make everything so difficult." But she was smiling.



Chatelaine drops in on the Charles Templetons

They'd rather
not be
TV's MOST
GLAMOROUS
COUPLE



They're handsome, talented and successful. But neither interviewer-panelist Charles Templeton nor his wife, singer Sylvia Murphy, fought for the stardom they sometimes find embarrassing — and, they hope, temporary. Here's your chance to meet them at home

By CHRISTINA McCALL

IN THE RAZZLE-DAZZLE world of show business, there has always been a special place for the phenomenon known as the Glamorous Couple. Marriages between entertainers are rarely as spectacularly successful as the durable ménage of Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier or as spectacularly disastrous as that evanescent "ideal" union of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. But successful or not, most show-business marriages have a glitter that pays off in terms of publicity and popularity.

Among Canadian entertainers, there is probably no more outstanding example of this genus than the handsome team of Sylvia Murphy and Charles Templeton, a pair of TV performers who were married earlier this year in Toronto. The Templeton union, on the surface at least, seems to encompass all the proper ingredients for the big-time entertainment marriage.

They're good-looking. Templeton is big and dark, with a cleft in his chin and much charm in his manner. His wife is a silver blonde, with an egg-timer shape and a smile that stuns a TV screen away.

They're talented. A TV producer once said, "Templeton can do anything, and do it well," and he has done almost everything, from drawing cartoons to preaching sermons and writing plays. His wife has one of the best pop singer's voices in the country and was voted the "outstanding female vocalist in Canadian TV" last year in a poll of newspaper critics.

They're successful. Sylvia, who is the featured singer on the CBC's big jazz show, Music Makers '60, is heard by close to two million people every week and has had several offers from producers and orchestra leaders in the United States.

Her husband is *Continued on page 44*

Television entertainers Charles Templeton and his wife, Sylvia Murphy, stand in front of their brand-new \$33,000 split-level house at Clarkson, Ont., twenty miles from Toronto.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN SEBERT



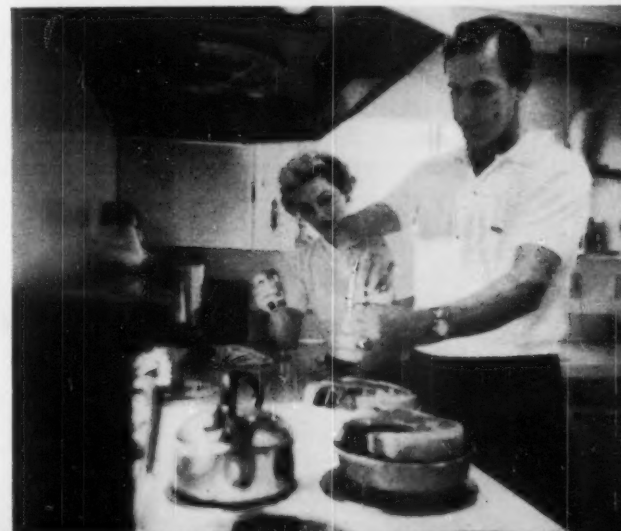
In living room of their suburban house Templetons talk to reporter McCall (left). They slip-covered their old furniture in browns and orange to go with the wall-to-wall beige broadloom.



Every weekday evening Templeton goes down to his study to work on scripts for his daily radio spot commentaries, while his wife picks up knitting she takes everywhere, even to rehearsals.



Sylvia or her mother, Mrs. John Murphy, who lives with the couple, do all the cooking, but Templeton takes a particular interest in expertly seasoning his own cut of sirloin steak.



The gloves were just the kind any kid wears . . .
but in a curious way they held the meaning
of Christmas in a way Edgar and I will never forget

By GORDON WOODWARD

Illustrated by Ed McNally

THAT was the year it snowed on Christmas Eve. It started early in the morning, and all day long the huge white flakes drifted silently down until the ground and the roofs of the houses and the trees and hedges were all covered with a thick layer of soft white snow; and by the time I left the house just after supper the whole city seemed caught up in a hushed silence of gently falling snow with the colored lights above the doorways and the brightly lit Christmas trees in the front windows casting soft-glowing colors out into the floating white stillness as I trudged along the street on my way to see Edgar.

I wasn't even sure where he lived; but they had given me his address in the grocery store where he worked when I'd gone to find out what time he would be through his deliveries that night, so I knew I wouldn't have any trouble finding it. The thing I was worried about was whether he would have anything to do with me when I did get there, because I was the one who'd started the whole thing the day I'd made that crack about him being dirty.

That had been back in November, one day when a gang of us had been standing around outside the school and someone had started bugging me about not having a date for the monthly dance and they'd all started laughing; then all at once I'd seen him standing on the fringe of the group in his frayed old tweed jacket with his hair looking as if it hadn't been cut in a couple of months and a big grin on his face.

"What are you grinning at, Peck?" I sneered. "You couldn't get anybody in the whole school to date . . . not unless you went home and took a bath once in a while, and put on some clean clothes!" The smile had slowly faded from his face and he'd looked a little surprised, as if someone had suddenly punch-

ed him below the belt. And that was the last time he had so much as looked at me until that day just a week before when I'd gone into the store where he worked part-time and had hung around for twenty minutes drinking a Coke and waiting for him to come in from a delivery so I could maybe talk to him. Even then he hadn't really looked at me when I'd spoken to him but had just glanced in my direction and nodded and then kept right on going into the back of the store.

I looked at my watch and saw that it was almost eight o'clock and I started to walk a little faster, because I knew he was supposed to get through at eight and I didn't want to take a chance on missing him. I came to Main Street and waited for a couple of cars to pass, their tire chains slapping against the snowy pavement and their headlights boring long tunnels through the falling snow; then I cut across and started down the long sloping street toward the beach.

Now and then a car swooshed along the street with a muffled whirring sound, its gleaming taillights growing smaller and smaller until they finally vanished somewhere into the white, white snow and the glare of street lights and the bright, twinkling colored lights of the Christmas trees in the windows.

When I came to Fourth Avenue I crossed over and went on a little farther, then I turned down a long dark street where the dingy old wood-frame houses were built so close together that they seemed to be almost touching and the front yards were cluttered with stacks of wood and old car bodies and heaps of scrap metal on the top of which the snow lay in a thick white layer.

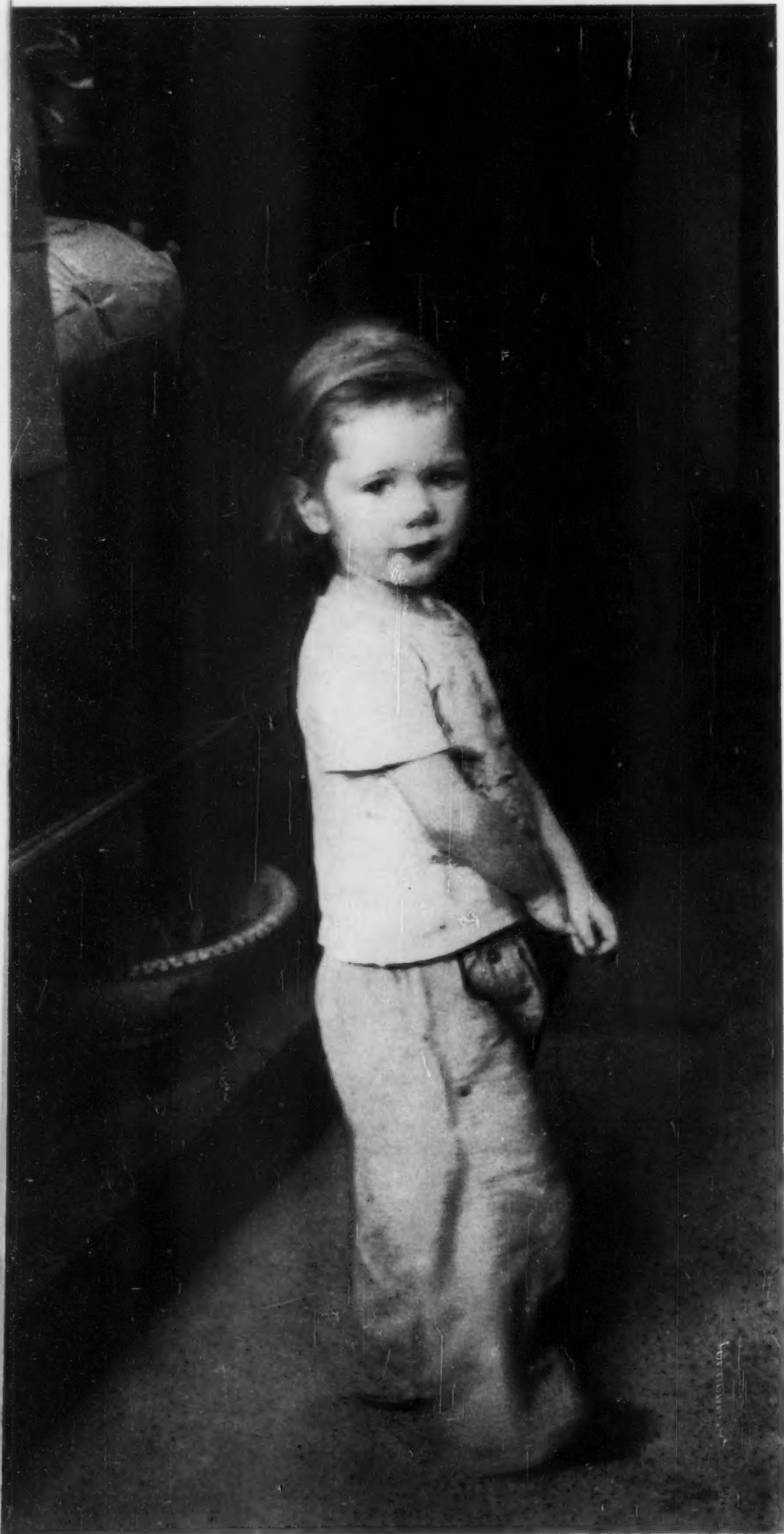
Here and there a small Christmas tree glittered in a front window like an oasis of colored

Continued on page 75

The WOOLEN GLOVES

Edgar leaned against the bicycle, silent, his head bent as if he were listening. I knew I'd said the wrong thing.





AUTHORITIES SAY:

Mom Whyte's home for needy children is shockingly inadequate, understaffed, overcrowded and a health menace

Is there any excuse for a Mom Whyte?

By DOROTHY SANGSTER

FIFTY MILES east of Toronto, one night last summer, a caravan of cars turned off Highway 401 and drove into the front yard of a low grey stone house on the outskirts of Bowmanville. Ninety-one children, many of them suffering from hepatitis, impetigo and flu, were bundled up in blankets and taken away. By midnight they were sleeping soundly in hospitals and other hastily readied institutions.

The Ontario government, in a surprise move, had finally taken action against the most remarkable woman ever to cross its path—energetic, quiet-voiced, God-fearing Bertha (Mom) Whyte.

The reaction was loud and immediate. Champions sprang to defend both sides. Some argued that paper-clip officialdom was throttling a good woman doing her Christian duty. Others declared it was about time the government stood up for its own legislation and closed that dreadful place. Several months later, the battle lines are still drawn up and the war between Mom

MOM WHYTE SAYS:

"If these kids weren't
with me they'd be abandoned
in some washroom or
under a railway bridge"

Whyte and the government is still not over. By early September Mom had taken off on a cross-country tour to muster support for her fight, and during her absence sixteen new children were taken into the Whyte home.

The Mom Whyte battle has left in its wake controversy, divided opinion, misunderstanding and bitterness. People are asking, "What kind of woman is Mom Whyte? Is there a real need for her? And what's wrong with our social service agencies which ought to be doing the job?"

Time has proved that neither side is entirely blameless, but the facts about Whytehaven, Mom's wide-open home for neglected children, are still as shocking as ever.

The sad part of the story is that Mrs. Whyte doesn't see it that way. An intensely religious woman with her own brand of personal Christianity, she recalls the day almost ten years ago when she and her husband Bert, a factory worker in nearby Oshawa, dedicated their home to God and made a solemn covenant never to turn a child away from their door. Since then—much to the distress of professional social workers and concerned government officials—a

Continued on page 106



*Here is a charming, heart-warming tale to read to your children on Christmas Eve
... the story of how reindeer came to be chosen to pull Santa's sled*



The Faithful Reindeer

Once upon a time, almost two thousand years ago, there lived a herd of reindeer in the far north. On one particular night, an angel came down from the sky and told the reindeer that Jesus, the Son of God, was born to Mary in a little town called Bethlehem. The angel then hurried on to tell all the other animals in the world.

After the angel had left and all the reindeer were talking about the good news, one of the youngest asked, "Where

is this town called Bethlehem? I would like to go to see the Baby Jesus."

Only one reindeer knew where Bethlehem was and he was very old.

"It is far, far away," he told the young reindeer. "You could never get there. First there would be many miles of ice to cross, and then there would be a huge ocean to swim. It would take many days to swim it and the water would mat your fine coat of hair. Then there would be giant

Continued on page 58

By Dorothy Burrus

Crowds will cheer, flags will fly and guns will sound crashing salutes when Elizabeth's third child is born. But happily forgotten will be old, unblushing tradition that jammed 67 onlookers around the bedside of James II's Queen

Mary



and made a courtier of Queen Anne's



era a complaining spectator 17 times. Like

Queen Victoria



who insisted on behaving as if nothing

were about to happen, and Edward VII's Alexandra



who excused herself from a party to give birth to

George V, Elizabeth will refuse to let the event greatly disrupt her schedule, or have to prepare the clinical reports a

curious Victoria insisted on receiving from a

despairing granddaughter-in-law, Mary.



Here is the

behind-the-scenes story of royalty's intimate moments

THE QUEEN PREPARES FOR A ROYAL BABY

By HELEN CATHCART

IF THE WORLD'S most discussed baby—second in succession to the British throne if a boy, third in succession if a girl—makes its arrival when court observers expect, the royal country home at Sandringham may be the scene of the royal birth—the first there in more than fifty years. It will be the first birth to a reigning British queen in a hundred and three years.

It is at Sandringham that Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip annually spend the beginning of the new year—a not unlikely time, many predict, for the arrival of monarchy's new heir.

For historical parallels, one must go back to 1905 for the last Sandringham birth—Queen Mary's ill-fated Prince John, who was an epileptic all his brief fourteen years of life; and to 1857 for the last birth to a reigning queen—Victoria's ninth child, Princess Beatrice.

The old pram, the stately high-slung old-timer used for Prince Charles and Princess Anne and even for the Queen herself, is being taken to Sandringham in readiness. The old cot, originally made for Elizabeth and later used by her sister Margaret, has been repainted and trimmed afresh with frilled golden-pink satin under paler folds of patterned net.

Unwilling to allow anyone to guess her preference, the Queen does not observe the "blue for a boy, pink for a girl" tradition and the mysterious packages delivered at Buckingham Palace in recent weeks have concealed an all-white layette embroidered with flower sprigs of gold.

If past royal-birth patterns mean anything, chances are strong that the Queen's next baby may be a girl. The Queen herself has no brothers; the Duke of Edinburgh was the only boy in a family of four girls. Although Queen Mary had only one daughter, the present Princess

Royal, King George V was the only surviving son among three sisters. And Queen Victoria's large family, a tide of babies flowing through the nursery for sixteen years, saw five girls to only four boys.

Twins are unlikely, for they seem never to have occurred in the British royal family line.

All being well when the time comes, the Queen's four doctors will sign an announcement that she has been "safely delivered of a Prince" or Princess. This phraseology was adopted nine years ago when Princess Anne, a six-pound baby, was born at Clarence House in London.

Prince or princess, the Queen's new baby will be greeted by the fullest honors Britain can provide. A royal salute of forty-one guns will crash from the Tower of London and in Hyde Park. The salvo will be echoed with twenty-one-gun salutes at points throughout the world. Flags will fly, from all the Commonwealth embassies and legations, missions and consulates and all the British warships will be dressed with masthead flags.

To members of the royal family these ceremonial signals have a deeper meaning than one might suppose. After the first salute for Prince Charles at the Tower, the twenty-five-pounder shell case was hammered out into a flat base and today it supports the inkstand on Prince Philip's desk.

If precedent is observed, the child will be christened by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the high-ceilinged white-and-gold music room in Buckingham Palace when he, or she, is precisely one month old, though the rule was broken when two months passed before Princess Anne was given the names Anne Elizabeth Alice Louise.

The place *Continued on page 66*





PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER CROYDON

Old-Time Christmas Dinner

COOKED THE NEW-TIME WAY

Chatelaine Institute's Christmas gift to you —

a wonderful, corner-cutting plan that brings you triumphantly out of the kitchen to enjoy the great day

By **ELAINE COLLETT** *Director Chatelaine Institute*

CRANBERRY TWINKLE or SPARKLING FRUIT CUP
 ROAST TURKEY BRAZIL NUT STUFFING GIBLET GRAVY
 WHIPPED TURNIP PARSLEY POTATOES VEGETABLE MEDLEY
 CELERY OLIVES
 MANDARIN CRANBERRY SAUCE PICKLED FIGS
 CHRISTMAS PUDDING BUTTERED RUM SAUCE
 GOLD TOP MINCE PIE or FESTIVE EGGNOG PIE

Sparkling Fruit Cup

1 (20-oz) can fruit cocktail OR
 pineapple tidbits 1 cup seeded green grapes OR
 honeydew melon balls
 1 large red-skinned apple, diced Firm dices of lime jelly
 2 grapefruit, sectioned and diced Grenadine (optional)

Combine the fruits and add enough diced lime jelly to give a jewel-like effect through the mixture. Flavor sparingly with grenadine and refrigerate for an hour or more to combine flavors. Makes about 10 servings.

The Bird

Rinse and dry the turkey inside and out. Loosely stuff the body cavity three quarters full with dressing, then sew up the opening or pin together with small skewers. If skin won't overlap, lace a piece of cord over the end of the skewers in a criss-cross pattern, pull together, then tie. Press more stuffing in the neck and pin neck skin to the back of the bird. Turn the wing tips under to overlap neck skin. Wrap legs with slices of fat side bacon; tie legs and tail together. Brush all over with melted fat.

Place turkey breast down on a rack — the V-shape racks are best — and cover with cheesecloth, soaked in more fat. (We like melted sweet butter.) This makes the skin deliciously crispy. Roast until half cooked then turn bird breast side up. Cook until leg joint moves easily or until leg meat is soft to the fingers; or until thermometer inserted in middle of dressing registers 165 degrees. *Roasting time and plan:* For noon dinner, to serve an 8- to 10-pound bird, stuff the night before and put in the oven at 7 a.m. If you have an automatic time clock on your oven you can cook a larger turkey for this meal: Let the bird almost defrost, stuff with a dryer mixture than usual and put in the oven about midnight Christmas Eve. Estimate the cooking time according to the range directions and set the clock. If turkey is 20 pounds or more, set oven

to start cooking at 3 a.m. or 4 a.m. Cooking times below are for eviscerated weights; fresh or completely defrosted birds, at 325 deg. F.

WEIGHT	TIME
8-12 lb	4-5 hrs
12-16 lb	5-6 hrs
16-25 lb	6-9 hrs

Brazil Nut Stuffing

(For a 12-pound bird)

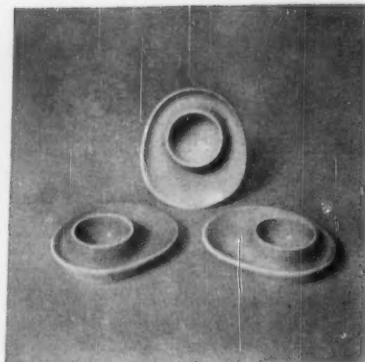
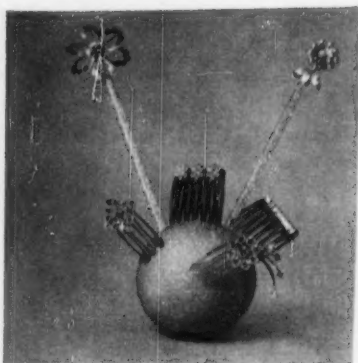
10 cups soft bread crumbs (1 large stale loaf) OR	2 tbs savory
2 pkg unseasoned bread stuffing	1 lb sausage meat
¼ to ½ lb slivered Brazil nuts	1 or 2 crushed garlic cloves
1 tsp salt	1 cup diced celery
Black pepper	1 or 2 chopped onions
½ tsp each sage, mace, dill	Milk, french dressing or beef broth
seed, broken bay leaves	Chopped parsley

Cut the crusts from the bread and set them aside. Then place the trimmed loaf in a clean tea towel and gather up the corners. Hold them with one hand while kneading and breaking up the bread inside the towel with the other hand. (This is an old crumbing method, but still good.) Sliced bread will work the same way. Soak the crusts in water and squeeze and crush to a soft mass. Place crumbs and moist crusts in a bowl and add nuts, seasonings and herbs. Cover and leave until time to stuff the bird. Break the sausage meat up with a fork and fry in an ungreased skillet until lightly browned. Drain off half the fat and add garlic, celery and onions. Stir-fry for about 10 minutes. Scrape into a covered bowl and refrigerate until needed. Toss the crumb and sausage mixture together and add a handful of chopped parsley. Then moisten with French dressing, beef broth or milk. Make 1½ times the quantity for an 18- to 20-pound bird.

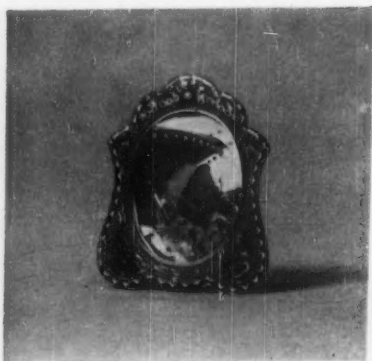
Recipes continued on page 52

UP TO **\$1**

1 Beauties of all ages will like these hair ornaments agleam with "jewels." Chignon sticks, each \$1. Combs, each 55c



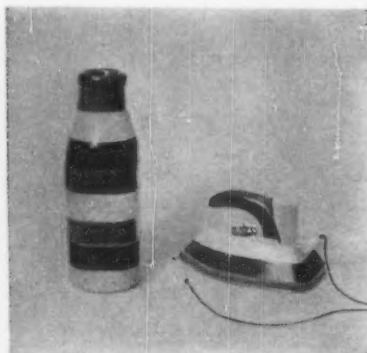
2 Norwegian pottery egg bowls in blue, pink, pale green, yellow to mix or match, each 75c.



3 A gift for fond relatives — this dressing-table-sized picture frame in colorful miniature mosaic style. \$1.



4 To delight a very young lady — Christmas candles containing six scented bath wafers in various colors, each \$1.



5 Educational plastic toys that pull apart and put together again. Your choice of milk bottle, iron, toaster and teapot. Each 98c.

**88 UNUSUAL
CANADIAN
CHRISTMAS
GIFTS**

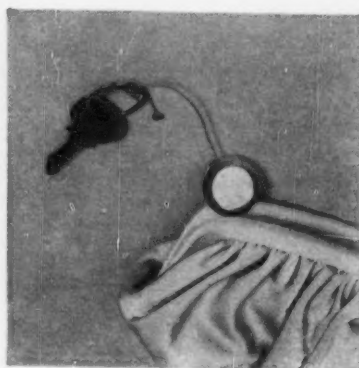
Chatelaine helps you find presents that mean so much more because they're different. Five pages of sure-to-please items available coast to coast

WHERE TO BUY GIFTS—PAGE 42

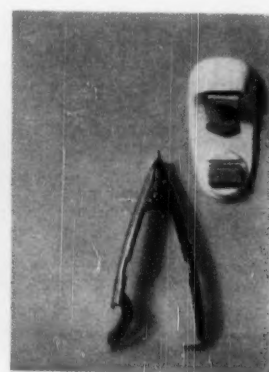


6 For her vanity shelf we suggest a carved-glass perfume bottle at 85c, or this dainty little, opaque-glass atomizer at 79c.

7 No more groping for her latchkey if she has a spring-cord key reel that clips firmly to the lining of her handbag. \$1.



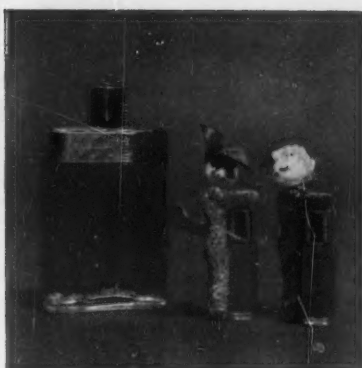
8 A sprightly rubber lamb for baby is 59c, and rubber piggy bank grows bigger and bigger as it gets richer and richer, 98c.



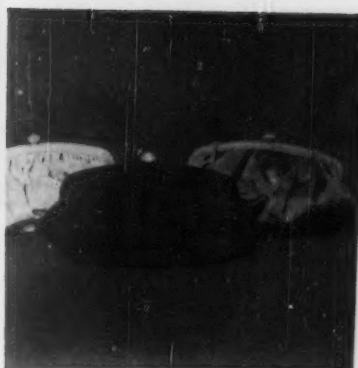
9 Wall bottle opener is 69c. Jiffy 4-in-1 opens all caps, at 49c.



10 For Junior Miss to make her Memory Book, give her a Pony Tail scrapbook with its generous number of pages. \$1.98.



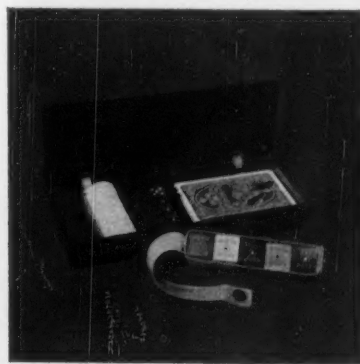
11 Coquette dolls hold 1 1/4 drams of Helena Rubenstein perfume, each \$1.75. Dana's precious 20 Carats cologne is \$4.50.



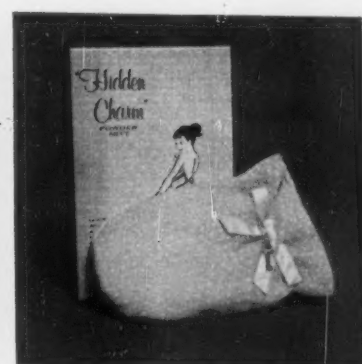
12 To match her party dress—a peat-de-soie gilt-chain-handled evening bag that transforms into a clutch bag. Each \$5.



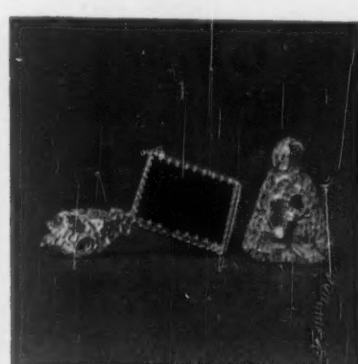
13 A bit of kitchen gaiety is this linen mixer cover. Also in turquoise and pink. \$1.98.



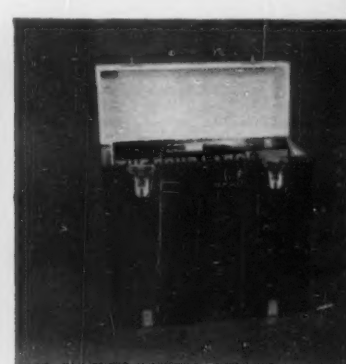
14 Traveling games kit with cribbage board in lid of plastic box. Complete: \$5. "Gallop Golf" pocket-size game. \$2.95.



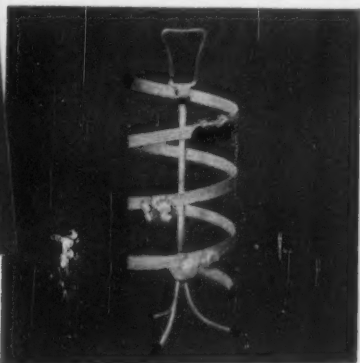
15 Any little girl will love this bit of femininity—after-bath powder mitt, plump with Dorothy Gray scented powder. \$1.75.



16 A delicately lovely gold filigree and jeweled perfume bottle and mirror to match for her handbag or travel case. \$2.49.



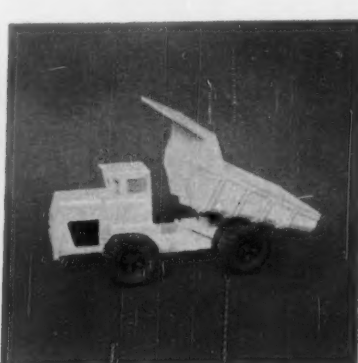
17 Perfect for the teen-ager—a portable record carrier that holds 24 records. \$4.98.



18 This grooved spiral is the best way ever thought of for keeping track of earrings. In a choice of pastel colors, each \$1.98.



19 For the smoking man's pleasure—complete pipe-cleaning kit—\$4.50. Beautifully designed pewter pipe rest—\$5. By Dunhill.



20 Most sturdily made plastic dump truck, with heavy-duty tires and no hurtful edges or corners, will delight any small boy. \$4.98.

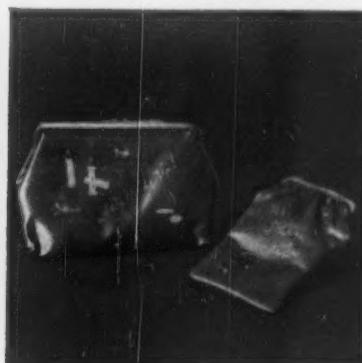


21 To please three or four on your list—this Italian hand-painted pottery cruet set. \$3.95.

CONTINUED ▶

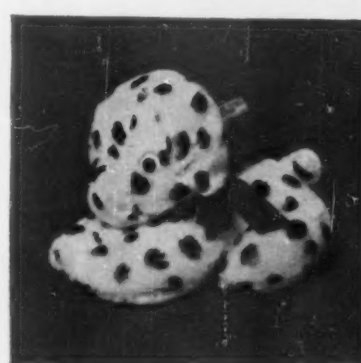


22 No small boy's Christmas is complete without a cowboy shirt. In cotton flannel, at \$2.98. Felt hat with laced brim is \$1.98.



23 For mother, a sophisticated silk satin glasses case at \$3.95, and cosmetic bag, gold-plated frame, \$4.95. Both hand-painted.

FROM
\$1
TO
\$5



24 A welcome bedroom pet for younger set is this Dalmatian-like puppy, which is really a zippered pyjama case. \$4.98.

88 UNUSUAL GIFTS *Continued*

25 All the nail polishes she needs! Juliette Marglen confetti kit in fashion colors. \$6.50.

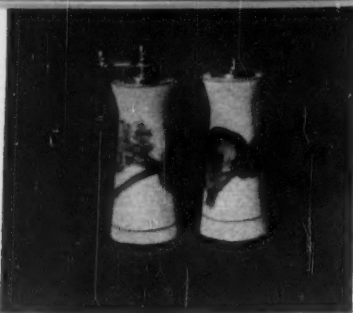


26 Bread-and-cheese board of polished ebony with inset ceramic tile cutting square, and knife handle to match. \$7.95.



FROM
\$5
TO
\$10

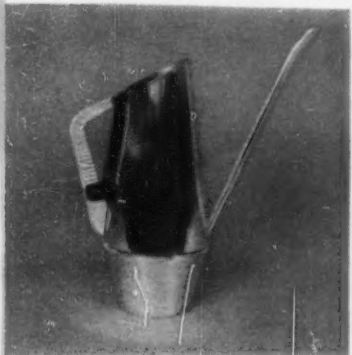
27 Italian pottery salt shaker and pepper mill for someone who loves to entertain. Hand-painted with brass tops. Pair: \$8.98.



28 For young man-about-town we suggest this handsome, hammered pewter mug with the traditional glass bottom. \$6.75.



29 A brass watering can for the indoor gardener can be a decorative piece, too. \$5.98.



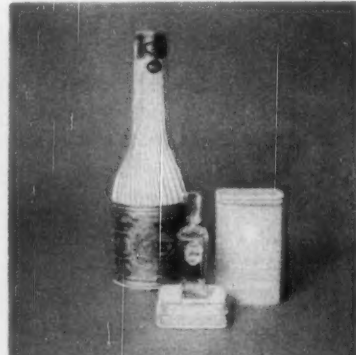
30 For a favorite little girl on your list, a "Young Lass" dress with an old-fashioned look. Sizes 2-3X, \$6.98; 4-6X, \$8.98.



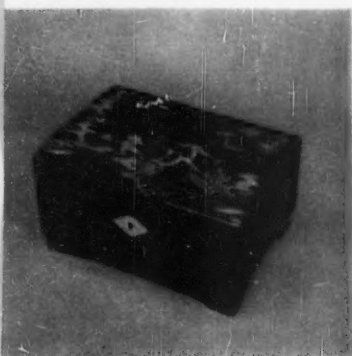
31 A lovely tea set to play house with has twenty-eight pieces including tableware in an authentic pattern. In gift box, \$5.



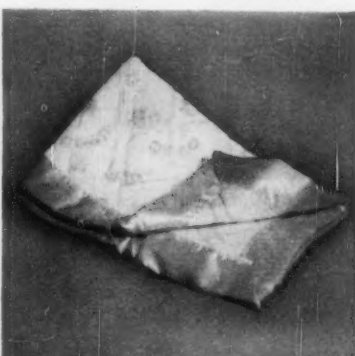
32 A handsome couple! For a man—"4711" Cologne on Rhine, 12 ounces \$8.50. For a woman—Jean d'Albret's Casaque, \$9.50.



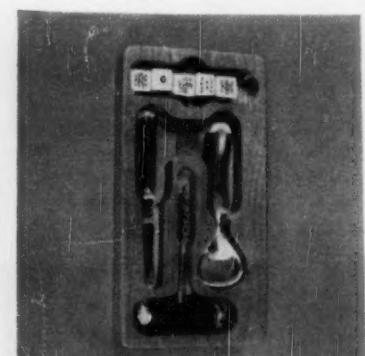
33 Beautiful Chinese lacquer musical jewel box with movable trays, velvet-lined. \$6.95.



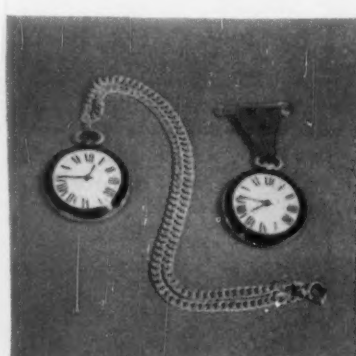
34 For the newest member of the family—a satin-bound, acetate-filled crib quilt in a nursery-rhyme design. \$9.



35 A present for your hosts—a hospitality set of bone-handled utensils in a well-made, sectionalized container. \$8.50.



36 A new young glamour style — bold-faced watches with enameled rim. With leather lapel fob or neck chain. Each \$9.95.



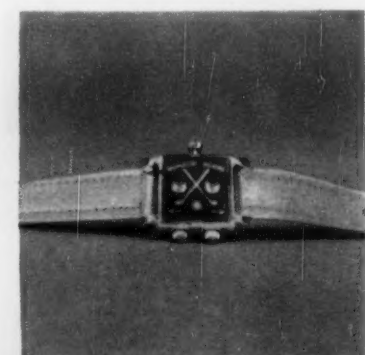
37 A lovely piece of Canadiana from Collingwood Blue Mountain Potteries. \$5.



38 A handsome pottery humidor large enough to hold a good supply of father's favorite brand of tobacco. \$10.



39 To end debates over golf tallies, give your partner a Swiss wristband scorekeeper. Registers up to a hundred strokes. \$6.95.



40 A present for a lovely lady—a soft pastel stole of 100-percent mohair. Comes from Scotland in a choice of colors. \$7.98.





41 A fine supply of cosmetics for man of the house. When they're used up he's got a handsome red-leather poker-chip box. \$15.



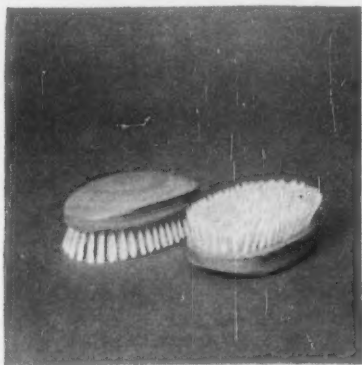
42 For the camera enthusiast, a velvet-lined, leather gadget bag. \$11. Or All-Mite flash unit and case. With batteries, \$11.95.



43 Not forgetting the golfing grandpas, we chose these colorful leather golf-club covers with a bonus of three tees. \$10.25.



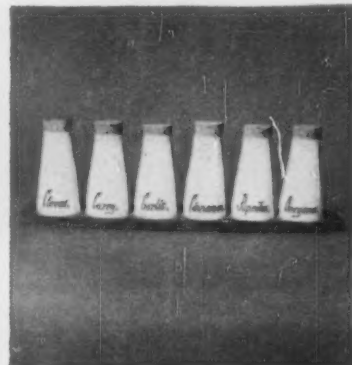
44 For mother, breakfast tray that tilts for a reading table, to make her rest a while. \$12.50.



45 A pair of military brushes for the growing boy. Beautifully made with blond wood backs, natural hair bristles. \$14.



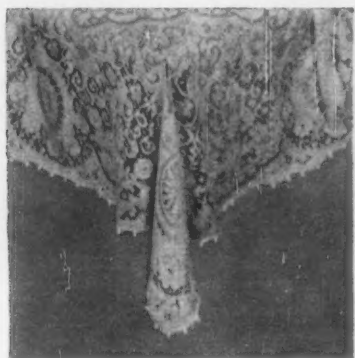
46 The demure black-velvet ribbon trim on a cotton dress will enchant a young lady. "Young Lass," sizes 7-14, \$10.98.



47 A most unusual spice tray for the gourmet cook. The jars are of milk glass, and the stand is teakwood. \$12.95.



48 Crinoline with removable hoop, layers of skirts, one embroidered—and case. \$12.98.



49 A sure-to-please present for the hostess is this fine medallion-pattern lace tablecloth in pale ecru—58" x 80". \$13.95



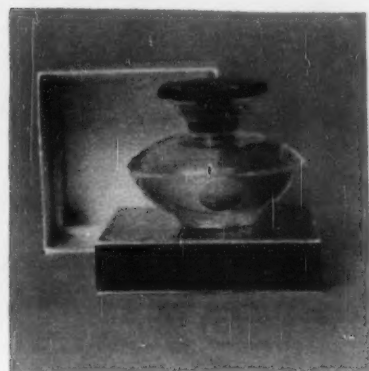
50 An unusually attractive ice bucket with a good capacity. Covering is gold colored glass fibre, trim to match. \$10.



51 For the feminine globe trotter, a new traveling iron. The handle folds flat for packing, case is zippered. \$14.95.



52 Traveling tie case in leather with tie-clip bar and pouch for cuff links. \$13.50.



53 For that extra-special someone our advice is Paris perfume, such as this exotic scent—Narcisse Noir by Caron. \$12.

FROM
\$10 TO
\$15

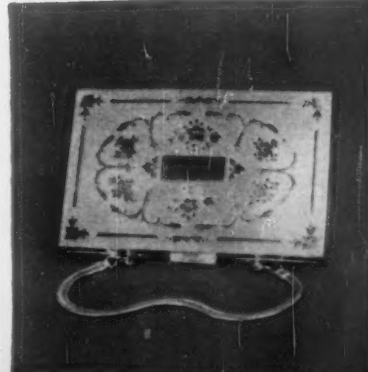


54 Another first-class traveler is a double-zip leather case with slippers, oilskin-lined section for toiletries. \$15.



55 Venetian-glass three-piece vanity set—\$12. Mirror tray has pierced gold edge. \$12.50.

56 Beautifully chased-silver evening carry-all fitted inside with change purse, perfume vial, compact and comb. \$12.95.



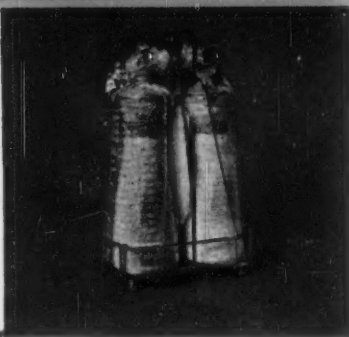
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88 UNUSUAL GIFTS *Continued*

57 She'll have luxury the year through if you give her this set of Blue Grass bath salts and milk bath. Elizabeth Arden. \$16.

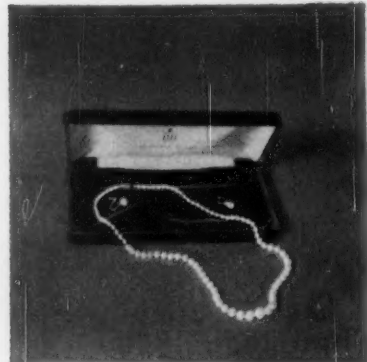
58 Playmate for some small girl—this lifelike doll is nearly three feet tall. \$15.

59 Christmas-morning surprise for dad—this robe-pyjama set, \$13.95, with two packs of his favorite cigars in the pocket, \$2.



MORE GIFTS ON PAGE 42

60 A very special present for a very special someone — knotted necklace of cultured pearls with earrings to match. The set, \$25.



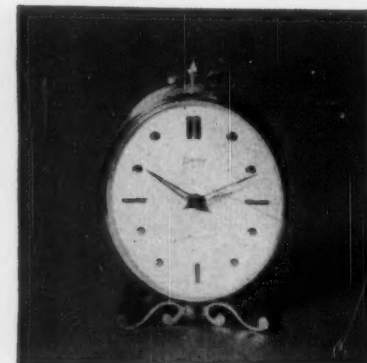
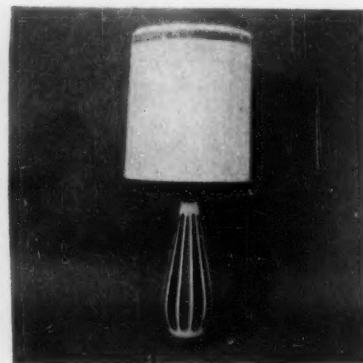
FROM
\$15 TO
\$25

61 Grandma will love the light warmth of a mohair throw. From Scotland, \$16.98.

62 The young-marrieds would appreciate a lamp in the modern manner. Of wood and pottery, off-white slub rayon shade. \$19.95.

63 It's the newest wear for the young set — Eskimo-style parka of fleecy Orlon with lynx trim. It's called Kul-E-Tuk. \$16.98.

64 A gift of lasting use and loveliness is this boudoir clock from Switzerland. It has 4-jeweled movement, luminous dial. \$17.50.

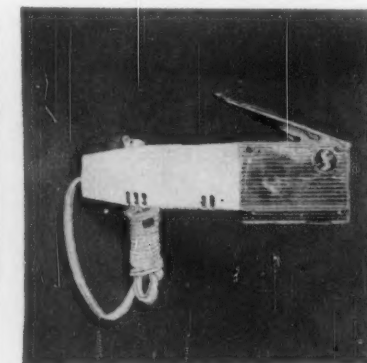
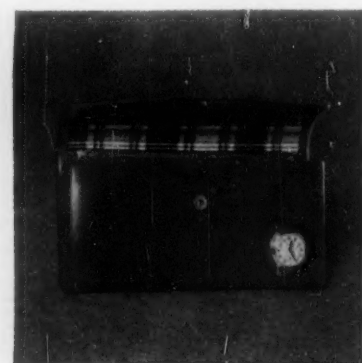
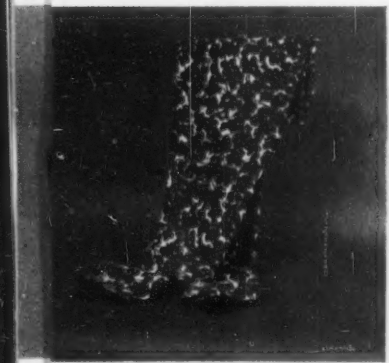


65 Gayest sight on the slopes, floral-patterned stretch ski pants by Pedigree. \$19.95.

66 Newest fad among college crowd is a "Drench coat"—a voluminous terry-toweling wrapper for after bath or shower. \$16.98.

67 Here's something new for the young and gay—cowhide purse (many colors) with a watch jauntily set on the outside. \$16.95.

68 This portable, electric can opener is a joy to use — it handles so lightly and easily. For home or cottage. \$19.95.

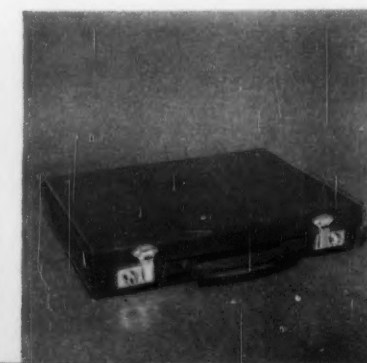
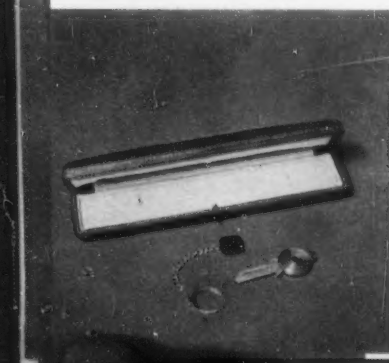


69 Really unusual gift—a gold-topped brass key—to be cut for door or car. \$24.

70 A Viyella suit as trim and smart as mother's has a pleated skirt with suspender top. For young ladies from 4 to 6X. \$16.98.

71 College girl or inveterate traveler will welcome this smart, practical set of pyjamas and robe in nylon-Dacron-cotton. \$25.

72 Favored by young businessmen these days is the cowhide, box-style brief case with sturdy welted stitching. 18" x 12". \$16.95.



ONE GREAT DISH

can make your parties famous!



Beef Stroganoff. Cut 1½ lb. sliced round steak into thin strips; dust with ¼ cup flour, dash pepper. In large skillet, brown meat in ¼ cup butter or margarine. Add 1 can (4 oz.) sliced mushrooms (drained), ½ cup chopped onion, 1 small clove garlic (minced); brown lightly. Stir in 1 can Campbell's Beef Broth. Cover; cook about 1 hr. until meat is tender; stir now and then. Gradually stir in 1 cup sour cream; cook over low heat 5 min. Serve over 3 cups cooked noodles.



Veal Parmesan. Dip 1 lb. thin veal cutlet in 1 beaten egg, then in ½ cup bread crumbs; brown in 2 tbsp. shortening in ovenproof skillet. Add 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup mixed with ½ cup water, ¼ cup minced onion, 1 clove garlic (minced), dash thyme. Cook over low heat about 45 min. or until tender; stir now and then. Top with 4 oz. thinly sliced Mozzarella cheese; sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. Broil until cheese melts. 4 servings.



Ham Tetrazzini. In saucepan, brown 1 cup diced cooked ham and 2 tbsp. chopped onion in 1 tbsp. butter or margarine until onion is tender. Blend in 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup, ½ cup water, 1 cup shredded sharp process cheese, 1 tbsp. sherry (if desired); cook over low heat till cheese melts, stirring often. Add 6 oz. spaghetti (cooked and drained), 2 tbsp. chopped pimiento, 1 tbsp. chopped parsley; heat. 4 servings.



Golden Continental Chicken. Dust 2-lb. cut-up frying chicken with ¼ cup flour, dash pepper. In large skillet, brown well in ¼ cup butter or margarine. Add 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup, ½ cup water, ¼ tsp. poultry seasoning. Cover; cook over low heat about 45 min., or until chicken is tender. 4 to 6 servings of creamy, golden brown chicken. Good with hot buttered mashed potatoes.



Good cooks cook with *Campbell's Soups*



Big moments for Daddy... and Daddy's Little Girl!

...Precious moments, when a thousand miles melt into nothing and he can almost hug her she feels so close. Someone you love would like to hear your voice right now. Why not plan a fast, easy, inexpensive Long Distance call? It's the next best thing to being there.

It costs less than you think!

Look at these low rates: Susan's special call from her Daddy, from Edmonton to Hamilton was only \$2.50 for the first three minutes, each additional minute 80 cents... biggest bargain going, for the pleasure it brings. These rates apply from 6 p.m. to 4.30 a.m. station to station and all day Sunday.

Call by number—it's twice as fast.

TRANS-CANADA

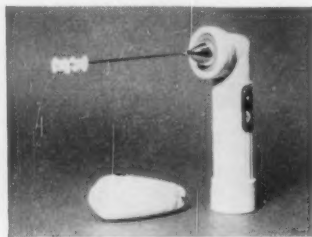


TELEPHONE SYSTEM

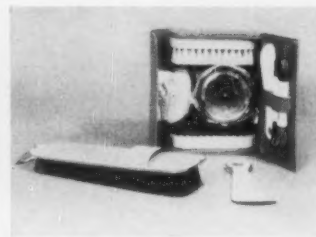
YOUR TELEPHONE COMPANY, united with seven other major companies to send your voice anywhere, anytime.

88 UNUSUAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Continued from page 40



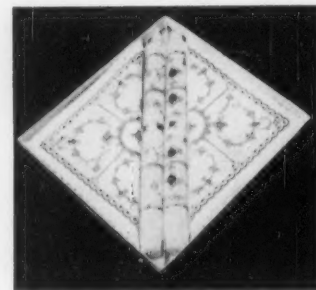
73 For the camper, food or drink battery-run mixer, \$2.98. Luxette flashlight recharges in wall socket, \$4.95.



74 Completely equipped leather shoe-shine kit, \$6.50. The pigskin-backed clothesbrush, with shoehorn, \$7.50.



75 She'll speed smartly down the slopes in this nylon ski jacket with snug crusader-style hood, at \$24.95.



76 For the hostess, matching patterned paper luncheon serviettes and pair of candles to match. The set, \$1.98.

- 77 Pompon pin-curl bonnet in ruffled nylon tricot, fits all sizes, \$5.
- 78 Yardley duet of after-shave lotion and invisible talcum, \$5.
- 79 Petit-point perfume spray designed like a lighter, gold-plated, \$6.
- 80 Hand-painted china individual snack plate, matching knife handle, \$1.
- 81 Boy's Mountie-patterned sanforized flannelette pyjamas, size 12, \$2.98.
- 82 Man's signet ring, 10k gold, black onyx stone for initialing, \$22.
- 83 Pipe smoker's ash tray of yellow pottery with cork centre-piece, \$7.50.
- 84 A mousetrap-style hanging clipboard for household bills, \$1.50.
- 85 Bowl-style ash or candy tray, green and white Belgian cut crystal, \$13.95.
- 86 Italian pottery and wood four-piece cruet in carved wood stand, \$3.95.
- 87 Fitted cribsheet, biased taped corners, printed drip-dry cotton, \$2.49.
- 88 Evening gold-rimmed comb and mirror-compact in moire taffeta case, \$7.50.

WHERE TO BUY — NUMBER INDEX TO CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Gifts Nos. 3, 6, 7, 9, 10, 16, 22, 34, 42, 44, 49, 56, 66, 72, 77, 78, 81, 85, 87, 88, at Eaton's across Canada.

1, 2, 4, 11, 17, 18, 19, 21, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 32, 33, 35, 36, 37, 40, 50, 52, 55, 61, 62, 63, 68, 76, 80, at Simpson's across Canada.

8, 20, 24, 31, 48, 58, at toy or department stores across Canada.

4, 15, 41, 57, 79, at leading drugstores.

14, 35, 39, 45, 52, 54, 60, 64, 69, 74, 82, at Henry Birks and Sons across Canada.

23, at Holt Renfrew.

30, 46, Halifax, Kline's; Montreal, Simpson's; Morgan's; Ottawa, Frei-

man's; Toronto, Simpson's; Winnipeg, Eaton's, Hudson's Bay; Vancouver, Hudson's Bay, Woodward's.

65, Hamilton, Raphael-Mack; Toronto, Alton-Lewis; Montreal, Morgan's; Hudson's Bay in the west.

71, Hamilton, Raphael-Mack; Kitchener, Ellen Marshall; Chatham, Ont., L. H. Veale.

75, Calgary, Country Club Casuals; St. Sauveur, Que., Sandy White; Vancouver, Two Skiers, Ltd.; Burlington, Ont., Golden Lantern, Burlington Plaza.

Prices may vary slightly across Canada.

END



The rapture on a child's face on Christmas morning—capture it forever!

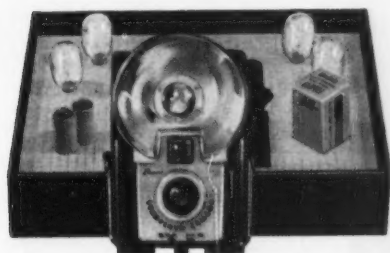
Kodak suggests a "Give and Take" Christmas!

Give Kodak gifts for a happy Christmas!

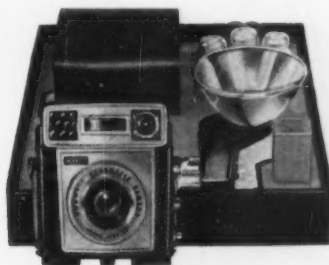
The fun begins early—and *never* ends—with Kodak gifts that say: "Open me first!" See the exciting still cameras, projectors and movie equipment from Kodak. There's a Kodak gift priced for everyone.

Take pictures to save and share the fun!

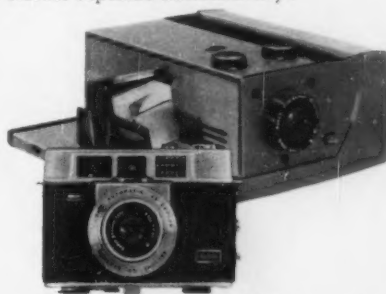
Christmas is for *taking* as well as for giving. With Kodak gifts you'll take lots of pictures to keep the day in clear, sharp detail. Many Kodak cameras give you correct exposure automatically!



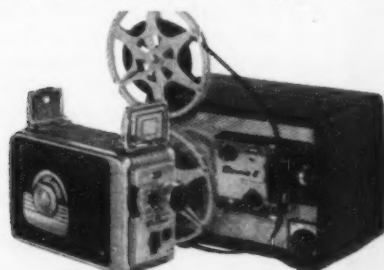
Instantly ready for snapshots: Complete outfit—ideal for beginners; perfect "extra" camera. Brownie Starflash Camera with built-in flashholder, bulbs, batteries, film... \$11.55 complete.



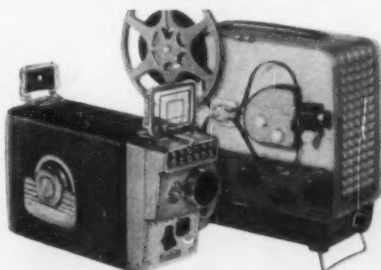
Automatic pictures—Brownie price. Brownie Staromatic Camera has built-in electric eye. Measures light, sets lens automatically. Camera, case, flashholder, bulbs, batteries, film... \$52.50.



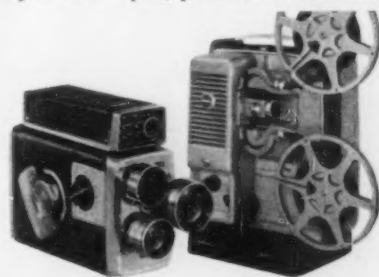
Automatic—for color slides. Kodak Automatic 35 Camera has built-in electric eye for completely automatic exposure. With f/2.8 lens... \$98.50. Kodak 300 Projector is compact, portable... from \$74.50.



Movie camera and projector—only \$93.20! Brownie Movie Camera, f/2.3 makes 8mm movies simple as snapshots... \$38.25. Brownie 8 Movie Projector shows them big and bright... \$54.95.



Automatic Movie Camera—super-bright projector. Brownie Automatic Movie Camera, f/2.3, has electric eye, sets lens automatically... \$89.50. Brownie 500 Movie Projector... \$99.50.



Exposure-meter turret model. 8mm Kodak Cine Scopemeter Camera, Turret f/1.9... \$119.50. Fully Automatic Kodak Cine Showtime Projector... \$175.

Many Kodak dealers offer convenient terms. Prices are subject to change without notice.

See Kodak's "The Ed Sullivan Show" on CBC-TV Network.

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JUST A HINT-OF-A-SEAM

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BY

Phantom

CREATORS ALSO OF CRYSTAL CLEAR SEAMFREE NYLONS

REGISTERED

TV'S MOST GLAMOROUS COUPLE

Continued from page 25

a sometime interviewer on the TV program *Close-Up*, a regular panelist on radio's *Court of Opinions* and master of ceremonies on the TV panel show, *Live a Borrowed Life*. He also writes and delivers, every day, ten ninety-second spot commentaries which are broadcast on radio station CKFH in Toronto and on thirty-five other stations across Canada. In addition he carries a busy schedule of speaking engagements to various service groups and holds down a full-time job as editor in charge of background news features at the *Toronto Star*. Between them, the Templetons probably earn fifty thousand dollars a year.

The Templetons even met in good show-business tradition at rehearsals of a CBC-TV play called *A Face To Remember*, in which they co-starred last January. They were married, both for the second time, five months later, with the bride in a frothy pink creation and the groom looking properly boyish in a forty-three-year-old way.

The only trouble with this almost stereotyped picture of the Glamorous Couple is the Templetons' attitude—both toward their way of living and their respective careers. When I dropped in to talk to them a short time ago at their house in Clarkson, Ont., near Toronto, it took only a few minutes to establish that they think of themselves as a couple made extraordinary only because of their good fortune.

Stardom by chance?

They're convinced they became entertainment personalities through a series of chance encounters, and not because of any driving ambition to be stars. Furthermore, both of them—although for different reasons—regard their TV jobs as temporary.

Nothing points up so graphically the gulf between the Templetons' outward appearance and their inward attitude as the house they recently purchased. It's a big eight-room split-level brick-and-clapboard home in a new suburban development called Fairview Manor, about twenty-five minutes by car from downtown Toronto. From the outside, it looks as



They're fun

They're colorful

They're easy to make

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR YOU BY CHATELAINE

TURN TO PAGE 84 FOR
DETAILED INSTRUCTIONS

though it might belong to a prosperous young lawyer with two or three well-adjusted children and a wife who serves on charitable committees.

When photographer John Sebert and I drove out there one steamy afternoon in late August, Charles Templeton answered the front door, wearing grey slacks, a white T shirt and a wide grin. The grin was half apology (there was a wide band of dirt across the broad Templeton chest) and half self-delight. He had hurried home from his job at the Star to give the house a quick cleanup, and had just finished drying the last dish as the doorbell rang.

His wife had come down to Toronto earlier that afternoon from their summer cottage on Georgian Bay, where she'd been staying since June, to tape songs for her thrice-weekly radio show, The Billy O'Connor Show.

She had arrived at the house only a few minutes before we did and came downstairs from the bedroom as soon as she heard voices in the hallway. She sank down with a small sigh in a burnt-orange chair at one end of the living room, fluffed her curls and said, "How do you like the new me?" Earlier in the day she'd been to the hairdresser and had her hair changed

from allover golden to silver-streaked. The effect was dazzling.

After a few minutes the Templetons began to talk with obvious pride about the house, which they moved into last May, two weeks after their wedding. "We wanted some place that would be good for the children (Deborah, six, and Michael, four, by Sylvia's first marriage) and Chuck's sister had bought a house out here and liked it," Sylvia explained.

"Besides," her husband cut in, "we'd both lived in apartments for a couple of years and we wanted lots of space and the kind of quiet you don't get in the city. So we came out here intending to buy the cheapest house in the development, which cost about twenty-seven thousand, and promptly fell in love with this one which turned out to be thirty-three."

They also managed to furnish the house almost completely from the contents of their two apartments. "In fact, we had so many duplicates it was ridiculous," said Sylvia. "We had two stereophonic phonographs, four TVs — including one color set — two tape recorders, two vacuums and even two electric blenders—which to me, was the absolute height of absurdity."

Sylvia went out to the kitchen to find something cold to drink and her



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Neet



husband began to talk about the furniture in the living room, which had come from Sylvia's apartment and had been slip-covered to fit the color scheme of the new room. Templeton raised his voice and assumed the affectionately rueful tone that seems standard for marital joshing. "We ended up by compromising on colors—that is, we got what Sylvia wanted: beige broadloom for the floor, nutmeg brown for the sofa and orange for the chairs." His wife hollered back, "Chuck, that's not fair—you said you liked everything I wanted."

She came back into the room with a trayful of Cokes and a wad of paper serviettes left over from their wedding, with "Sylvia and Chuck, May 1, 1959" embossed on them in silver. Neither of the Templetons drink liquor if they can avoid it, which sometimes creates difficulties in the cocktail-party world they currently inhabit.

"I have too much to do"

Templeton continued his conversation to say, "Actually this house is almost perfect — there are enough bedrooms for the children to have one each, a room for Sylvia's mother who stays with us and a study where I can work."

"And, brother, *is* he working," his wife added. "He leaves the house every morning before seven and when he comes home, it's a surprise."

"Actually," said Templeton, "we both know I have too much to do, but we figure if we work hard for a year and pay off most of the house, then we can relax."

"Too much to do" is a modest way of describing the Templeton schedule. He gets up at six-fifteen every morning in order to arrive at the Toronto Star by seven-thirty, and works at a grinding pace until four in the afternoon as editor of the paper's news-commentary page. Four nights a week he goes home, has dinner, relaxes for about an hour and then goes down to his study to write and tape his daily radio spots.

On Mondays, he sandwiches in time on his lunch hour to record Court of Opinions and one night a week, he has to stay downtown for Live A Borrowed Life, his television show.

On those nights he gets home late and then has to start on his radio scripts. "I should be in bed by ten-fifteen to have eight hours sleep," he complained, "but for the last three

months, I've never had more than six hours and often less than four."

"People are always asking us," Sylvia said, "how we manage to coordinate two careers—but so far my job hasn't clashed at all with Chuck's. Last season I was only away three days a week, and while I was downtown, Chuck wasn't home either. The only problem with my job is that it takes me away from the children—but with my mother here to look after them, they aren't lonely."

She went on to say that this year things would be harder. The Music Makers show used to be televised on Thursday nights, so rehearsals were fitted in on weekdays. But this season Music Makers '60 is an hour-long (instead of half-an-hour) show and broadcast every other Monday night, which means most of Sylvia's work will be done on weekends.

"It's only every other week, though," said Templeton, "and I'll be able to change my day off from Saturday to sometime during the week so we can spend more time together."

Glamorous Couples, at least according to the myth that's grown up around them, spend a big part of their lives blazing a glittering trail from one night club to another. "This doesn't really fit us at all," said Templeton. "We're a sedentary pair. I work and Sylvia sits and knits. In the four months we've been married, we've never once been out on the town. This is partly because we're too busy, but mostly because we're disinclined to live that kind of life."

"I guess there's no better way to illustrate how we feel about the bright lights than to tell you what happened on our honeymoon," his wife said. "Chuck had the weekend off from the Star and we'd made plane and hotel reservations to go to New York for a fling. After the wedding reception we zoomed out to the airport and stood in line to get our baggage weighed. I looked at Chuck and suddenly we both knew that neither of us wanted to go."

"So we put the baggage back in the car," Templeton continued for her, "drove home to Sylvia's apartment and went out to dinner at a Taste Freez and had two hamburgers each and tall orange drinks." Then he chuckled and said, "See—you can't say I'm not a big-time spender."

"It's not that he didn't warn me," his wife kidded. "He told me that after May 1 [their wedding day] there'd be no more flowers or that

kind of largesse. But he's sent me three bouquets—I suspect because he thought they made the living room look better."

"Seriously," Templeton went on, "we have responsibilities that couldn't be met if we were engrossed in making public figures of ourselves. We have the children to think of and we want to give them security in their backgrounds."

The children, Debbie and Michael, had been up at the cottage on Georgian Bay that Templeton had bought as a retreat three years ago, long before his marriage. Sylvia's mother had been at the cottage with the children all summer long. Sylvia herself had spent most of her time there, except for her one-day-a-week trips to town, and Templeton had driven up every Friday night for the weekend. Within the next two weeks the children and their grandmother would be coming home to get ready for school and Templeton talked with affection about their antics around the house.

"Before our marriage," Sylvia said, "we wondered how long it would take for them to call Chuck 'Daddy.' But it wasn't any problem at all. Debbie caught onto it even before we were married, but Michael insisted on saying Mr. Tem-pe-ton until the wedding reception, and then he ran around shouting, 'Hey, Dad,' at every possible opportunity."

They talked a little longer about the children, the fun they'd had at the cottage and the school Debbie would go to in the fall. Then the conversation turned again to the Templetons' role as TV entertainers.

People stop and stare

Sylvia described the problem of being recognized on the streets and in stores. "More people recognize Chuck in Toronto than they do me, but when we go into smaller places—for instance in towns near the cottage where the only TV channel is a CBC outlet—people seem to know me better. It's a strange feeling — you stop being natural."

"I think—and I know Sylvia agrees with me," her husband said, "that your first feeling on being recognized is embarrassment, and you find yourself being careful of what you say and how you act. But it doesn't happen often enough for it to be a big problem for either of us."

"And in any case," he went on, "even if we were inclined to think of ourselves as 'showbiz personalities' —

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have become a family affair

Mother saw a beautiful Borg coat first. Knew it was genuine Borg Deepile fabric by the woven Borg label inside the coat. Admired its silky lustre, whipped-cream softness, deepile luxury. Loved its weightlessness, and chillproof warmth. Decided it would be ideal for herself and her daughter, because Borg, with 100% Orlon* pile, keeps its loveliness indefinitely. What's more, it's mothproof.

Had Father take a look. He liked Borg coats too... and their modest price! Result: a full-length coat for Mother, a chic jacket for daughter. Borg coats come in 8 lustrous shades, or fur-like stripes. At better stores everywhere.

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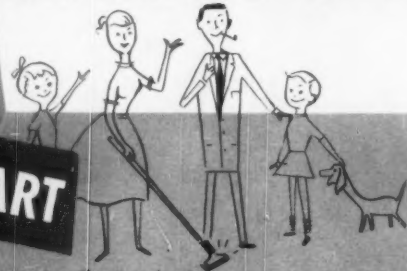
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My most memorable Christmas gift

By Ellen Fairclough, Minister of Citizenship and Immigration

"I was just approaching my eighth birthday when my family moved into a new home in Hamilton which my father had built for us. It was two days before Christmas and the house was far from finished. The inside doors had not yet arrived from the mill and makeshift planks took the place of outside doors. On Christmas Eve, to the great delight and amusement of the younger members of the family, my father brought home a large Christmas tree which he nailed fast to the floor in the middle of what we called "the parlor." How reckless we thought our father was to hammer right into the floor even though we knew it would later be covered with hardwood!

I had wanted for years a large beautiful "real-life" doll, but had been forced to be satisfied with my big family of small china and rag "children." As became a younger parent, my little sister had a correspondingly smaller family.

Christmas morning we both crept downstairs in the dim grey light of early morning to find out what Santa Claus had brought us. I can still hear my mother laughing as she mimicked my voice calling upstairs plaintively, "Mary has a bee-yoo-tiful dolly." Mary had discovered her doll first, but in a few seconds a loud shriek disclosed that I had discovered a larger and more beautiful one. It was really a lovely doll with natural hair and long-lashed open-and-shut eyes. Of course, in those days walking dolls were unheard-of, but I can assure you that no little girl ever loved a doll as I loved that one, received at what was to me the most exciting and unusual of Yuletides.

”

which we certainly aren't — Canada isn't the kind of country that produces stars, in the capital-S sense. I can't think of any Canadian entertainer—except for Wayne and Shuster, and I'm not even sure about them—that the public has gone gaga over in the way the American public has over some of its entertainers."

He began then to talk theoretically about success, and the effect it has on people, drawing on his experiences as interviewer for the TV show Close-Up, of such celebrated people as Oscar Levant, John Diefenbaker, Evelyn Waugh, Somerset Maugham, Aldous Huxley and Rebecca West. "It's a strange business," said Templeton, "but some people, when they achieve success—whether it's in the entertainment field or not—begin to regard themselves as somehow superhuman. When they acquire this complex, they are unbearable to other people."

His wife continued the conversation by saying, "I certainly don't think that either Chuck or I could ever be accused of having a 'star' complex.

For both of us, any small success we've had seemed to come as a result of too much sheer good luck for us to be conceited about it. When I think of all the girls who are slugging in clubs waiting for a break, whereas I seem to achieve success without too many tears or troubles, I'm sure it can't be anything else but luck."

Before her first marriage at eighteen, Sylvia had sung in night clubs in Montreal for a short time. After the marriage broke up six years later in 1956, Sylvia went back to work to support her children and mother. A friend introduced her to Billy O'Connor, who promptly hired her for The Billy O'Connor Show, a network radio show originating in Toronto. A year later, when Jack Kane was looking for a vocalist for his Music Makers show, he decided that the Murphy voice and the Murphy good looks were exactly what he needed.

"It all fits together almost too perfectly—whenever I needed a break, it came," she added, "and the same thing might be said for Chuck."

In the late thirties Templeton left a job as a sports cartoonist on the Toronto Globe to become an evangelist minister. Despite an instantaneous and enduring success on the conversion circuit in the United States, he decided twenty years later that evangelism was incompatible with many of his ideas. At the same time, his marriage with his first wife, who was also an evangelist, was in trouble and he decided, during one tortured period, to leave the ministry and his wife.

He returned to Canada, bought the Georgian Bay retreat and began to write TV plays. Of the first five he wrote, three were bought immediately by the CBC. As a result he was interviewed on the program *Tabloid* in Toronto. The producer, Ross McLean, was impressed with the Templeton manner and offered him a job on another of his shows, *Close-Up*. Other assignments in TV and radio followed his success on this program.

Next stop — politics?

"We even met by a lucky chance," Sylvia said. "Last winter when the CBC was casting a General Motors mystery called *A Face To Remember*, they decided to typecast us in roles as a singer and a TV interviewer. Neither of us had ever acted before.

"Then," she continued, "when Chuck proposed to me, he decided he needed a permanent job. That very week the *Star* came through with their offer to make him an editor. Neither of us were born with silver spoons—but we certainly have lucky stars."

By now it was long past dinner time and Templeton had a hard evening of work ahead of him. John Sebert, who took the pictures that accompany this article, had gone home more than an hour before, so Sylvia took me upstairs to phone about the bus schedule from Clarkson to Toronto and to see the master bedroom.

"I'm just crazy about this room," she explained, "so please excuse my noisy boasting." The bedroom is decorated in midnight blue and gold satin, with an enormous (six-foot-six-inch-square) bed and wall-to-wall drapery.

There was a bus leaving for Toronto in fifteen minutes and the Templetons decided to have a quick dinner after dropping me at the bus stop. On the way there in his '56 Buick, Templeton began to talk about his future plans. In the next federal election, he hopes to run for parliament as a Liberal candidate. Considering his amaz-

ingly versatile talents and considerable natural charm, most people who know him think his chances for success are excellent.

"Sometimes I get scared thinking about it," Sylvia said. "I'm not sure I'm the type to be a political wife. But by that time we hope to have

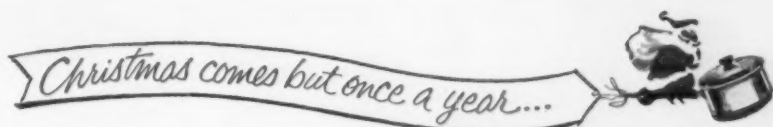
more children and I'll be giving up TV anyway, so I can concentrate on Chuck's interests."

When the car stopped at the bus stop, both Templetons stuck their handsome heads out the window to yell good-by. Two suburban matrons, who'd been standing with faces glazed

by heat and disinterest, began to stare goggle-eyed with astonishment.

The bus lumbered up and the Templetons, looking glamorous and successful, feeling ordinary but lucky, drove off on their way to the Taste Freez to have hamburgers for supper.

END



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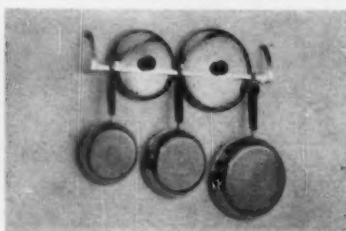
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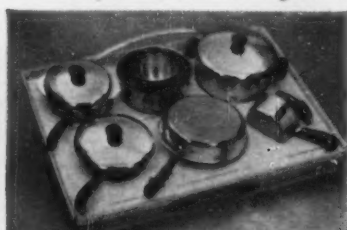
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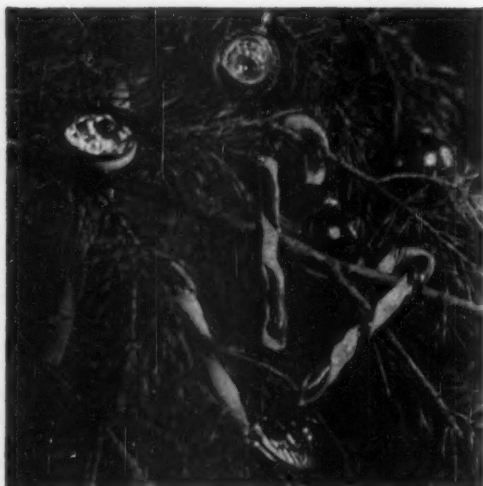
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RECIPE OF THE MONTH *Colorful Candy Canes*

Candy canes are fun to make, whether you enlist the aid of the family for a happy evening or add to the gaiety of a tree-trimming party by having some of your guests try their luck at pulling candy. If the candy becomes too hard to twist, form it into balls and press warm wooden sticks into them to delight the children with lollipops. For an unusual twist, make the canes in a color to match your table centerpiece and use them either in the centerpiece or for place cards. The recipe for these candy canes is on page 56.

Meals of the Month

A MENU FOR EVERY DAY IN DECEMBER

Minute tips for flavor and fun . . .

Top individual baked fruit pies with bell, tree or star shapes of ice cream cut with a cookie cutter. Decorate with silver or colored candies or bits of glazed cherries.

Draw a deep petal design on a red waxed Gouda cheese and neatly remove the wax top and some cheese to form a large tulip. Grate about 1 cup of the cheese and moisten with wine, sour cream or nippy salad dressing. Refill the Gouda and sprinkle with chopped olives or paprika. Surround on platter with holly sprigs and crisp melba toast rounds.

Moisten and flavor bread-crumbs stuffing with leftover onion soup or dehydrated onions soaked for a few minutes in warm water, milk, or tomato juice.

For a quick turkey gravy, skim fat and strain drippings into a saucepan. Add a can of undiluted cream of mushroom soup, heat and dilute as desired with giblet water.

Dinners of the month . . .

Dinners of the month . . .							TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
FRIDAY		SATURDAY		SUNDAY		MONDAY	1 Braised Shortribs Buttered Noodles Kernel Corn Coleslaw Apple Pie	2 Fried Chicken Hot Biscuits Candied Sweet Potatoes Apricot Press Fruit Cup Cookies	3 Steak 'n' Kidney Pie Baked Squash Caesar Salad Apricot Whirl Custard Sauce
4 Stuffed Whitefish Lemon Wedge Baked Potato Spinach Butter Tarts	5 Pork Hocks Sauerkraut Parsley Potatoes Preserved Pineapple Spicecake	6 Savory Meat Loaf Hot Chili Sauce Scalloped Potatoes Glazed Parsnips Deep Apple Pie	7 Pan-fried Liver Onion Rings Succotash Green Salad Cherry Pie	8 Stuffed Cabbage Rolls Tomato Sauce Hash Browned Potatoes Cottage Pudding Maple Syrup Sauce	9 Grilled Sausages Spiced Applesauce Whipped Potatoes Glazed Squash Baked Alaska	10 Minute Steaks Sliced Tomatoes Creamed Cauliflower Relishes Hot Mince Pie			
11 Corned Beef Mustard Sauce Parsley Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Glazed Pears	12 Deep-fried Scallops Caper Sauce Buttered Beets Home-fried Potatoes Cherry Cobbler	13 Roast Beef au Jus Roast Potatoes Mashed Turnips Hot Rolls Relishes Chocolate Layer Cake	14 Cold Cuts Macaroni à la King Salad Relishes Ice Cream Date Squares	15 Chicken Pot Pie Savory Dumplings Green Beans Chef's Salad Pineapple Bavarian	16 Stuffed Heart Whipped Potatoes Braised Onions Steamed Pudding Lemon Hard Sauce	17 Swiss Steak Onion Gravy Baked Potato Kernel Corn Coconut Cream Pie			
18 Tuna Loaf Lima Beans Creole Tossed Green Salad Apple Dumplings Butterscotch Sauce	19 Beef Chow Mein Fried Rice Buttered Carrots Fruit Cup Angel Cake	20 Glazed Cottage Roll Raisin Sauce Risole Potatoes Mashed Squash Baked Apple with Cream	21 Mixed Grill (Lamb Chop, Bacon, Chicken Livers) Spanish Rice Peas Spiced Pear Cobbler	22 Hot Beef Tongue Tomato Sauce Whipped Potatoes Spinach Pumpkin Pie	23 Spaghetti with Meat Sauce Tossed Green Salad French Stick Apricots Cupcakes	24 Cheese Fondue Peasmeat Bacon French Fried Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Rhubarb Pie			
25 Shrimp Cocktail Roast Turkey Potatoes Squash Parmesan Onions Hot Mince Tarts	26 Cold Buffet Assorted Cold Cuts Glazed Boiled Salmon Salads Rolls Meringue Glacé	27 Planked Steak Potato Nests Mixed Vegetables Salad Relishes Lemon Sponge Pie	28 Turkey-and-Noodle Casserole Tossed Green Salad Mashed Turnips Fruit Jelly Cookies	29 Breaded Veal Cutlet Lemon Wedge Harvard Beets Oven-fried Potatoes Chocolate Pudding	30 Grilled Ham Steak Glazed Pineapple Scalloped Potatoes Broccoli Peach Crisp	31 Lamb Stew Mint Dumplings Parsnips Salad Spanish Cream Strawberries			

Breakfasts and lunches for every day . . .

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
Breakfast	Broiled Grapefruit Western Omelet Chili Sauce Coffee Honey Cocon	Prune Juice Ready-to-eat Cereal Hot Scones Strawberry Preserves Tea Milk	Orange Sections Rolled Oats Maple Syrup Toast Coffee Marmalade Milk	Apple Juice Poached Eggs Whole-wheat Toast Peach Jam Tea Hot Chocolate	Stewed Apricots Shredded Wheat Broiled Bacon Date Muffins Coffee Milk	Tomato Juice Corn Flakes Cheese Tea Biscuits Honey Tea Cococ	Fruit Cup Apple Fritters Sausages Spice Buns Coffee Hot Chocolate
Lunch	Oyster Stew Cheese Straws Mashed Salad Relishes Lemon Tarts	Tomato Soup Bacon on a Bun Coleslaw Raisin Square Chocolate Milk Shake	Apple Juice Chili Con Carne Tossed Green Salad Sliced Bananas Oatmeal Wafers	Chicken Soup Egg Salad Sandwich Celery Sticks Caramel Pudding Whipped Cream	Welsh Rarebit on Toast Points Salad Greens Carrot Curfs Fruit Sundae	Vegetable Soup Salmon Sandwich Dill Pickles Fruit Jelly Malted Milk Shake	Asparagus Soup Hamburger Mustard Pickle Butter Tarts Ice Cream

Recipes and snacks for the creative cook . . .

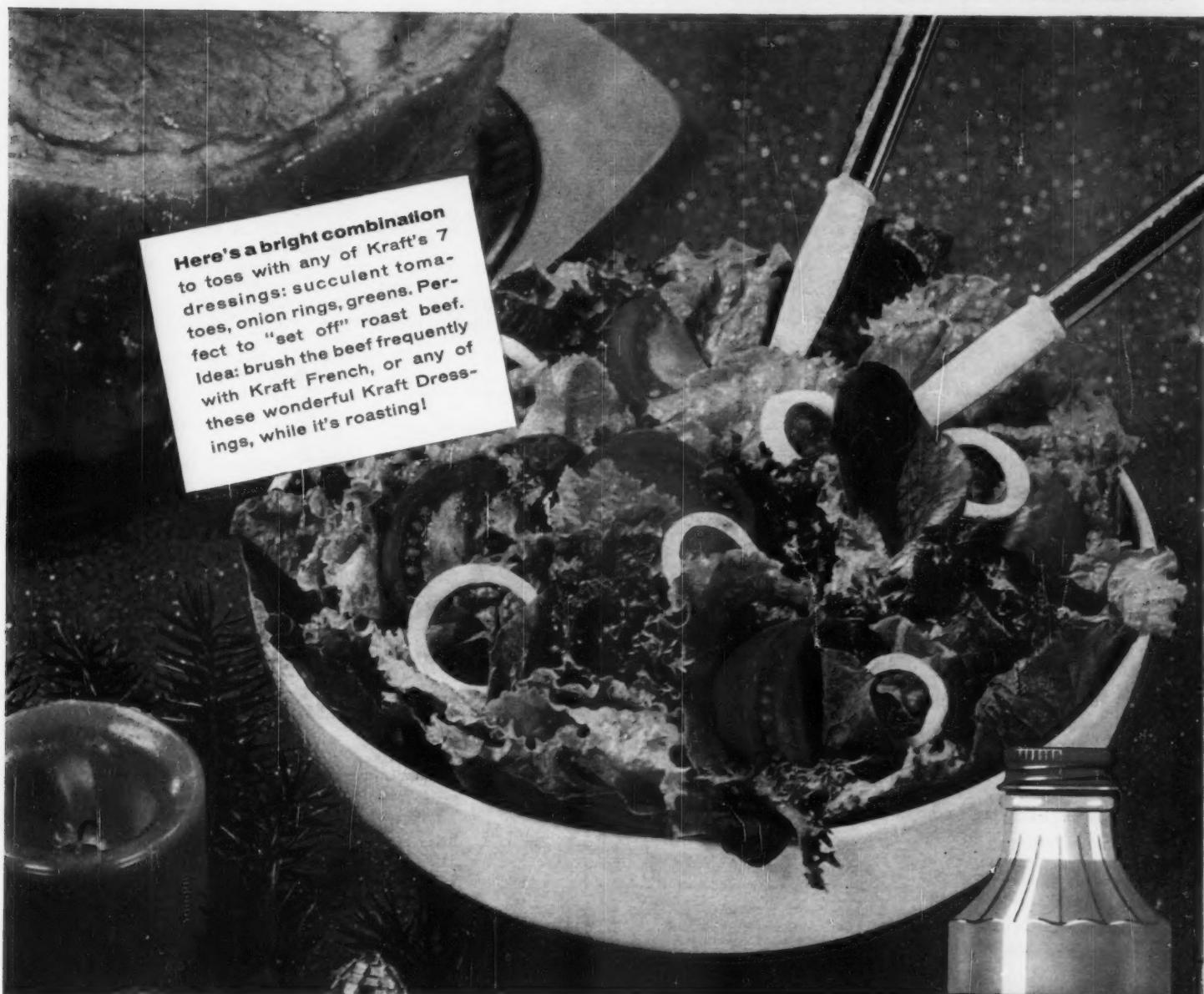
SHOPPER'S SPECIALS:

Heat together 1 can meat balls in gravy, 1 small can tomato sauce, and 1 tablespoon instant minced onion. Season with oregano and a dash of chili peppers. Serve over hot buttered noodles and top with Parmesan cheese.

Mix 1-pound can salmon with 1 can cream of celery soup, 2 eggs, 1 cup seasoned bread stuffing, ½ cup milk. Flavor with onion salt, pepper, lemon juice. Bake in greased casserole 20 minutes at 375 degrees F. Top with instant mashed potatoes and grated cheese. Bake 10 minutes. END

7 days... 7 ways... to serve a salad

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*Variety
is the spice
of salads—
or meats!*

What better way to brighten your Winter meals than with a crisp, appetizing salad-on-the-side! Individual tastes, moods and menus call for different salad dressings from day to day, but it's easy to suit them all with Kraft's tempting variety. From mild dressings to spicy ones . . . from creamy thick to sparkling clear, all 7 Kraft salad dressings are beautifully blended with *fresh-ground spices sealed in fresh-pressed oils*. No wonder they taste superb! And every one of them is ready to serve. Try them too, for brushing and marinating all kinds of meats.

Mild-tasting
dressing.
Creamy-thick
... doesn't
separate



Deftly touched
with onion
and garlic



Spicy-sweet,
thick and
clinging



Blended with
12 different
seasonings.



Golden-clear,
exotically
seasoned

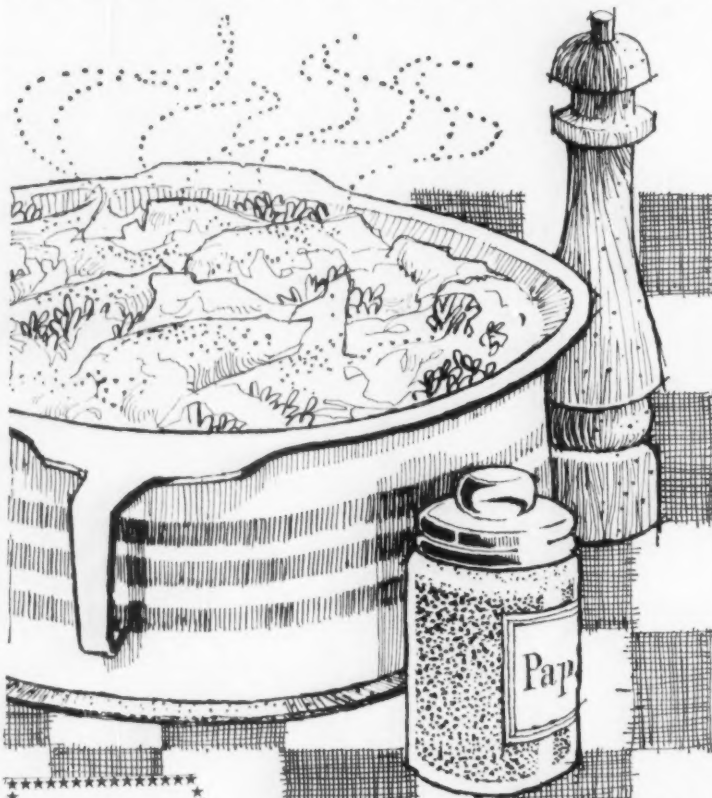


Low in
calories, clear
and delicious



Delicate taste,
gently
seasoned

New way to please... with chicken & cheese!



Chicken Divan

Yield — 4 servings.

Sufficient sliced cold cooked chicken for 4 servings

1 bunch fresh broccoli or one 12-ounce package frozen broccoli or an equivalent amount of cooked spinach

1 can (approx. 10 ounces) condensed cream of chicken soup

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup Ingersoll Cheese Spread

Cook broccoli or spinach until tender; drain thoroughly.

Arrange broccoli or spinach in bottom of shallow baking dish. Spread half of the condensed chicken soup over vegetable, then cover with sliced chicken. Blend remaining chicken soup into Ingersoll Cheese Spread and spoon over chicken.

Bake in moderate oven (350°F) 25 to 30 minutes.

Pop this in the oven — then sit back for praise to come. With Ingersoll Cheese Spread on hand it's so easy to be a triumphant hostess. Ingersoll, you know, is the spread with a flavor that's *real* cheese, all cheese and nothing *but* cheese. Everybody loves it. Get some!

THE SPREAD WITH THE
REAL CHEESE TASTE



OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS DINNER

Continued from page 35

Giblet Gravy

When cooking for a crowd singlehanded make the gravy the day before you roast the turkey.

Take the giblets from the almost defrosted or fresh bird and rinse. Cover with 4 cups of water, add salt, a slice of onion, a few celery leaves and a bit of bay leaf. Simmer at least $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours to get a good rich broth. (Remove giblets and refrigerate until next day.)

In a separate saucepan, on low heat, melt $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour. Stir and let bubble until a deep-gold color. Slowly add 4 cups of the giblet broth or water to make 4 cups. Stir until smoothly thickened, then stir in 1 tablespoon instant-type potato mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream or water. Cook about 5 minutes longer. Pour into a bowl and cover with wax paper to prevent a skin forming. Store in the refrigerator. Next day, put the gravy base in a double boiler on low heat, chop the giblets and add to gravy. Forget about it while dinner is cooking.

Arrange your turkey cooking time to finish $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before serving time, then lift it to a heated platter and keep warm in the oven with the heat off. This makes the turkey juicier and easier to carve.) Skim the fat from the pan drippings and pour the rich brown juices into the heated gravy base. Stir, taste, season. Serve. Makes 6 cups, or 12 to 16 servings. This recipe is easily divided for smaller families.

Mandarin Cranberry Sauce

2 cups fresh OR frozen cranberries
1 (11-oz) can mandarin oranges

1 piece of ginger root
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

Drain the juice from oranges into a saucepan, add cranberries and ginger root. Cover and cook 5 minutes. Remove ginger root and add sugar and oranges. Stir gently until sugar is dissolved. Keep chilled until needed.

Pickled Black Figs

1 tbs each, whole cloves and allspice
4 broken cinnamon sticks
1 cup vinegar or sauterne

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
1 (12-oz) pkg OR
1 lb fancy black figs

Tie spices in a bag and drop into a saucepan with the vinegar and sugar. Bring to a boil and simmer 10 minutes. Remove spice bag. Add the figs and cook slowly for 20 minutes. Cool and pour into a sealer or screw-top jar. Serve as an unusual accompaniment with roast turkey, hot or cold, or ham.

Favorite Christmas Vegetables

Day-before preparation or cooking, using cleverly flavored canned, frozen or fresh vegetables — and this important part of the dinner is no trouble at all.

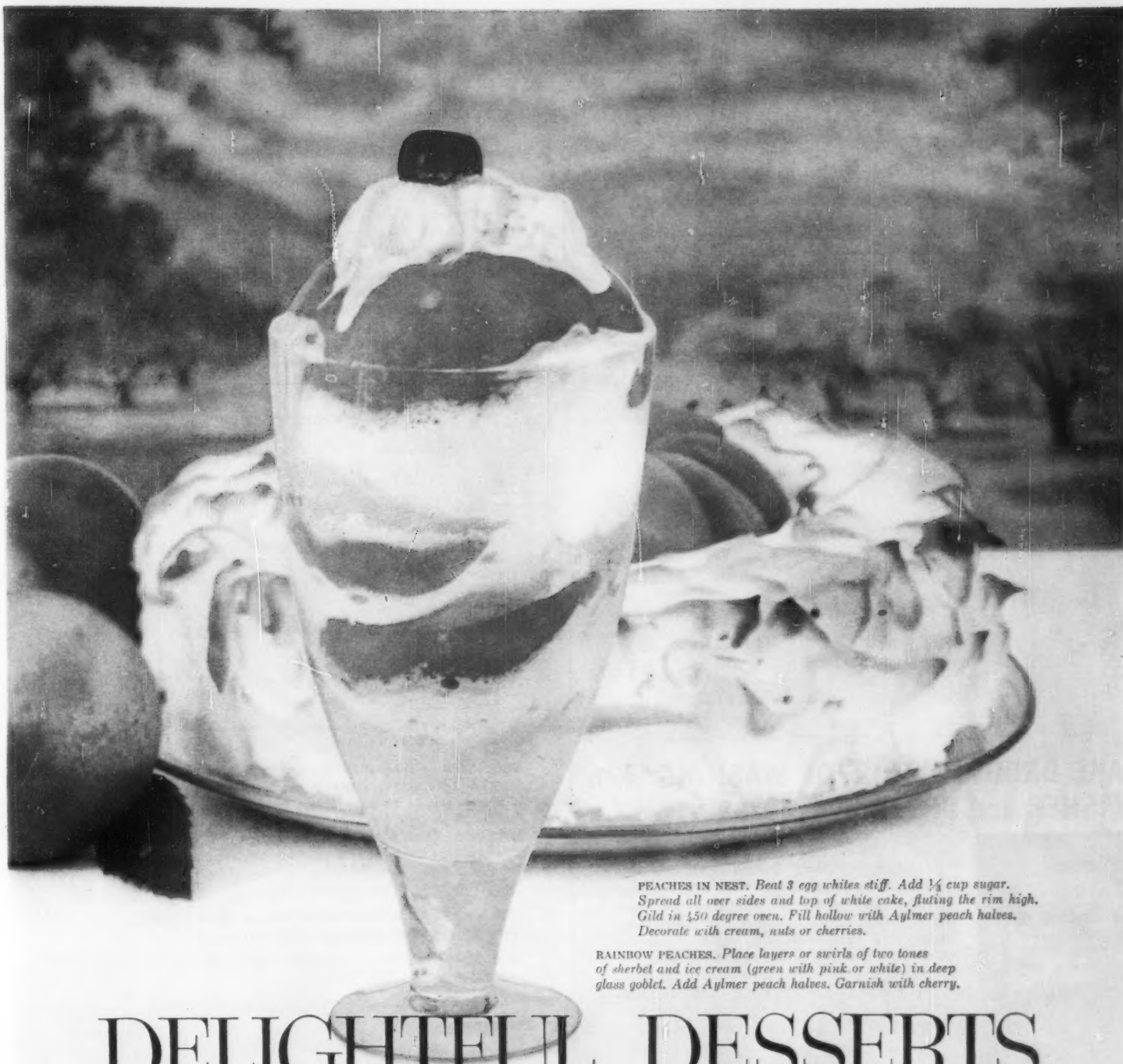
WHIPPED TURNIP: Cook diced turnips until tender in boiling salted water. Drain well and mash. Add a lump of butter, a sprinkle of sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated orange rind. Set back on low heat to evaporate any of the remaining water. Before serving, whip in enough heavy cream to moisten. Raw turnip can be prepared the day before and kept in plastic bag in refrigerator.

PIQUANT BEETS: Sauté 3 slices diced breakfast bacon in a saucepan until crisp. Turn heat low and add 2 teaspoons each of horse-radish sauce, honey and lemon juice. Stir in 4 cups cooked, sliced beets or two 20-ounce cans, drained well. Sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and heat thoroughly. Serves 8 to 10. Prepare day before and reheat in the oven in a covered dish or over water.

ONIONS IN CREAM: Drain two 15-ounce cans of onions, or cook 12 small peeled onions in simmering salted water, and drain. Place onions close together in a small greased baking dish and spread with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard. Sprinkle with grated cheese and broil until bubbly. Serves 6.

VEGETABLE MEDLEY WITH HERB BUTTER: Soak $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon tarragon, oregano or thyme in 1 tablespoon lemon juice for about 10 minutes. Mix with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter in a saucepan or double boiler. Add a tablespoon each of finely chopped parsley and onion. Stir in about $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked drained mixed vegetables, frozen or canned. Cover and heat thoroughly. Season with salt and pepper.

Continued on page 54

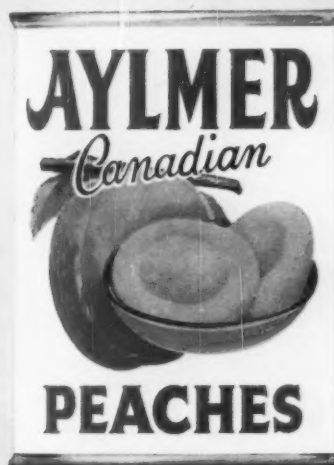


PEACHES IN NEST. Beat 3 egg whites stiff. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar. Spread all over sides and top of white cake, fluting the rim high. Gild in 450 degree oven. Fill hollow with Aylmer peach halves. Decorate with cream, nuts or cherries.

RAINBOW PEACHES. Place layers or swirls of two tones of sherbet and ice cream (green with pink or white) in deep glass goblet. Add Aylmer peach halves. Garnish with cherry.

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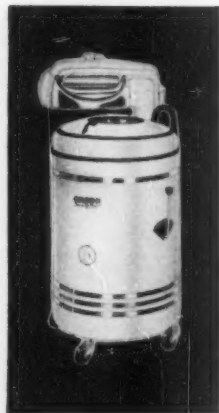
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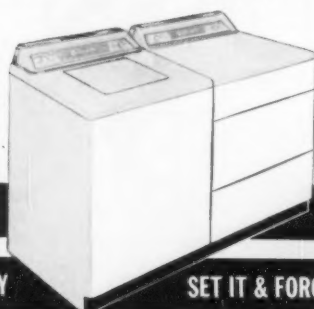
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Continued from page 52

CAULIFLOWER WITH CRUNCHY TOPPING: Cook cauliflowerettes in a small amount of boiling salted water until just tender. Drain and keep warm. Brown $\frac{1}{2}$ cup slivered or chopped almonds in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter. Stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup crushed cheese-flavored wafers or appetizers and a dash of garlic powder. Sprinkle over cauliflower and serve.

CANDIED SQUASH: Peel and cut squash into serving pieces. Boil in salted water for 10 minutes and drain. Place close together in a shallow pan and dot with plenty of butter. Brush with pineapple jam or dessert molasses. Cover bottom of pan with water or fruit juice and bake 30 to 40 minutes at 350 degrees F. Boil squash day before, finish on Christmas Day.

POTATOES: Try this timesaver. Wash, peel and dry the potatoes a day or two before Christmas. Dip in lemon juice (unsweetened, canned or fresh) and store in a plastic bag or foil in the refrigerator. Or use the instant type according to directions. Pile in a greased dish and keep hot in the oven until needed. May be made ahead and reheated over hot water.

Cranberry Twinkle

Combine one 16-ounce bottle of cranberry juice cocktail or homemade cranberry juice,* with 8 ounces light sherry. Chill and serve in wine glasses. Makes 7 or 8 servings.

***HOMEMADE CRANBERRY JUICE:** Simmer 2 cups fresh or frozen cranberries, 2 cups water and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar in a covered pan for about 5 minutes. Strain through cheesecloth or a fine sieve. Don't press the pulp if you like a clear juice.

Steamed Christmas Pudding

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dark molasses OR
black raspberry jelly
Grated rind and juice of 2 oranges
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk OR beer.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups tea-biscuit mixed,
firmly packed
2 or 3 tsp spice (your choice)
2 cups soft bread crumbs
*4 cups mixed fruit and almonds

Mix the first four ingredients together in a small bowl. Mix all the remaining ingredients together in a large bowl. Combine the two mixtures thoroughly. Use your hands — it's faster. Scrape into greased molds and cover with greased foil. Steam 2 hours for small molds, 4 hours for large ones. Keep in a cool place until needed. Wrap and freeze leftovers, or store puddings in a refrigerator or cool dry basement after covering the surface with melted paraffin. Makes 10 to 12 servings. To reheat, cover and steam 1 to 2 hours. Serve with Buttered Rum Sauce or your favorite hard sauce.

*Use some or all of them: seeded muscat raisins, seedless raisins, currants, dates, figs, cut mixed peel — with blanched almonds.

Note: If you wish, drop foil-wrapped charms into the pudding mixture before steaming.

Buttered Rum Sauce

(An intriguing variation of that all-time favorite, Supreme Sauce.)

Beat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft butter or margarine and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted icing sugar together until fluffy. Add 2 eggs, one at a time, another $\frac{1}{2}$ cup icing sugar, beating after each addition. Now add butterscotch or caramel flavoring, vanilla and rum or rum flavoring to taste. Fold in about 1 cup whipped cream or whipped topping. This sauce may be made the day before and gives you about 3 cups, or 12 servings. If there are no nuts in the pudding, sprinkle each dollop of sauce with slivered, toasted almonds.

Frozen Plum Pudding

Heat 1 cup of mincemeat slowly until the fat melts. Chill and skim fat from the top. Reveal the mincemeat into 1 pint slightly softened vanilla ice cream. Scrape into a freezer tray and freeze until firm. Roll scoopfuls in toasted coconut or almonds or crushed sweet cereal flakes and freeze until needed. Place in plastic trays for long storing. Serve with custard sauce or marshmallow sauce well flavored with brandy extract.

Continued on page 56



Life of the party... Lipton California Dip!

Tasty? You bet! Just watch it disappear (it's quicker 'n a mistletoe kiss)! The secret? LIPTON ONION SOUP—the soup that puts *real* onion flavour into so many dishes. Try it in gravies, casseroles, meat loaves, hamburgers, or simply serve as soup — it's delicious!

EASIEST DIP EVER — here's how: Blend 1 package Lipton Onion Soup (right from package) with 1 pint commercial Sour Cream. Or use one 8-oz. package Cream Cheese softened with $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Refrigerate till serving time — then "dip" right in!



We all love nourishing Lipton Soup with the wonderful home-cooked flavour!

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D-ZERTA PUDDING!
only 54 calories a serving



Now you can eat desserts with a clear conscience! Creamy, delicious D-Zerta Pudding has that *Jell-O* good flavor, just like its companion D-Zerta Gelatin. And D-Zerta Pudding contains no sugar. It's sweetened with saccharin and cyclamate sodium.

When made with skim milk, D-Zerta Pudding gives you only 54 calories a serving. (Even a serving of orange water ice contains 177!)

Look for D-Zerta Pudding in the dietetic section of your food store. If you don't see it, just ask.

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CHOCOLATE • BUTTERSCOTCH
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Continued from page 54

Gold Top Mince Pie

Line a 9- or 10-inch pie pan with plain pastry and spread with 2 cups of your favorite mincemeat. Mix together one 4-ounce package soft cream cheese, ½ cup sugar and 1 egg. Beat well then add ½ cup cake flour sifted with 1 teaspoon baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Stir in 2 tablespoons orange juice, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind and spread mixture evenly over the mincemeat. Bake at 375 degrees for 40 minutes. Serve warm. This pie can be baked ahead and reheated. Coconut is a nice addition to the topping.

Festive Egg Nog Pie

1 pkg plain gelatine
½ cup milk
1½ cups commercial egg nog
Vanilla, brandy or
rum flavoring to taste*

½ pt whipping cream (whipped)
½ cup packaged spiced nutmeats
One 9-inch crumb crust OR
baked pastry shell

Soften gelatine in the ½ cup milk and heat over hot water until melted. Remove from heat and don't worry if it curdles. Whisk in the egg nog and flavoring slowly. Chill in a flat pan if you're in a hurry. Stir now and then until mixture thickens. Fold in about a cup of whipped cream. (Leave the rest for garnishing.) Pour into pie shell and chill until set. Sprinkle centre with spiced nuts and garnish edge with cream and bits of red and green candied pineapple.

Note: Calorie counters may like to fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites in place of whipped cream and garnish with fresh fruit.

VARIATIONS

1. Cover the bottom of pie shell with well-drained apricot halves and omit the spiced nuts.
2. Add 1 cup tiny colored marshmallows for a Children's Sugarplum Pie.

*Use ¼ cups egg nog and 3 or 4 tablespoons brandy or rum if you wish. END

CANDY CANES

See photograph on page 50

1 cup boiling water
4 cups granulated sugar
½ tsp salt

½ tsp cream of tartar
½ tsp peppermint extract
Food coloring

Mix first four ingredients in a saucepan. Cook without stirring to 312 degrees F. or to hard-crack stage when tested in cold water. Wipe sugar crystals from sides of pan occasionally with a knife wrapped in a warm wet cloth. Remove from heat, add peppermint extract. Place pan in bowl of cold water, stirring about 2 minutes with a wooden spoon. (Omit this step if using a marble slab.)

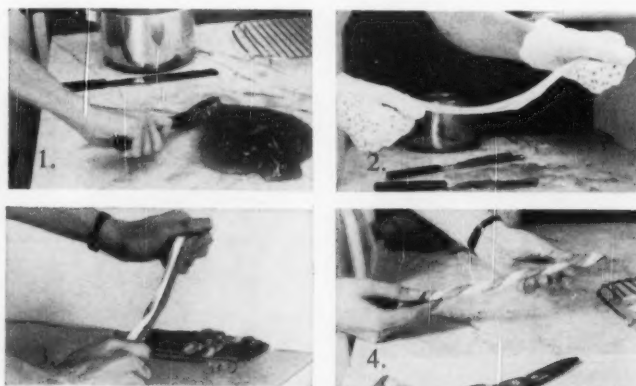


FIG. 1. Pour candy onto heavily greased platter or marble slab. Working quickly, scrape edges toward centre with firm metal spatula. When it stiffens, divide in two balls. FIG. 2. Pull one until like white satin. Sprinkle the other with red coloring and pull until satiny. (Keep all candy in warm oven until ready to pull.) Cut each lump into 8 and pull each piece to 8-inch lengths. FIG. 3. Press a red and white strip together. FIG. 4. Twist and press to form spiral, bending end to shape of cane. Let harden on cake cooler. Makes 8 canes.

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THE FAITHFUL REINDEER

Continued from page 31

forests to pass through and the trees are so close that your beautiful antlers would be broken.

"After that would be huge mountains to climb and the sharp rocks would crack your fine strong hoofs and they would split and bleed. Then before you would reach Bethlehem there would be a desert to cross. The desert would be as wide as the ocean and you would die of thirst before you reached halfway.

"No, my fine young man, you must give up all thought of trying to reach Bethlehem. Stay here with your family and friends and rejoice with us that the angel came to tell us the good news, but don't try to go to see the Baby Jesus."

The young reindeer listened closely to all the wise old reindeer had said but his mind was made up and he told him, "The ice will not bother me, I have crossed it many times, and I will swim the ocean in half the time. Everyone knows I am the strongest swimmer in all the reindeer land. If the trees in the giant forests break my antlers, well, they will grow back. If my hoofs crack and bleed from the sharp rocks in the mountains, then I may have to stop and rest a few days, but I am strong and they will heal quickly. As for the desert, I will cross it at night and I will run like the very wind.

"No, old reindeer, I must go to see the Baby Jesus."

Then he turned to his friends and asked if there were any who would like to go with him, but they all shook their heads no. So after saying good-bye to everyone, the young reindeer started his journey to Bethlehem.

THE OCEAN was much wider than he had thought and it did take many days to swim across. He was quite tired by the time he reached the other shore and had to rest for several days. But the sun was warm and dried his coat so that when he entered the forest he was as beautiful as ever.

The forest was very dense and his antlers broke and for many days his head ached and sometimes so badly that he had to stop and rest for several days at a time. But he continued on his journey toward Bethlehem.

The mountains were very high and very wide and it took him a long time

to cross, and before he came to the desert he rested in a green meadow to give his broken hoofs time to heal.

The desert was much wider than the ocean and, although he ran like the wind, he could find very little water and sometimes he would have to spend several days looking for water and then rest for days before going on.

One day he came into a little village and asked a strange animal what the name of this town was and was told that this was Bethlehem.

The reindeer then asked where he might find the Baby Jesus.

The animal who looked somewhat like a reindeer, only had no horns (a donkey, he was told later), laughed an ear-piercing laugh and said, "You are too late. If you wanted to see the Baby Jesus, you should have come years ago. He has grown up to manhood now."

Another animal, which the reindeer had learned in the desert was called a camel, said, "The stable here is where the Baby Jesus was born. I was here that night." And then he told the reindeer all the wonders he had seen that night many years before.

After the reindeer had talked about the Baby Jesus with everyone he could find, he said good-bye to his new friends, the camel and the donkey, and started home.

The desert seemed much wider than before, and although he now knew where to find water, it seemed to take him longer to cross the hot sand.

The mountains seemed to have grown and the rocks seemed sharper and he had to rest much more often than he had in crossing before. But he knew his journey had taken him most of his life and his one wish was to see his home before he died, so he continued on, mile after weary mile.

MANY YEARS after starting his journey he reached the shore of the ocean and lay down to rest. His head was sore from the new breaks in his antlers, his once-fine coat was torn and scratched, his hoofs were bleeding. He realized that he could never swim the ocean again and that he must die here on the shore, many miles from his home.

He had just closed his eyes when suddenly an angel came down beside him and said, "Don't despair, good reindeer. The Baby Jesus, whom you traveled so far to see, is now in Heaven and has watched your faithful journey.

"There is a saint in Heaven, the good Saint Nicholas, and he has been appointed to travel all over the world on the eve of Baby Jesus' birthday, to take presents to all the children in remembrance of Him.

"Because you have been the most faithful of all the reindeer, Jesus has asked that you pull the sleigh that will hold the presents."

The reindeer smiled and said, "Many years ago I would have been very proud to pull the sleigh for Saint Nicholas but now I am very old and weak. I cannot even swim the ocean to my home, so how could I pull a sleigh all over the world in one night?"

"On this night of the year," the angel explained, "you will have the speed of wings in your hoofs. When you leap, it will not just be over a fallen log; instead you will leap over the clouds."

The reindeer stood up and raised his head high, "I am proud the Baby Jesus has chosen me for this honor, but I must refuse."

And at this he hung his head very low. "Many years ago I could have accepted, but now I am too old. Before another year is out, I will have lived my life and will be in the animal heaven. Tell the Baby Jesus to select another finer and stronger reindeer who can pull the sleigh better than I."

The angel smiled. "You are a hard one to convince. Very well then, when you are gone we will choose the strongest reindeer whose faith most nearly equals yours. From this day on the strongest and most faithful reindeer shall pull the sleigh for Saint Nicholas to deliver the presents to the children. But this year you shall have the honor. And to prove to you that you can do it, I will give you the power to cross the ocean in one leap."

The reindeer still couldn't believe the good news, but not wanting to disappoint the angel, he gathered his legs together for a mighty leap, and just as the angel had said, it carried him clear across the ocean. Still hardly believing it, he tried it again and crossed the miles of ice in one jump.

With this good news he hurried to the reindeer herd to tell them the honor that was to come to all reindeer from that day on.

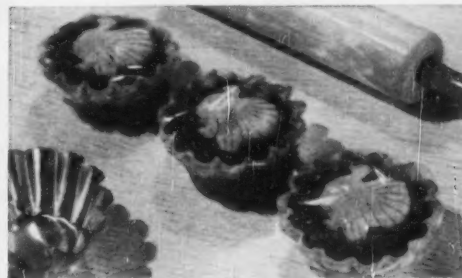
And to this day the strongest and most faithful of all the reindeer leads the way around the world on the eve of Baby Jesus' birthday, so that Saint Nicholas can deliver presents to the children in remembrance of Him. END



SAVES TROUBLE! You just fix foods ahead of time and cover them with Saran Wrap. They keep beautifully. And because this clinging food wrap is crystal clear, your buffet is as lovely and as colourful as you want it to be!



SAVES FLAVOUR! Turkey a la king goes so far, stays delicious. Saran Wrap keeps its rich goodness.



SAVES FRESHNESS! Pastries like mincemeat tarts taste just baked. They stay perfect in Saran Wrap.

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COULD YOU HAVE A BREAKDOWN?

Continued from page 21

ments newly established in leading general hospitals all have long waiting lists, mental-health clinics keep expanding their facilities to catch up with the demand. Toronto's Mental Health Clinic has an all-night telephone service to help those desperate in the lonely hours and several hospitals, among them the Toronto General and the Montreal General and the Royal Victoria in Montreal, have a twenty-four-hour psychiatric service attached to the emergency department—now a woman simply can stroll in and ask to see the psychiatrist on duty.

"Half our cases walk in off the street," says Dr. Margaret McQuade, a psychiatrist at the Toronto Mental Health Clinic. "In these cases," observes Mrs. Kay Crowe, director of the department of family life and parent education of Montreal's Mental Hygiene Institute, "what we hear most often is, 'I'm at the end of my rope. Please help me.'"

Many such tormented souls describe their state as a nervous breakdown, but medically there is no such thing. "It doesn't mean anything," complains Dr. McQuade. "When we're taking a case history and the patient says she had a breakdown a few years back, we have to stop and explore her definition of breakdown." It can vary from a memorable period of the blues to acute mental illness that resulted in hospitalization.

Psychiatry's common cold

"It would be better to call it a breakdown in living," suggests Dr. John D. Griffin, general director of the Canadian Mental Health Association. "It's a condition in which the patient can't function, can't do her housework, go to her job or care for her family. That's a breakdown, in living."

Everyone has a stream of tiny breakdowns throughout their lives, afternoons or days when because of agitation or grief or gloom work is left undone and the person wanders the streets or sits in a room and stares at nothing. This degree of breakdown is psychiatric medicine's common cold; it's a waste of man-hours and a nuisance, but unpreventable. The

normal health of the individual effects its own cure rapidly.

While no one thinks to call an afternoon of cloud-watching a breakdown, a lot of women who never miss a day of dusting the piano firmly believe that the swirling, plunging emotional state they are enduring is a nervous breakdown. Since cheeriness and spunk seem to predominate in their friends, they feel themselves total failures.

"WHERE TO BUY" TEEN TEMPO FASHIONS on page 15

Below we list some of the Canadian stores where this month's Teen Tempo fashions can be bought.

Judy 'n' Jill dresses—Laliberté, Quebec City; Ogilvy's, Morgan's, Metropolitan Ladies' Wear, Montreal; Freiman's, Ottawa; André's, Port Arthur, Ont.; Selter's, London Style Shop, Winnipeg; Hudson's Bay, Saskatoon.

Algo Juniors party dress—At Simpson's, across Canada; Dalmy's, Halifax, Fredericton, Moncton, Saint John, Montreal, Quebec City, Ottawa, Kingston; Fabray's, Montreal and Hamilton; May Company, Fanfare Fashions, Toronto; Hollinsworth's, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton and Calgary; Woodward's, Vancouver and Edmonton; Laurie's Limited in British Columbia; Hudson's Bay; Eaton's, Victoria, Port Arthur.

Wm. G. dresses—New York Dress, Halifax; Morgan's, Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton; Eaton's, Toronto; Hudson's Bay stores in the west.

Accordingly, for weeks at a time, a woman whose despondency has become a palpable weight that seems to be crushing her vitals will continue to arrange charming dinner parties and discuss with a show of vitality the difficulty of maintaining a consistent golf score. A mother gripped by the conviction that a mutilating disaster is about to befall her, will button her children into snowsuits and send them out to play, and keep up a light chatter while doing it, too. "You're having a nervous breakdown," a voice keeps saying. "No, no," the woman protests mutely, clamping on vacuum-cleaner attachments. "I won't let it happen. I'll fight it."

This is the point at which she ought to phone her family doctor because her struggle has something in common with trying to heal a broken leg through sheer grit. The intelligent time to cure a breakdown is before it happens, at the point when sleeping is a problem, sexual appetite has fled, heavy tiredness goes on day after day, concentration on chores or read-

ing is difficult and the sense of unhappiness is saturating.

Many emotional maelstroms, particularly depressions, do ease away by themselves but most need a boost from a professional. Endurance varies, but if a woman waits too long in her solitary combat with demons she becomes so physically exhausted that she arrives at the standstill known as breakdown, and recovery—which includes bed rest at home or in a hospital—comes slowly.

There is reason to believe that more than half the adults in this country have a breakdown of one kind or another in their lives. Cornell University, in collaboration with the Nova Scotia Department of Public Health, in 1956 released the first results of a survey of the entire population of a Nova Scotian town (its name is kept secret by researchers). The research, intended to discover the level of mental health in an average community, revealed that sixty-five percent of the adults tested as "impaired" emotionally and more than half of these actually need psychiatric treatment now.

While a cruel or even a moderate set of circumstances can cause breakdowns in this group, not many of them need be acknowledged. A woman who goes to bed for a few days can explain to herself that she is exhausted from too many parties. Another woman is forced off her feet by a physical disability, an ulcer or migraine headache. Still others have accidents which put them in bed. Dr. Griffin, of the Canadian Mental Health Association, points out that all of these troubles can have their genesis in psychiatric problems; over-activity is a common method of trying to placate terror, many real ailments have psychosomatic beginnings, and accident-wish is sometimes the deepest hope of those who feel neglected.

You're not insane

"Every one of us has a breaking point," Dr. W. C. Menninger, noted psychiatrist and president of the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kan., recently wrote. The millions who find their breaking point, or get close enough to see its ugly face, endure a rarefied agony that is all the more eerie because it doesn't show.

Most breakdowns are not the onset of mental illness, though the wretched victims often can imagine no other explanation for their state. The major-

Another Robin Hood 'Sure-Fire Success' Recipe

POPPY SEED CAKE

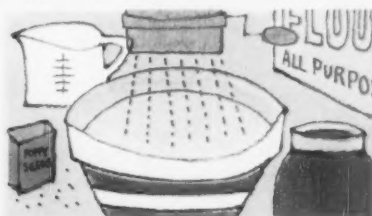


This cake has unusual elegance. It is meltingly light, not too sweet, and contains a real surprise: dark speckles of poppy seed that give it a subtle "lift" out of the ordinary. Filled with a fairly tart fruit jam or jelly, dusted with powdered sugar... it's a queenly dessert that's surprisingly easy to make.

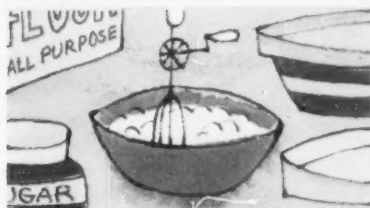
And when you bake it with Robin Hood Flour, you know it will come out just like the picture. Robin Hood is specially milled from the nutritious hearts of wheat... and every batch is *bake-tested* before it's ever sold. So Robin Hood Flour is extra-good... in every possible way.



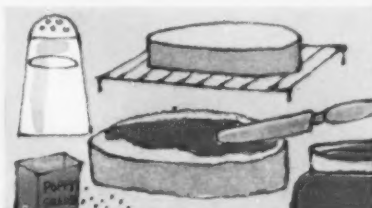
Step 1 Assemble together $\frac{1}{2}$ cup poppy seeds, 1 cup milk, 2 cups sifted Robin Hood All-Purpose Flour, 3 tsps. baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup shortening, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 4 egg whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup apricot, peach, or plum preserves, and a little icing sugar.



Step 2 Soak poppy seeds in the milk for 1 hour. Sift together salt, baking powder and flour. Cream shortening. Add sugar gradually and continue beating till fluffy. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk-poppy seed mixture.



Step 3 Beat egg whites stiff but not dry. Fold into batter. Pour into two 8" greased and floured layer pans. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 35 minutes. (Cake is done if centre springs back when lightly touched).



Step 4 When cake is cool, fill with preserves. Lay paper-lace doily on top; sift icing sugar through it. Lift doily gently, and pattern remains. Serve cake with custard made from 4 left-over egg yolks.



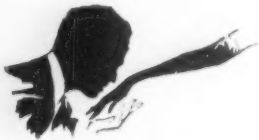
See our nice new bag? It holds the same fine flour as always... the faithful flour that gives you prize results every time you bake. Robin Hood is Bake-Tested twice... for best results.

Robin Hood



Fashion note from France

There is a romantic atmosphere surrounding the old, old custom of giving gloves as gifts which perhaps explains why so many people (the world over) carefully choose Perrin gloves for so many names on their Christmas list.



In any case, whomever they be for, few gifts will be received with such real delight as one or two pairs of Perrin gloves — rich in color, luxurious in feel, long-lasting and beautifully cut. Your assurance that the gloves are really made by this famous French firm is found in the name, PERRIN, and the trade mark stamped on the inside of every Perrin glove.

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Gloves

ity are neurotic, a relatively superficial, emotion-inflicted state, rather than psychotic — the word doctors prefer to insanity. The neurotic continues to perform her tasks at approximately her former clip and her mood is cheered, momentarily, by a happy conversationalist or the gleeful antic of a child; the psychotic depressive slows down as though moving in thick treacle and she never sees any light. Both lose weight, sometimes alarmingly, and have disturbed sleep, either coming wide-awake long before dawn or else failing to fall asleep for hours after going to bed. Both think of death—almost all suicides are people suffering from depression—and if they are mothers of young children they are likely to kill their children first.

She lives with doom

The woman whose breakdown is dominated by depression generally is the kind of woman who has been subject to fits of despondency all her life. She notices one day, with a sense of horror, that the current bout of lonely, drowning moodiness has been going on for weeks and no end is in sight.

The other main category of breakdown—*anxiety*—is the one to which a chronic worrier is susceptible. Often apprehensive of meeting strangers, airplane trips or inner physical twitches, she may realize that her sense of fearful concern for the future has imperceptibly become permanent. She lives, day and night, with impending doom, weeping profusely when criticized because her confidence is in terrible tatters. She sleeps fitfully, has venomous nightmares, dreads being alone.

Both types—the anxiety and depressive neurotic—may launch frenzied activity as a method of distracting their own attention from the menace they feel. All too often this scheme hastens breakdown because it heaps intolerable fatigue on the already wilting stamina.

Certainly, many breakdowns are associated with physical weariness. The clubwoman who heads a fund drive, just when her husband requires her to do a great deal of entertaining and her ten-year-old son has taken to argument as his only form of conversation, is probably piling on more strain than she can safely carry.

There is never one cause, however, that can be entirely blamed for turning an apparently competent, grega-

rious woman into a hand-wringing, weeping wreck. She may have sailed serenely through some lacerating experiences, then crack up when all seems to be going well.

Some observers feel that this is part of the phenomenon of a challenge: calmness and strength through the worst of it, then breakup during the letdown afterward when the greater-than-normal strength, fostered by crisis, has evaporated, leaving one subject once again to the effects of normal pressures. Others believe that some people are actually scarred by crisis pressures and the weakness that results is the cause of subsequent breakdown.

Women appear to be more breakdown-prone at certain ages than at others. The first is the unsure twenty-year-old leaving home for the first time for a job or marriage for which she feels unready. Another, easily identified as compounded by fatigue, is the young mother whose babies come too close together.

"It's becoming a matter of prestige to have a large family these days," says Mrs. Kay Crowe, director of the department of family life and parent education of Montreal's Mental Hygiene Institute. "When a woman says, 'I'm having our fifth baby,' everyone tells her how wonderful it is. But it isn't so wonderful if she can't get help. She becomes too tired to cope."

Women in their thirties, Mrs. Crowe notes, can sometimes crack under the strain of keeping up with the suburban possession race. Wall-to-wall broadloom becomes a goal toward which she and her husband stretch every resource, but even before they can install the rugs, a pink refrigerator is vital.

One young mother told Mrs. Crowe that she desperately needed to have some time by herself. "I'm never alone," she explained in a taut voice. "We have four small children, the neighbors come in and out. I have no quietness." When Mrs. Crowe suggested a sitter, the woman protested she couldn't afford it. "But you told me you had just bought a new hi-fi," Mrs. Crowe remarked in surprise. "That's different," the woman answered helplessly. A few months later, she was committed to a mental hospital.

"An exhausted woman can't give much affection," says Mrs. Crowe. "If she can't give it, her children are upset, her husband becomes remote,

she isn't getting much affection. Then she's really in trouble."

Older women who break down almost invariably blame the menopause, which is not by itself responsible for any of the suicides, alcoholism, addiction and despondency attributed to it. Older women, Mrs. Crowe believes, are disappointed: they have finished the hard years of raising their families in the expectation of a golden time and they are shocked at the discovery that squabbles with their husbands persist, that entertaining is still a terrifying prospect and that their own self-respect has diminished now that their hands are empty.

"There is a growing discontent among women," says Mrs. Dorothy Barrier, executive secretary of Montreal's Marriage Counseling Centre. "They are seeking something and they don't know what. Their complaints usually are focused on their husband, because he isn't forceful enough. He's too passive and she's too aggressive; they're both unhappy."

Many authorities believe that breakdowns are a cultural problem, restricted to the middle and upper classes. Housewives in lower-income groups have more crafts to warm their pride, Mrs. Crowe points out. They still put up volumes of preserves, for example, and they can't afford the mixes and frozen foods that make meal preparation a casual empty achievement among well-to-do.

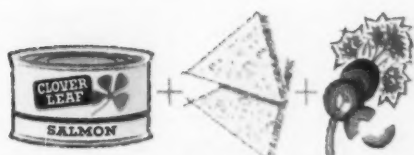
"No lady enjoys sex"

Lower-income women can't afford the luxury of visiting a doctor unless there is a fairly urgent physical problem involved and they expect material treatment for their symptoms. On the other hand, middle- and high-income women recognize psychoneurotic symptoms and expect appropriate therapy.

"Women's upbringing is more strict than men's," one of the country's leading psychiatrists explained in his Montreal office. "They get a sense of futility when they discover that the set of values they have been taught doesn't work any more. Sometimes it is sexual — there are still some women raised to believe that no real lady enjoys sex . . ."

There has been a too swift change of standards between this generation and the past one, this psychiatrist believes. Codes of severe morality which are untenable under certain

The ENTERTAINING Ways of Clover Leaf Seafoods



A pyramid of **Clover Leaf Sockeye Salmon** (mix the salmon with its own juice) has a delightfully frivolous air on white bread triangles. Just as delicious, of course, on brown bread.



Clover Leaf Sockeye Salmon Spread, topped with paprika fills celery sticks and makes a great impression on even the most blasé of your guests. Fill celery, then cut, or vice-versa.



Heat **Clover Leaf Oyster Stew**, add a dash of thyme, a table-spoon of sherry and serve hot in a soup tureen. Top with a square of butter, a little chopped parsley and paprika.



When tiny pink **Clover Leaf Shrimps** get together with golden pineapple tidbits they delight the eye as well as the palate.



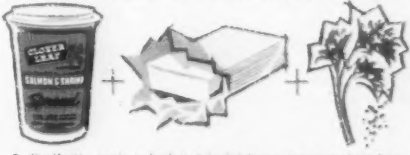
Stir pineapple juice into drained **Clover Leaf Tuna**, add a tablespoon of mayonnaise, a few chopped walnuts and you'll have a delicious cracker spread. For sandwiches, too.



A delicate **Clover Leaf Smoked Oyster** plus a wisp-thin slice of lemon impaled on a sliver of toothpick. Cut the oysters in two or three pieces with a very sharp knife or scissors.



Clover Leaf Crab Meat recalls the sea more clearly with a dash of lemon juice. Any shape or size of cracker is welcome.



A dip that's coolly calculated to intrigue your guests mixes **Clover Leaf Salmon-Shrimp Spread** with an equal amount of cream cheese and a smidgin of parsley for extra color.



Spread crackers or melba toast with lemon butter and top with **Clover Leaf Smoked Steelhead** just as it comes from the can. Or serve on swirls of potato chips with a tangy dip.

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circumstances cause more guilt and anxiety than the woman can bear.

"There is a gap between what ought to be and what is. Everyone is guilty and worried sick."

"The general practitioner sees more psychiatric patients in one month than most psychiatrists see in a year," wrote Dr. William R. Mitchell of the Department of Psychiatry, University of Toronto, in a recent issue of the Canadian Medical Association Journal. Accordingly, general practitioners have been subjected in recent years to what amounts to a blitz program designed to make them familiar with neurotic and psychotic symptoms and to keep them informed on the best recommended methods for treating these symptoms.

The GP now has a battery of tools, some of them brand-new, to help his patients. Sedatives are indicated in some cases where inability to sleep keeps the woman too exhausted to control her difficulties; tranquilizers help the agitated; and several new antidepressant drugs are now available for those flogged by despondency. Along with the drugs, and treatment for the physical symptoms, goes psychotherapy—which one GP explained is a fancy way of saying common sense.

"There is stress blindness in our culture," one psychiatrist observes. "People don't notice how much stress they carry until you point it out."

Many career women break down when they attempt to retire to a bungalow and raise children. They can find no explanation for their turmoil, since they keep insisting to doctors that a home and babies are what they've always wanted. Once drugs and the bolstering wisdom of psychotherapy have taken effect, the woman realizes she must make a choice, settle in her home without inner conflict or go back to her job.

Women break under reality

Others, once the pressure points have become obvious, arrange for car pools if transportation of children is a problem, drop out of the shrill competitive kind of women's clubs, or reconcile their dissatisfaction with their husbands.

"Women tend to have their breakdowns because of real situations, such as illness or a budget stringency or a lack of loyalty in the family," observes Dr. John Griffin of the Canadian Mental Health Association. "The other major group in psychiatry is

the unreal causes, the idea of inferiority, the intangible dread, the guilt that has no origin in logic. Men tend toward these, I suspect, and women toward real pressures."

For this reason, marriage clinics, parent-education discussion groups, lawyers, social agencies and sympathetic relatives who live nearby—all can have a beneficial effect in clearing up the environment situation which led to the breakdown. But much of the improvement is interior and personal: the woman finds her limitations, how much stress she can bear.



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"In your twenties," says one doctor, "it is possible to sleep off stress and wake up ready to go in the morning. As you get older, this gets more difficult. You waken every day with some residual stress from the previous day." This doctor advises physical exercise, noncompetitive and of a type that uses the long muscles of the back, arms and legs, as preventative therapy. Included are swimming, ice skating, skiing and walking, with perhaps such goals as photography, birdwatching or sketching.

Most cases of incipient or actual breakdown can be treated without the patient suffering what seems to her the humiliation of the neighbors finding out. When the home situation is in such chaos that she needs a sanctuary, general hospitals can take her in for a rest and treatment in

psychiatric departments or even regular wards. If her depression is so grave that the doctor fears suicide or her behavior indicates violent attitudes, the woman may be put into hospital for protective reasons.

"The average stay in a general hospital is about eight weeks," explains Dr. Elizabeth Steiner of the psychiatric department of Women's College Hospital in Toronto. "The patient gets over the acute stage and gets going so she can function in her home again. We find general practitioners are picking out the cases more often, recognizing what really is the matter."

In many cases, a properly treated breakdown is a strengthening force in a woman's life. She has a self-examination in the white glare of her anguish that leaves her wiser and sounder than she has ever been.

Some women, however, are so frail of personality that they will always have a tendency to breakdown. They have never mastered any real crisis in their lives from preschool years on, and it is as hopeless to insist on emotional durability from them as to require them to lift bar bells. Consultation with a professional can help such women discover the quality of their endurance, not only what it can't do (which they know) but what it can.

"Come, join the club"

But despite the commonness of breakdowns, every victim is loath to forgive herself for being so feeble of will power. The country seems to be packed with women with zest and goals and high good humor; it's an obvious failure to be otherwise.

The only real comfort is in numbers. So many employees of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival had breakdowns during the early years of the company that they found consolation in pretending to organize a Breakdowns Club. As president, they selected the only member of the group who had required shock treatments, and eligible for borderline membership were all who complained of a sense of futility or declaimed, with feeling, the Oedipus Rex line: "Count no man fortunate who is not dead."

A psychiatrist who heard of the nonexistent Breakdowns Club grinned widely. "If they let in everyone who qualified," he remarked, "the list would approximate our national population."

END

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Chatelaine • December 1959

THE QUEEN PREPARES FOR A ROYAL BABY

Continued from page 33



Royal obstetricians Lord Evans (left) and Sir John Weir, who last summer announced to the world that the Queen was expecting a third child early in 1960.

of previous christenings, the palace chapel, was wrecked by bombing during World War II, but the gold font used for all royal children was saved. Decorated with white carnations and gardenias, one can imagine it reflected in the high mirrors, twinkling with the flicker of the open fire.

A royal christening is so personal that no printed invitations are issued and there may be only thirty or forty guests present—close relatives and friends and a few old household servants.

The chairs are set out in rows. In their red-and-white cassocks the choirboys of the Chapel Royal file in and their organist sits down at the old French grand piano. The Archbishop of Canterbury enters a little ahead of the royal family, and the nurse, carrying the baby, brings up the rear.

Water specially brought from the River Jordan is used for the baptism. The christening robe of white silk and Honiton lace is a revered family heirloom. The Queen's new baby will be the twenty-fifth child in the direct succession to wear it. First made for Queen Victoria's children, it is known that four kings, two queens and an empress have been blessed while wearing it.

No watchers for Elizabeth

Eight sponsors are customary for a royal baby and the godparents' gifts include the customary silver spoons and small mementos of jewelry. As the simple ceremony proceeds, the sponsors are handed printed guides of the questions the Archbishop will ask them.

"I'm an old hand at christenings," the Archbishop jokes. "I once did nine in an afternoon and not a casualty among them."

Elizabeth understandably shrinks from publicity in what used to be called "the good hour of queens." In

former times it was tradition that the ministers of the crown, archbishops and bishops should assemble at a birth and keep a watchful national eye on the proceedings.

At the accouchement of Queen Mary of Modena, wife of James II, sixty-seven people crowded close to the bed, and the wretched queen begged the king to help her hide her face.

When a prince was born, the doctor was promptly knighted, kneeling beside the bed. Later, Queen Anne had seventeen children, only one of whom survived infancy, and a crown minister of the time complained of weariness at being so frequently called to attend her sessions.

Kaiser's mother squalled

By Queen Charlotte's time, just two centuries ago, privacy was better respected and it was thought sufficient for her first-born of George III to be exhibited to the public in his cradle when two weeks old, suitably penned behind fencing from the queue of constant visitors winding through St. James's Palace.

Victoria's consort, Prince Albert, objected to the assemblage of dignitaries at his wife's confinements and kept them at bay in an anteroom. When Victoria's eldest child—the mother of the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm—was born, the baby was taken to the outside room and laid squalling on a table for all to see before being dressed.

Even this inspection troubled Albert. During the births of Victoria's eight other babies he usually managed to delay the news—once for as long as two days. Victoria's insistence on behaving as if nothing were about to happen helped this stratagem. The queen usually held large dinner parties right up to the day of the birth, and a dinner party had to be hurriedly canceled the morning the son



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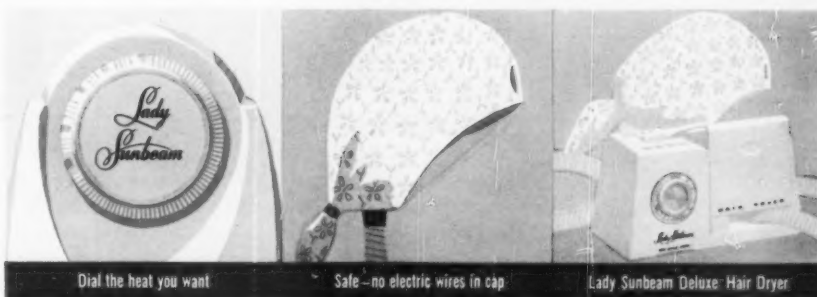
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who was to succeed her, Edward VII, was born.

Much in the same way, today's Queen carries on as usual. She has given up riding, but both at Balmoral and Buckingham Palace she has been out for brisk walks in all weather. Before the birth of Princess Anne, Elizabeth made swimming a regular part of her routine. On the day of the birth, everything happened so quickly that the present Queen Mother arrived at Clarence House only five minutes before the baby arrived. Two days before Prince Charles was born, Elizabeth attended a dinner party with the Mountbattens.

Queen Alexandra, wife of Edward VII, was as casual as it was possible to be with her babies. On the night the future George V was born, forty people had been invited to a dinner and concert and they saw the program through after being politely told that Alexandra—then Princess of Wales—had been called away.

During the previous year, ice skating was in progress in Windsor Park when Alexandra insisted on joining in

the fun. Suddenly she slipped and fell, and it is often claimed that her eldest son, Albert Victor, was delivered on ice, though more conservative accounts say that she managed to get home. At all events, her lady-in-waiting, Lady Macclesfield, had to wrap the baby in a petticoat and a local doctor tended the princess before her own four appointed doctors and two nurses could be rushed down from London by special train.

Victoria wanted the facts

Queen Mary had all her six babies as quietly as possible at Sandringham, not without distaste at having to supply obstetric details which Queen Victoria insisted on knowing. "It is a great bore for me and requires a great deal of patience to bear it," Mary wrote to her husband, later King George V, "but this is, alas, the penalty of being a woman!"

Usually an announcement is made three or four months before the date of a royal birth; only the unexpected stress of Queen Elizabeth's Canadian

AN OLD CHRISTENING ROBE AWAITS A NEW BABY



Queen Victoria (left, with great-grandson Edward) had this christening gown made for her children. Queen Mother Elizabeth used it for daughter in 1926.



Three queens and a princess—Mary, Elizabeth, Queen Mother and Anne—and the same gown. Elizabeth's new baby will be 25th child to be christened in it.



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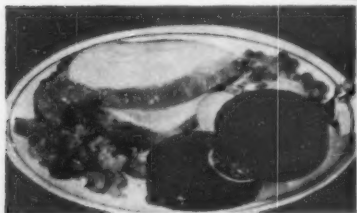


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Royal pram served Queen Elizabeth in 1927 (left), did duty for Charles (right) and Anne, and is now at Sandringham awaiting a new royal occupant.

tour caused this year's announcement to be made so early. King George V, on the other hand, disliked an announcement of any kind being made. The world was thus quite unprepared when Elizabeth was born at 17 Bruton Street, her Scottish grandparents' town home in the bustling middle of Mayfair.

Mindful of the old ritual, the then home secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, had been cooling his heels for hours in the Bruton Street drawing room. John Robert Clynes, home secretary in 1930, had an even longer wait for the birth of Princess Margaret. A miscalculation kept him waiting nearly three weeks at Glamis Castle until Princess Margaret was eventually and dramatically born amid the thunderclaps and lightning of a summer thunderstorm.

When he came to the throne, King George VI discovered that, strictly speaking, there was no legal requirement for a home secretary or anyone else to attend a birth and, during World War II, the Princes William and Richard of Gloucester and Prince Michael of Kent were all born without the benefit of the old attendance.

Now the archaic custom has fallen into disuse, though it is still the privilege of the Lord Mayor of London to be informed of a royal birth as soon as it happens. After the arrival of Prince Charles, the Lord Mayor donned his robes and officially awaited the news, but the messenger—on a motorbike—did not arrive until after midnight, three hours late, and so another old custom declined.

Already the yet unborn royal baby is being inundated with gifts. Shawls now arrive at Buckingham Palace by the dozen and a special room has been reserved where coats and boots mount up in piles. The Queen has

decided to break the old convention that she will not accept gifts except from those personally known to her.

There are far more gifts, however, than the baby can ever wear and most of them will be distributed through charities to other young mothers. There is no foundation whatsoever in the rumor that a queen's bounty is paid to the mother of any infant born at precisely the same time as a royal baby.

Both the Queen and her husband have brought a refreshing touch to the selection of names for their children. It would be no surprise if a boy is named Andrew, after the Duke of Edinburgh's father, Prince Andrew of Greece and Denmark; or if a girl is called Angela Marguerite, the second names of the Queen Mother, or perhaps Theodora, Cecilie or Sophie, names of Philip's sisters, one of whom was godmother to Princess Anne.

Perhaps a Duke of Ottawa

Mary and Charlotte have also been discussed, and it has been argued that James, Edmund and Richard might bear revival among the kingly names for a prince. Nor can a truly imaginative gesture, be ruled out as a possibility—the choice of the name Dwight as a compliment to President Eisenhower.

If the baby is a boy, what will his title one day be? Normally, a second son of the Queen might one day be created Duke of York. Or should the ruling queen of a Commonwealth cast a wider net and designate her son Duke of Ottawa, Earl of Pretoria or Viscount Canberra?

While the world waits and wonders, the Queen keeps her silence, and nature prepares for a rendezvous with history.

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OUR CHATELAINE editors make good practical testers whenever we have luggage submitted for the Chatelaine Seal of Approval. Performance, just as much as appearance, counts for us in the frequent train, plane, you-name-it type of travel we do. CHATELAINE-shopped suitcases have been battered about Europe — and carted on canoe trips. And they stood up amazingly well. Case frames still fitted with no warping, locks still locked, hinges worked easily and the outside coverings were in good condition.

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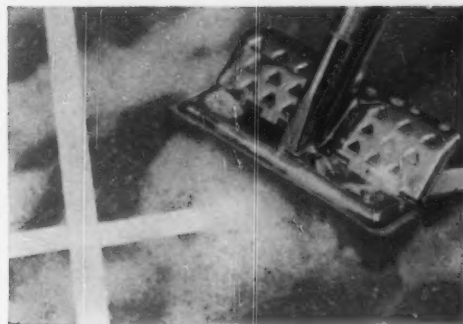
Seal of Approval manager Jean Byers makes it a double-duty trip. While on an out-of-town shopping-for-Chatelaine expedition, she carries out a luggage test for Seal applicant.

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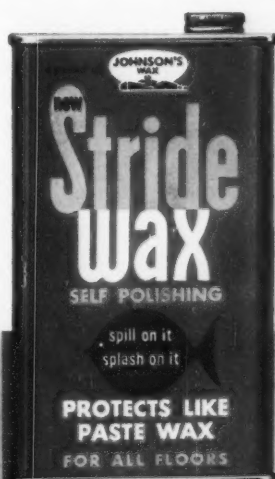
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You'll need for the batter:

- ½ c. milk
- ½ c. granulated sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ c. butter or Blue Bonnet Margarine
- ½ c. lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. granulated sugar
- 1 envelope Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
- 3 well-beaten eggs
- ¼ tsp. vanilla
- 3 c. (about) once-sifted all-purpose flour

for the sauce and glaze:

- 1½ c. granulated sugar
- 1 c. water
- 1 tbsp. lemon juice
- ¼ c. rum, optional
- Sieved marmalade

1. Scald milk; stir in the ½ c. sugar, salt and butter or margarine. Cool to lukewarm.



2. Meantime, measure lukewarm water into large bowl; stir in the 1 tsp. sugar. Sprinkle with yeast. Let stand 10 mins., then stir well. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture, well-beaten eggs, vanilla and 2 c. of the flour; stir until smooth. Stir in enough additional flour to make a medium-thick batter—about 1 c. more.



3. Cover with a damp towel. Let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk—about 1¼ hrs. Stir down batter; pour into 2 greased 8-cup ring moulds. (Choose pans with large centre holes and only half-fill the pans.) Cover with a damp towel. Let rise until doubled in bulk—about 45 mins. Bake in a mod. oven, 350°, 20 to 25 mins.



4. Meantime, gently boil the 1½ c. sugar and 1 c. water together for 10 mins. Stir in lemon juice and rum if being used. Drizzle hot Babas with some of the syrup. Cover and allow to mellow 3 or 4 hrs. At serving time, reheat one or both Babas; turn out onto serving plates and brush with marmalade. Fill with ice cream or fruit folded into whipped cream. Flame, if desired, with warm rum. Reheat remaining syrup and pass as a sauce. Makes 2 rings.

Homemaker's Diary

By JOAN JACKSON



"Deck the halls with boughs of holly" and have a merry safe Christmas

Christmas time is open season for both expected and unexpected guests, so prepare to be your gracious self whenever well-wishers drop in. Take down those extra large platters, pitchers and glasses from the top shelf and give them a sparkle with a wash in suds and a rinse in ammonia solution. Redd up your best snack dishes, ash trays, ice bucket and silent butler. Stock your emergency shelf with snacks, canned spreads and pickles and reduce holiday laundry by having gay disposable hand towels and napkins on hand.

Christmas in the air

For a fresh woodsy scent throughout the house use sprigs of pine for decorations. Spray the rooms occasionally with pine-scented deodorizer or burn pine-scented incense capsules on the mantel. If you haven't an incense burner, use a foil tart shell set into a colored foil-wrapped metal jar ring.

Foil under lace

When using your best lace or cutwork cloth for the Christmas dinner table, first cover the silent cloth or asbestos mat with colored foil wrap. The glitter that shows through the cloth will add a festive touch and the table is protected from heat and spills.

Frosty branches

Let the children join in the decorating by making cornstarch or soap snow for branches and garlands. For cornstarch snow, mix 2 cups cornstarch and 1 cup flour with enough water to make a thick batter. Brush mixture on branches and let dry overnight. Make soap snow by adding 4 cups

soap flakes or granules to 2 cups hot water. Then whip to a stiff froth with your electric mixer. Spread the stuff on the branches with a spoon. If time is short there are handy white, silver, gold and colored aerosol sprays available.

Fire-free

Keep a small extinguisher near the tree as well as in the kitchen. There is now a Little Lifesaver fire extinguisher in a squeeze bottle that sprays a fine powder to smother the flame. It is nontoxic and harmless to eyes. You'll find it in grocery, hardware and department stores and in many service stations for about \$1.29.

Sugarplum tree

A miniature green or white artificial tree set on a table in a hallway or living room will attract the young fry if loaded with goodies. Tie brightly colored small suckers to the tree with ribbon bows. Bend wooden toothpicks in half, but do not break, and press colored marshmallows or gumdrops on the points and hang them over the branches. Small candy canes, foil-wrapped candies and small colored popcorn or puffed-rice balls may be attached with cellulose tape.

Gay glitter

Dress up plain pine cones to add a personal touch to the Christmas tree, a table centerpiece or to pile at the base of your favorite green plant. Dip them first in self-polishing wax or spray them with an aerosol adhesive and sprinkle with sequins, glitter or artificial snow. Cones may also be sprayed with allover colors of silver, blue, pink, white, etc.

END

THE WOOLEN GLOVES

Continued from page 26

lights in the dark stillness of gently falling snow, and about halfway down the block a dim bulb burned above a doorway and illuminated a sagging porch stacked with empty wooden boxes.

I took out my flashlight and started shining it on the house numbers as I went along the sidewalk until I found the one I was looking for; it was a small house sitting away back from the street with the snow piled high on the sloping roof and along the sagging porch rail which someone had tried to fix with some slats off wooden crates.

The house was all in darkness and I stood there for a moment shining my flashlight back and forth across the curtainless windows as if I expected to see one of the green blinds suddenly zip up and someone's face looking out. I shone the light on my watch and saw that it was ten past eight and for just a moment I thought perhaps he had already been home and gone out again and I stood there trying to decide what to do; then I noticed that the snow between the porch and the gate was unbroken and even, so I knew he hadn't been there after all. I started walking up and down the sidewalk, stamping my feet and looking both ways for someone coming.

I knew what it would be like up at our house right then: Mom would be in the kitchen baking mince pies and shortbread and Dad would be sitting by the blazing fire in the front room with a book on his knee, perhaps reading a little and then stopping for a few moments to gaze up at the glittering Christmas tree which was in front of the window.

I had an idea that they were both wondering what had come over me all of a sudden, because that morning at breakfast I'd told them the whole story about Edgar and what I'd said to him at school that day and how most of the guys had kept hounding him until he had finally quit, and Mom had got up and gone over to the stove and started sort of sliding pans around and lifting lids off pots the same as she always does when something bothers her.

Then I'd asked them if they'd just take about half of the things they might have got for me and put Edgar's



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Already an established part of Christmas in thousands of Canadian homes, this superb cake will seem even more delicious when everyone finds out you baked it yourself.

If you'd like a free copy of our special Christmas recipe folder, just drop a line to Five Roses, Home Service Department, Box 6089, Montreal, Que.

CHRISTMAS-FRUIT CAKE RECIPE

5 cups Five Roses Flour	2 cups granulated sugar	2 cups blanched & sliced almonds
½ tsp. salt	9 eggs	1½ cups glace cherries
1 tsp. baking powder	3 cups bleached sultana raisins	cut in halves
2 cups butter (1 lb.)	4 cups citron peel cut in strips	Grated rind and juice of lemon

Line cake pans with 2 thicknesses of heavy paper. Grease well. Sift flour, measure and sift again with salt and baking powder. Combine fruits, nuts and lemon rind, dust with a little of measured flour. Cream butter until creamy and light; add sugar gradually, beating between additions. Add eggs, unbeaten, one at a time, beating each one in thoroughly before adding next. If mixture curdles, add a little measured flour, then continue to add eggs. Add dry ingredients gradually, beating between additions. Add lemon juice, fruits and nuts. Fill pans $\frac{3}{4}$ full. Bake at 275° to 300°F. for 3 to 3½ hours.



FIVE ROSES CANADA'S MOST RESPECTED NAME IN BAKING

name on them, and would it be all right if I brought him home for Christmas; and that's why I wanted to see him, although I wasn't sure he would even talk to me.

Someone came along the street and turned into one of the houses and a door opened and there was a sound of voices and then it closed again and all was silent. The snowflakes floated silently down, forming a thin white coating along the shoulders of my jacket, but still I waited. A car went by with its headlights tunneling ahead down the dark snow-filled street, then it turned a corner and disappeared into the night. I flicked the flashlight on again and looked at my watch and saw that it was twenty past eight; then I began to wonder if maybe they had told him at the store that I had asked for his address and he knew I was waiting for him at his home and was trying to avoid me.

I WALKED TO the far end of the hedge across the front of the yard next door and turned around and started back; then suddenly I saw him coming around the corner under the street light and I stood back in the shadow of the hedge and watched him

ride up and get off his bike and then start half-wheeling it and half-sliding it up over the curb.

He was wearing the same old tweed jacket he used to wear to school and he had on one of those black leather caps with fur ear flaps that kids wear and a long scarf wound around his neck and there was a cardboard box sliding around in the carrier of the bike.

"Edgar," I said. He turned his head quickly and then stood perfectly still as though he was trying to see who it was and at the same time figure out why anyone would be standing outside his gate just when he happened to come along. "It's me," I said, "Marvin."

"Oh." There was a long pause, then he said, "How are you doin'?"

"Okay," I said. "I guess I'm okay. How are you doin'?"

"I'm doin' okay," he said. There was another long pause, then he said, "Well, I gotta be goin'..." He turned and started up the path, wheeling the bike beside him.

"Edgar," I said, following him through the gate, "can I talk to you just a minute?"

He stopped again, only this time he

didn't turn his head but just kept looking down at the snow in front of him; then he shoved one hand in the front of his jacket and I glanced down at the other hand still holding on to the metal handle bar of the bike and I figured his hands must be just about frozen because he wasn't wearing any gloves or mitts. For a moment I almost offered him my woolen ones, then I thought I'd better not.

"Aren't you coming back to school after the holidays are over, Edgar?" I said.

He didn't answer for a moment, then he said, "Naw! I'm tired of sitting around and listening to all that stuff they dish out..."

"Yeah," I said, "I know what you mean."

"It's all right when you're a kid," he said, "but when you get older it's different..." He was silent a moment, then he started tapping the snow-clogged front wheel with the toe of his boot. "I never did like school, anyway," he said. "You know that... you've heard me say it enough."

"I guess just about everybody hates school," I said.

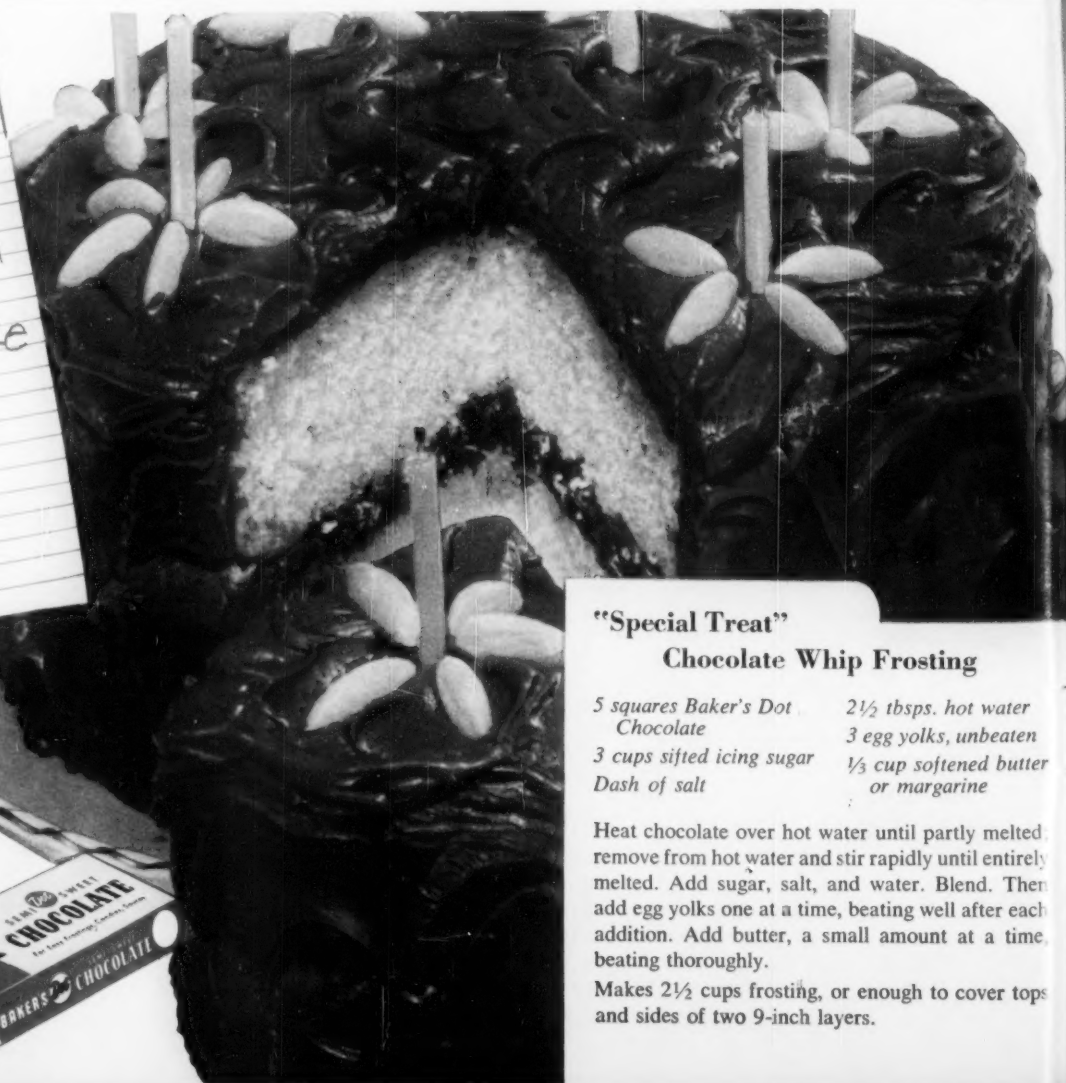
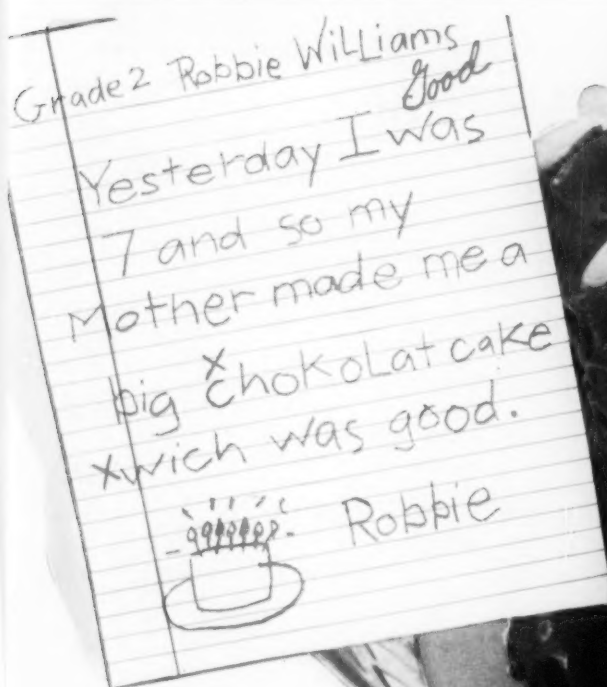
"Sure they do," he said. He leaned over the carrier on the front of the

bike and pulled the cardboard box toward him and then reached inside and started moving things around as if he were looking for something.

I was thinking how he must have felt after that day outside the school when all the guys had started making dirty remarks and calling him "Bathless" and holding their noses when he passed them, and how he had ignored them until that day in the gym when he had come in and gone over to his locker and had just been hanging his jacket up inside when somebody yelled, "Hey, Bathless! Don't look behind you, there's a shower in there!"

For a long time he had just stood there with one hand still on the collar of his jacket and there had been a sudden silence in the room; then he had taken it down from the hook and turned and walked back out of the room and a minute later we had seen him through the windows as he had gone down the front path to the street with his hands in his pockets and his head down. He had never come back.

WHEN I LOOKED up he was still bent over the carrier, one hand flicking snow from the lid of the box al-



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"Special Treat"

Chocolate Whip Frosting

5 squares Baker's Dot Chocolate	2½ tbsps. hot water
3 cups sifted icing sugar	3 egg yolks, unbeaten
Dash of salt	1/3 cup softened butter or margarine

Heat chocolate over hot water until partly melted, remove from hot water and stir rapidly until entirely melted. Add sugar, salt, and water. Blend. Then add egg yolks one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add butter, a small amount at a time, beating thoroughly.

Makes 2½ cups frosting, or enough to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers.

though the soft white flakes were drifting down onto it as fast as he brushed them off; then he straightened up. "I've gotta go in," he said, but he still didn't move.

Somewhere a few blocks away they started playing Christmas carols and I figured they must be coming over a loudspeaker from the church I'd passed on the way down. I turned my head and stood listening to them for a moment as the sound came drifting down through the darkness and soft-falling snow; then I turned and looked at Edgar and saw that he was looking down in front of him and kicking at the snow with the toe of his boot.

After a minute I said, "It's funny how you never get tired of carols."

"Yeah," he said.

There was silence for a few minutes.

"We sometimes sing carols at our house on Christmas Eve," I said. "Do you?" Then right away I knew that I shouldn't have said it, because I knew that the only family Edgar had was a stepfather who was seldom ever home except when he ran out of drink and came home to sleep it off.

Edgar was standing perfectly still with his head bent forward as though he were listening to the carols and hadn't even heard me; then he started kicking at the snow with his toe again and his boot made a muffled scraping sound as it scratched against the cement sidewalk beneath the snow.

"I guess singing carols and stuff like that is really kid stuff, though," I said suddenly.

"Yeah," he said. "Yeah, kids like it . . ."

For several moments neither of us moved. Somewhere up the street there was a sudden babble of voices and laughter, then a door slammed and there was silence and a minute later a man and a woman came along the sidewalk with a bunch of parcels in their arms and they went as far as the corner and passed under the glare of the street light and then turned the corner and disappeared.

Edgar straightened up suddenly and stood looking out across the street where a solitary Christmas tree glittered in the front window of a big old two-storied house with a cedar tree in the front yard. "I've really gotta go," he said suddenly. "I have to get wood in . . ."

"I'll help you," I said.

He looked at me in silence for a few seconds, his hands gripping the handle bars of the bike ready to push



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it on up the path and his eyes fixed on my face. "Okay," he said slowly, "if you want to . . ."

We went around to the back of the house and Edgar pulled his bike up the back steps and leaned it against the wall in the corner of the porch; then he reached in his pocket and pulled out a key on a long chain and I flicked my flashlight on so he could unlock the door, and we went in.

"Wait here until I put the light on," he said, walking ahead of me into the darkness. "And don't look at the mess everywhere. I haven't had time to clean it up." There was a pause and then the light flicked on and I saw a dim bulb swinging on the end of a long cord dangling from the ceiling in the centre of the room. I stepped in and closed the door.

WE WERE IN a large kitchen which had once been painted pale yellow, but the walls had faded and discolored and were blackened with smoke in places. There was a big old wood-and-coal range in one corner with a large wood box beside it, and in another corner one of those old wooden cabinets the same as my grandmother used to have with a flour sifter built

right into it. One of the lower doors was missing and someone had tacked a piece of string across the opening and then put up a piece of old faded curtain.

The only other furniture was an old leather-upholstered chair with the springs showing through the seat, two scuffed wooden chairs which looked as if they had once belonged to a dining-room suite, and a wooden table covered with white oilcloth on which sat a small mantel radio that looked as though it had been dropped on the floor because the case was completely smashed except for a few jagged pieces of white plastic sticking out around the dial.

Hanging on a rope clothesline above the stove was a striped towel, a heavy checked shirt, and two pairs of heavy grey woolen socks.

Edgar had already stuffed the stove with paper and kindling and he lit it and banged the stove lid on and then stood for a moment watching the curling wisps of smoke which seeped up around the edges, then he lifted the lid and gave the fire a quick poke with the end of the lifter and dropped the lid back down onto the billowing smoke.

"It'll stop smoking in a minute," he said. "It always smokes when you first light it." He came over to the door and I stepped aside and he opened it and went out and then came back in with the box he'd had in the carrier of the bike. "I almost forgot it," he said.

He put it on the table and took out two loaves of bread and a package of margarine and some tea and cans of milk and other things and then put them all away in the corner cupboard; then he reached down to the bottom of the box and brought out two chocolate bars and a Cellophane bag of hard colored Christmas candy.

"Want some candy?" he said, holding the bag out to me. "They're pretty good." Then when I didn't move, he said, "Go on, I can get lots more."

"No thanks, Edgar," I said.

He hesitated a moment, then shrugged slightly and turned and put the bag on the table.

"I think I will have one after all, Edgar," I said quickly. "If you don't mind . . ."

"Sure." He reached over quickly and tore the end off the bag and handed it to me and I took one of the hard cold candies and stuck it in

my mouth and then he took one and we both stood quietly for a moment or two sucking on the candy and watching the tiny wisps of smoke still curling up around the edges of the stove lid.

"Well," I said, "I guess we should get that wood in, shouldn't we?"

"Yeah," he said. "I guess we should. I usually get it in long before dark, but today I had to go to work early because they were so busy with Christmas orders."

"Do some of them give you things?" I said.

"Who?"

"The people in the houses where you go."

"Oh, sure," he said, "lots of them do. You'd be surprised how many of them give you something."

There was silence for a moment. I was thinking what it was like up at our house with candles burning in the middle of the dining-room table loaded with mince pies and Christmas cake and cookies and bowls of fruit and nuts and candy.

"The stove's stopped smoking," I said suddenly.

"Yeah," he said, without looking at it. "It stops after a little while."



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He then went over and opened the back door and I followed him out and we went down the back steps and then trudged along through the snow to an old woodshed at the bottom of the yard. It was dark inside and I shone my flashlight around so that we could see where the wood was, and then we piled some more up on the porch behind Edgar's bike; then we went in again and closed the door and Edgar lifted the stove lid and put some wood on the fire and I took off my woolen gloves and we stood with our hands over the stove to warm them.

"Here, let me put your gloves behind the stove to dry," he said, and he took them and draped them over a piece of wire stretched along the wall behind the stove. He was still wearing the hat with the fur-trimmed ear flaps and the long brown scarf wound around his neck, but after a moment he walked over and pulled the door shut which led to the rest of the house and then he came back and took the hat off and hung it on a nail behind the stove. "It warms up faster with that door shut," he said.

"Haven't you got a furnace in the basement?" I said.

"We haven't got a basement," he said, "but there's a big circulating heater in the other room that'll cook you alive when it gets going. I don't bother lighting it very often, though . . . it's too much trouble."

"Oh, I see."

THERE WAS a pause for a few moments with only the sputtering crackle of the fire in the stove breaking the silence. Then Edgar walked over to the table and picked up the two chocolate bars and held one out to me. "Want a chocolate bar?" he said.

"No thanks, Edgar," I said, "but I'll have another one of those candies if you don't mind."

"Sure, sure," he said. "Take more than one . . . that's what they're for . . ." He passed the bag over and I took one and put it in my mouth and then he took one and put the bag down on the table and came back and stood by the stove. We were both silent again, listening to the snapping crackle of the fire.

"Isn't your father coming home tonight, Edgar?" I said. "It's almost nine o'clock."

"Sure," he said. "Sure, he'll be home." He reached over and picked up the big aluminum kettle and then walked over to the sink and turned on the tap and started filling it. "I didn't

Festive as the Holiday Season!



Magic Christmas Cake

- 2 cups seedless raisins
- 1 cup currants
- 1 1/2 cups separated seeded raisins
- 1 1/2 cups drained red maraschino or candied cherries (or a mixture of red cherries and green candied cherries)
- 1 cup almonds
- 1 cup cut-up pitted dates
- 1 1/2 cups slivered or chopped mixed candied peels and citron
- 1/2 cup cut-up candied pineapple or other candied fruits
- 1 tbsp. finely-chopped candied ginger
- 3 cups sifted pastry flour or 2 1/2 cups sifted hard-wheat flour
- 1 1/2 tps. Magic Baking Powder
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tps. ground cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. grated nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. ground ginger
- 1/4 tsp. ground mace
- 1/4 tsp. ground cloves
- 1 cup butter
- 1 1/4 cups lightly-packed brown sugar
- 8 eggs
- 1/4 cup molasses
- 1/2 cup cold strong coffee

Wash and dry the seedless raisins and currants. Wash and dry the seeded raisins, if necessary, and cut into halves. Cut cherries into halves. Blanch the almonds and cut into halves. Prepare the dates, peels and citron, candied pineapple or other fruits, and ginger.

Sift together 3 times, the flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger, mace and cloves; add prepared fruits and nuts, a few at a time, mixing until fruits are separated and coated with flour.

Cream the butter; gradually blend in the sugar. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition; stir in molasses. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture alternately with coffee, combining thoroughly after each addition. Turn batter into a deep 8-inch square cake pan that has been lined with three layers of heavy paper and the top layer greased with butter; spread evenly.

Bake in a slow oven, 300°, 2 1/4 to 3 hours. Let cake stand in its pan on a cake cooler until cold. Store in a crock, or wrap in waxed paper and store in a tin.

A few days before cake is to be cut, top with almond paste and ornamental icing; just before cutting, cake may be decorated attractively.

A glorious Christmas Cake you'll be proud to serve . . . because you made it *yourself*! Here's tender fruit cake laden with sumptuous fruits, nuts and candied peel . . . every fine ingredient protected with Magic to give you a superb cake every time! Bake one for the family . . . and several for holiday gifts. It's easy when you make it with Magic!





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get a chance to see him this morning," he said, "so I couldn't ask him what time . . . I have to leave pretty early for work, you know." He was standing with his back to me and I could hear the water splashing against the bottom of the sink.

"I read about a man and wife once who worked different shifts in a shipyard or something," I said, "and they never used to see one another for a whole week."

"Yeah, that's what happens," he said.

"It's crazy though, isn't it?" I said.

"It sure is." He came back and put the kettle on the stove and then he lifted one of the lids off and put it over the open flame. "I'm going to make some tea," he said. "Want some?"

"No thanks, Edgar," I said. "I'd better get home or my folks will be wondering what's happened to me." I walked over to the door and then turned around and watched him rooting around in the wood box as if he were looking for one exact piece of wood to put on the fire.

"My mom and dad wanted to know if you'd come up to our place tonight and spend Christmas with us," I said. "That is, if you aren't going someplace else . . ." He was still leaning over the wood box and picking up pieces of wood and then dropping them back again, then he took a piece and lifted the kettle up and dropped the wood into the fire and put the kettle back, but he still didn't turn around. "Maybe you've already got someplace to go . . ." I said.

"A lot of people have asked me out," he said. "You know how it is around Christmas . . . everybody's asking you where you're spending the day."

"Sure," I said, "that's okay, Edgar."

HE STARTED taking off his scarf, slowly unwinding it and shaking it over the stove where the little pellets of melting snow made sudden hissing sounds as they struck the hot steel plates on top; then he reached up and draped it over the rope clothesline beside the two pairs of grey woolen socks.

"We don't live very far from here," I said, "just up on sixteenth." I took out my ballpoint and wrote the address down on the back of an old envelope lying on the table.

He didn't answer. After a minute or two he walked over to the cupboard in the corner and got out a brown

teapot and then put some tea in it and carried it over and set it down on the stove.

"Well, I guess I'd better be going, Edgar," I said.

"Sure you won't have some tea?" he said. "I make pretty good tea."

"No thanks," I said. "I'd better be going." I reached behind me for the door knob and started to open the door. He was standing by the stove with his back to me and one hand resting on the top of the kettle which

I SHALL GROW OLD

*I shall grow old
when the green hills are bent
and dead and grey
and sunlight dies along the
edge of day
crumbling down the sky in cold
white ash
to sift across the plain of loneliness . . .*

*I shall grow old
when the sharp smell of apples
wining the autumn air
and the strange stare of moonlight
across the broken acres of the
spring
do not disturb nostalgia in my
heart . . .*

*I shall grow old
and brittle as an empty winter
tree
and dead as leaves . . . without
a memory.*

BY JOY TRAIL

was just beginning to boil so that a small wisp of steam curled upward from the spout.

"I guess your mom and dad must be real nice, eh?" he said suddenly.

"Yeah, they are," I said. "They're swell."

Neither of us said anything for a couple of minutes. The kettle started to boil and he picked it up and took the lid off the teapot and poured some water into it and put the lid back on, then he put the stove lid back in place and set the kettle on the back of the stove, but he still hadn't turned around.

"Maybe you could come up to our house for a little while at least," I said, then I stood watching him for a few moments to see if he would turn around. "Well, anyway," I said, "I'll be seeing you sometime soon."

"Yeah, sure," he said. "So long, and thanks for the help."

"So long, Edgar," I said.

I WENT OUT and closed the door and then walked around the side of the house and back out to the street, then I stopped for a minute and stood looking back at the darkened front windows of the house and the thin spiral of smoke climbing straight up into the dark sky. They were still playing carols somewhere a few blocks away and the sound came drifting through the gently falling snow and seemed to hover in the quiet darkness of the snow-tunneled street where here and there a brightly lit Christmas tree in a window cast a pale glow of colored lights out across the white snow. Someone came along the street and passed behind me and went on down the sidewalk with his footsteps crunching a little through the snow, but I didn't even turn my head.

After a few minutes I started walking back the way I had come, and I turned at the corner and went up the hill past Fourth Avenue and then across Main and finally I came to our street where the houses were ablaze with strings of colored lights and the Christmas trees glittered and shone in every front window like clusters of dazzling colored stars; and all the way I kept thinking about Edgar sitting alone in that house with no one to talk to, because I knew as well as he did that his stepfather wasn't coming home and even if he did he sure wouldn't be sober.

When I came to our house I walked around to the back door and went in and stood at the top of the basement stairs and took off my snowy boots. The kitchen smelled of warm spice and baking and coffee and there was a faint smell of spruce needles from the thick boughs Dad had tacked up around the doorway leading from the kitchen to the dining room.

Mom and Dad were sitting in the two big chairs by the fireplace when I went in, and I knew by the way they sat absolutely still when I walked in that they had been talking about me. I walked over and flopped down on the end of the chesterfield next to the Christmas tree and didn't say anything for a few minutes, although I could feel them both looking at me.

"Well," Dad said, finally, "did you see your friend?"

"Yeah, I saw him," I said.

There was silence for several moments.

Continued on page 82



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20-V-19

Continued from page 80

"Did you talk to him, son?"

"Yes," I said. I reached out and touched my finger tips lightly against a shimmering blue ball on the Christmas tree, watching the distorted reflection of my face and hand as it twirled and bobbed against my fingers.

"He's not coming, then?" he said.

"No."

"Didn't he give you any reason?"

"He told me he was waiting for his father," I said; then I paused. "But that's not the real reason . . ."

"Oh?"

"I think he's ashamed because he doesn't have any decent clothes to wear," I said, "and . . . well, stuff like that."

"But it's not his fault," he said. "He has no reason to be ashamed."

"I think he is, anyway," I said.

"Oh, I see."

There was a long pause. Mom got up suddenly and went into the kitchen and I could hear her moving things around on top of the stove. After a few minutes Dad got up and filled his pipe from the can of tobacco on the mantelpiece above the fireplace and then he sat down again and a few seconds later I heard the soft scratch of a match as he lit it; then there was silence again.

"Maybe we should put the presents under the tree now," he said. "Don't you think so?"

"Yeah, I guess we should," I said.

He got up and went into the front bedroom and came back with a large cardboard box full of presents and put it down on the floor in front of the tree. "You can start on those," he said. Then he went back into the bedroom and I heard him moving things around in the closet and he came back with another big box and set it down beside the first. Mom came in from the kitchen and sat down on the edge of the chesterfield beside me and looked at me for a moment. "Aren't you going to help your father, dear?" she said.

"Sure," I said. "Sure." I got up and started taking presents out of the box and piling them on the aluminum foil spread out on the floor around the bottom of the tree, and Dad knelt down and started to take them out of the other box while Mom sat quietly on the chesterfield and watched.

After I'd put a few parcels under the tree I happened to notice that the two I was holding in my hand were exactly the same size and the same weight and they even felt the

same when I squeezed them, so I looked at the tags and saw that one had Edgar's name on it and the other had mine on it; then I started looking at the other presents and each time I found one with my name on it I found one exactly the same with his name on it. I looked up and saw Mom and Dad looking at one another and kind of smiling; then right away I knew that they must have gone out and bought the same things for Edgar as they'd already got for me.

Dad picked up the empty boxes and I went over and sat down on the end of the chesterfield again and stared at the Christmas tree, then I touched one of the fragrant branches and watched the sudden shimmer and sparkle of the tinsel and decorations as the tree moved slightly.

AFTER A WHILE I got up and walked over and squeezed in between the branches of the Christmas tree and the drapes and stood looking out into

the street. It was still snowing and the soft white flakes had almost erased the deep footprints I'd made when I had come up the front path and around to the back of the house just a little while before.

Several cars went by, their churning wheels lifting up sprays of fine powdery snow, then the bright crimson taillights disappeared somewhere into the white-stillness of falling snow. The clock on the mantelpiece struck ten, then the echo of the chimes faded away and there was only a deep silence broken now and then by the hissing sputter of the logs in the fireplace.

All at once the phone rang and Dad got up and went into the hall and answered it; then he turned around and held the receiver out. "It's for you, son," he said.

I walked over and picked up the receiver. "Hello?"

"Hello . . . is that you, Marvin?"

"Yes," I said, "who's this?"

"It's me . . . Edgar," he answered.

"Edgar," I said. "Where are you?"

"I'm up in the drugstore," he said, "on the pay phone. And I'll bet you'll never guess what, Marvin . . ."

"No, what?" I said.

"You left your gloves down at my house," he said, "behind the stove . . . I put them there, remember?"

"Did I?" I said. "Oh yeah, I guess I did. I forgot all about them."

There was a pause, then he said, "I thought maybe I might bring them up to you . . . that's if you think it'd be all right . . ."

"Sure it would, Edgar," I said.

"Sure, that'd be swell."

"There's just one thing, though," he said; then he paused again for a moment. "You'll have to explain to your mom and dad that I'm not dressed up or anything. You see, I came out of the house just the way I was the minute I noticed your gloves . . ."

"That's okay, Edgar," I said. "That doesn't matter."

"But you'll make sure you tell your parents, won't you, Marvin?" he said. "I've only got my working clothes on, you know."

"Sure I'll tell them, Edgar," I said. "Don't worry about it. And Edgar . . ."

"Yes?"

"We'll leave the porch light on so you can find the house."

"Okay," he said. "I'll see you." Then I heard a click as he hung up.

As soon as I told them he was coming Mom went straight out to the kitchen and I could hear her opening and closing the fridge and sliding pans around on the stove and I knew she'd be cooking more supper for Edgar than he could eat in a whole week; then I went into my closet and dug out some extra slippers and my pale-blue cashmere and when I came back Dad had put some carols on the record player and was just putting a big knotty log on the fire.

I kept going to the window and looking out, and finally I saw Edgar trudging along the sidewalk through the deep snow and looking up at the numbers of the houses as he came. He was wearing the woolen gloves and carrying some small parcels wrapped in red and green tissue paper and he kept brushing the snow off them with his free hand without looking down at them; then I saw him turn in at the gate and I went into the hall and stood perfectly still, waiting for the doorbell to ring. END



My most memorable Christmas gift

By Kate Aitken, member of the CBC Board of Directors

"At six years of age I felt I'd been badly treated. Every little girl living near us had a sister—everyone but me! Here was I in a houseful of five brothers who lived in a man's world from which I felt excluded.

That December life seemed particularly hard. Mother, usually so lively and gay, seemed to go quiet. In the mornings we didn't hear her cheery whistling and even to my childish ears her step was slow and tired.

One morning just before Christmas father came upstairs to waken us. Then very seriously he said, "Now go downstairs and eat your breakfast quietly. Your mother's sick and I'm going for Mrs. Washburn (a neighbor who always moved in when the family was in trouble)."

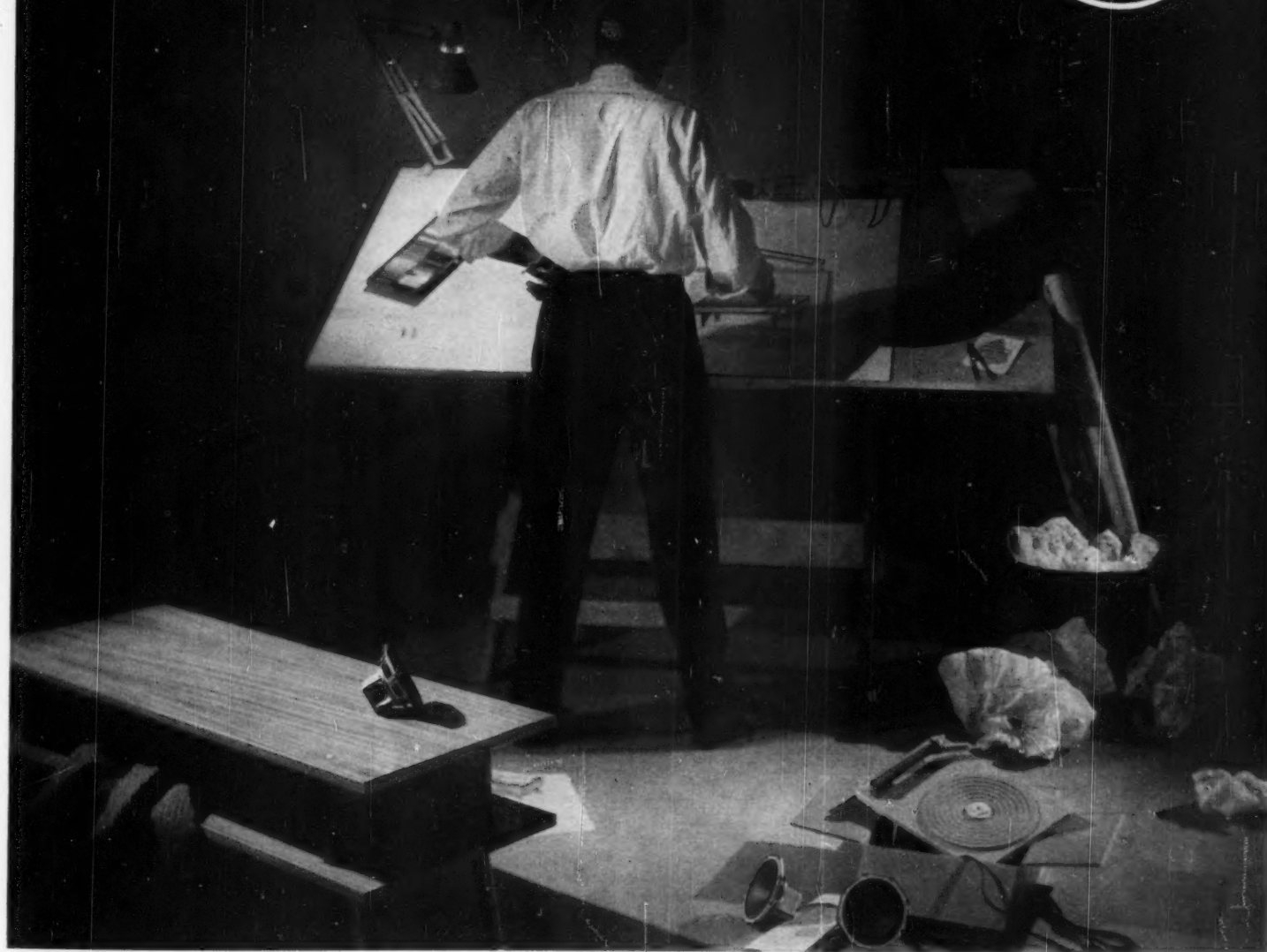
With the arrival of Mrs. Washburn, the older boys were hustled off to school with lunch parcels. Walter, my three-year-old brother and I were wrapped up and exiled for the day to Mrs. MacPherson's, a neighbor. And what a day! In spite of apples, cookies and milk, Walter, a long-winded crier, wept noisily and consistently, talking only to say, "I want to go home." At twilight when the snow was softly falling, Frank, an older brother, arrived with the sled to take us home.

When we got there, Mrs. Washburn took us into mother's big bedroom. There she was—pale but radiant, propped up on pillows, and in the hollow of her arm—the most beautiful baby we had ever seen. To our wondering eyes mother showed the tousled dark hair, the tiny crumpled hands, the little feet. "All ours—and a little sister."

That was the most wonderful Christmas gift I've ever known."

PHILIPS

takes the time to build the best



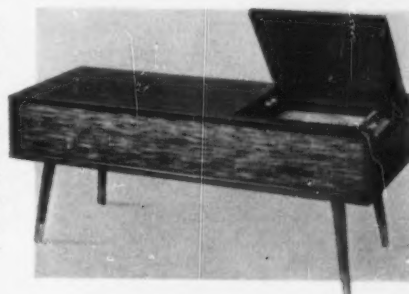
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Each model in Philips 1960 Stereo High Fidelity line is created with the same eye towards choosing designs and finishes that harmonize perfectly with your décor. Each component is chosen with the same critical ear towards producing the finest Stereo High Fidelity sound.

See the balanced proportion of Philips styling. Hear the superb "Matched Component" sound of Philips Stereo. It will prove to you that Philips takes the time to build the best.

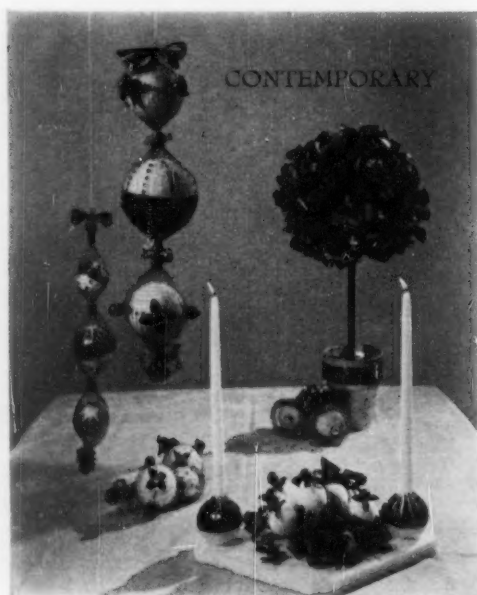
F210 Stereo High Fidelity surrounds you with sound. 4-5" Extended-Range Matched Speakers radiate stereo sound from each side of the table. New 4-speed Heavy-Duty Transcription Turntable. Exclusive Cueing Switch automatically raises and lowers the arm. Two jewelled-stylus cartridges. Independent Bass, Treble and built-in Loudness controls plus Balance control for matching channels. Ideal base for 17" or 21" TV set.



GORGEOUS CHRISTMAS

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And, of course, you can change our colors to harmonize or contrast with your own home décor



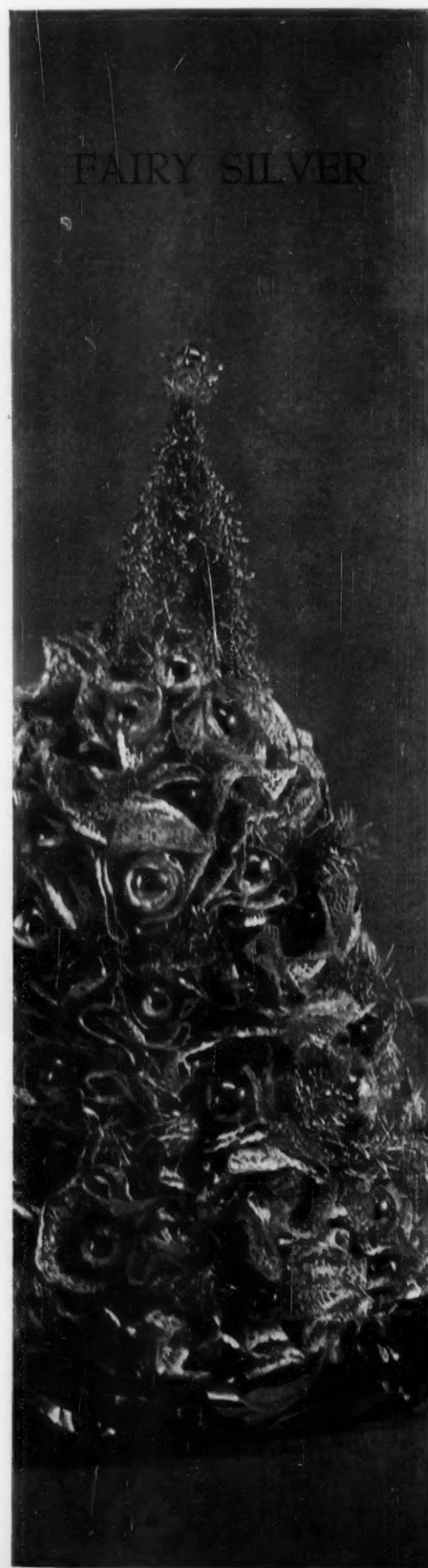
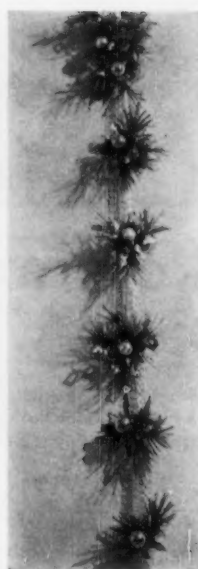
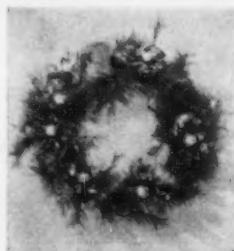
Right: Copper scouring pads become things of beauty used like this, accenting the colored foils used also in tree, centrepiece.

Right: All made from paper doilies, with foil and tinsel picking up colors of the glitter balls in tree, table piece, and dangles.

HOW-TO-MAKE INSTRUCTIONS AND DIAGRAMS ON PAGE 86



Above: Place cards radiate from evergreen table centre. Right: Matching wreath for front door and hanging for wall, window or stairway.



By BARBARA REYNOLDS *Chatelaine Home Planning Editor* and WANDA NELLES *Crafts Editor*

DECORATIONS even a child can make



GORGEOUS CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

Instructions for pages 84 and 85

CONTEMPORARY GROUP

Table centre, tree, dingle dangle, bells

Materials: Plastic-foam snowballs — twelve 2-in. size, three 2½ in., five 3 in., four 3½ in.; two 5 in. Sixty blue and green, wire-stemmed glass balls, ¾ in. and 1½ in. sizes; sheets or rolls of blue and green foil; 4 copper pot cleaners; 1 sheet of 1 in. plastic foam; green and blue cup-style sequins; 2 white candles; 1 flowerpot, 5½ in. size; a 15 in. length of doweling, or wooden rod, about ½ in. across; yard each of narrow green and blue satin ribbons; gold spray, rubber cement, pins, pipe cleaners.

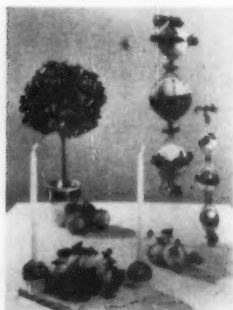


FIG. 1



FIG. 1A*

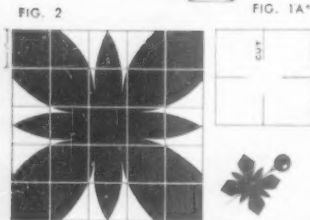


FIG. 2 Finished

FIG. 3



*FIG. 1A Simplified cutting for small child

TABLE CENTRE: From the sheet of plastic snow cut a foundation piece 19 in. x 13 in. Trim to diamond shape then cut off the points to a 2-inch straight edge. Take eight 2-in. snowballs, stick each with a pipe cleaner and cut them off in lengths varying from 2 to 5 inches. Arrange these in a group in the diamond foundation by sticking the other end of the pipe cleaners into it. Leave space for candlesticks at either end.

From now on you are going to need a lot of foil flowers, small and large, so glue together a length of blue and green foil — as much as covers the width of a card table. Let foil dry, then cut out twelve 1¼ in. squares, using as a guide a piece of cardboard cut the same size. Fold in

quarters then cut as shown in dotted lines (Fig. 1) to form a 4-petal motif. With the green side up, pierce centre of each with a blue glass ball; curl the petals so that both green and blue show; cut stems to 1 in., stick one into each snowball and arrange the four remaining around centre cluster.

Now make ten motifs from 5 in. squares of foil, as shown in Fig. 2. Again with green side up, pierce centres with wire-stemmed balls, leave stems full length and insert around and throughout snowballs and small motifs.

For the candleholders, take two 3-in. plastic balls and scoop out a hole for the candle with an apple corer. Cut a strip of foil as in Fig. 3, long enough to go around middle of the ball and overlap. Place it so the points fringe the candle, glue at overlap. Put a row of four green sequins on each point (see photograph) by sticking pins through centre of sequins, through the foil into the plastic ball. Fasten candlesticks to base by embedding heads of three or four pins into bottom of the balls, then press firmly into base.

THE TREE: Cut a 5 in. ball in halves, trim one to fit into flowerpot to hold the wooden rod or doweling that makes the trunk. Spray or paint the pot gold, inside and out. Paint rod blue. Stick one end of rod into the pot and on the other end press a 5-in. ball. Completely cover this ball with blue-green foil motifs made from 5 in. squares, leaving stems full length. You need 48 squares and glitter balls. Trim flowerpot with bands of green satin ribbon edged with bands of blue. Glue sequins on each band. Scatter leftover snippets of foil around base of tree.

DINGLE DANGLES: You need three balls for each one and you can mix the sizes as you please. Decorate some balls like the candlesticks, make sequin patterns on others. Stretch a pot cleaner out to its full length, tie one end with a bow or loops of foil, drop in a ball. Tie the mesh with ribbon, add second and third balls with ribbon in between. Finish off the top with a colored glass ball and bow. Add flower motifs from the outside to some of them. Use pins to stick sequins onto the balls.

THE BELLS: One pot cleaner makes a pair of bells. Stretch it out, put a decorated 3-in. ball in each end, tie in the middle with looped double foil. Roll surplus mesh back to form a cuff to make the bell shape and stick in a ¾-in. glass ball for the clapper. If you like, spray the balls with gold before decorating.

TRADITIONAL GROUP

Wreath, centre, place cards, hangings

Materials: Evergreen boughs, 45-inch length of heavy wire, a packet of fine wire, 9 yards gold braid 1½ in. wide,

24 stemmed gold glass balls, red foil, artificial snow, rubber cement, large candle.

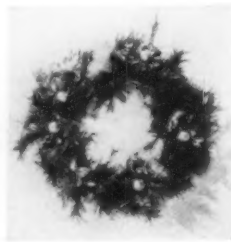
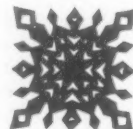


FIG. 1
Finished snowflake



DOOR WREATH: Use heavy wire to make a foundation circle 14 in. across. (If you use artificial evergreens they are already wired.) With fine wire bind in evergreens in profusion. Wind gold braid around the wreath at wide intervals, fasten with a looped bow. Fasten 7 large and 7 small snowflakes, with a gold ball through centre of each, to wreath. Bend points of snowflakes upward.

To make snowflakes, glue together two sheets of red foil and let dry. Cut out 3 in. and 4 in. squares. Fold as shown in Fig. 1 and make up your cutout pattern as you go along or follow the one we used (Fig. 2). Unfold the square (Fig. 3), touch here and there with rubber cement, scatter with artificial snow.

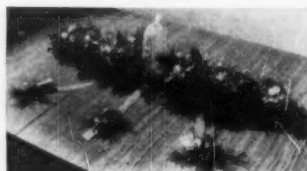


TABLE CENTRE: This consists of two full sprays of evergreens bound to 21-in. lengths of heavy wire. Festoon the sprays with five each of 3-in. and 4-in. snowflakes with gold balls. The width should measure about 12 in. Place sprays lengthwise on the table either side of a 14-in. foil snowflake. On this place a candle 10 in. high, 3½ in. in diameter. We molded ours from paraffin, left the surface rough, sprayed with gold, dipped it in artificial snow, added gold sequins.

PLACE CARDS: Fasten lengths of gold braid to radiate from the centre piece to each place setting. Tip each with a piece of evergreen, a small snowflake with place card attached.

WALL HANGING: Loop back the top of a 43-in. length of gold braid.

Two inches below this attach with wire a snowflake with a sprig of evergreen. Attach others at 7-in. intervals. Make the bottom one of two small snowflakes and several evergreen sprigs. Fasten to draperies, at the sides of doorways or on the wall.



FAIRY SILVER

Tree, table centre, dangles

Materials: Chicken wire 44 in. x 18 in.; 6 packets of 6-in. paper doilies, 4 packets of 8 in.; gold, green, blue, fuchsia foil; tin of silver spray; 1 packet each of pink, gold and green tinsel; one packet each of 5-in. and 8-in. varicolored tinsel tails; one 8-in. x 10-in. sheet of plastic foam, 1 in. thick; 5 dozen stemmed glass balls in various colors, sizes 1½ in. and ¾ in.; gold, green and blue sequins; rubber cement, cellulose tape.



FIG. 1

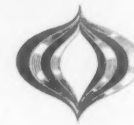
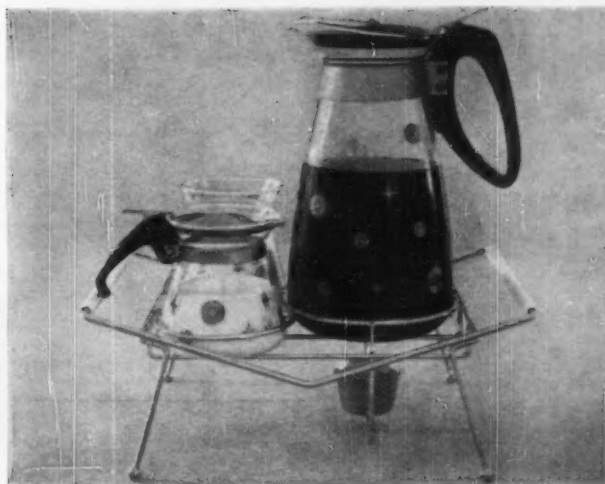


FIG. 2
Finished leaf

TREE: Roll the chicken wire into a pointed cone shape measuring 18 in. high and 29 in. around the base. Stuff centre of 6-in. paper doilies through the wire, completely covering it so you have a solid ruffled surface. Spray with silver paint and leave to dry. Through the centres of most of the doilies stick the stems of the 1½-in. glass balls so they are surrounded by a silver frill. We used 48 to produce this rich and colorful effect. Wind strands of gold and pink tinsel

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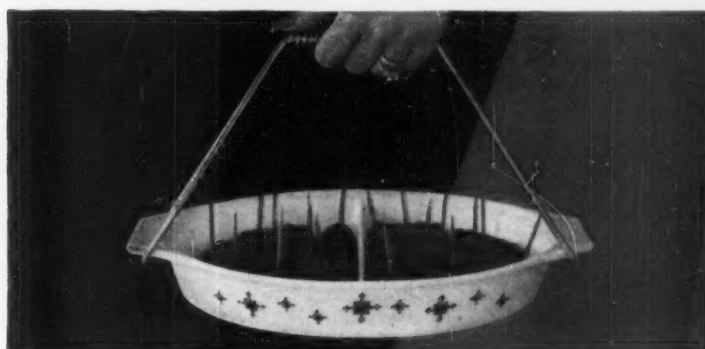
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throughout, tucking them between the doilies at intervals.

With a piece of wire bind together six 8-in. tinsel tails of different colors. Cover the wire with a collar of gold tinsel and stick a 3/4-in. glass ball into the top. Spread the free ends of the tails out in a pyramid shape and anchor them through the doilies at top of the tree. Be sure the tails follow the pointed line of the tree.

To make the two rows of leaves for the base of the tree (and also for the dangles), glue together any two colors of foil. Fold in half and cut as in Fig. 1. Score lines as indicated on both sides of fold. Crease along lines to give a pleated effect, then open out. Fig. 2. (Cut some squares of foil, some oblongs, 3 in. to 5 in. long, to get variety in the width.) Now have someone hold the tree up while you put the "leaves" of different colors and sizes through the bottom wires, fastening each with cellulose tape. Insert two rows, having the points alternating. Bend the leaves upward so that two colors of foil show.

CENTRE: Trim the sheet of plastic foam into an oval for the foundation. Completely cover it with large-size doilies by pinning through the centres to the foam. Spray with silver paint and leave to dry. Now insert 12 of the 1 1/8-in. colored balls, through the doilies at intervals. Insert 5-in. tinsel tails here and there. Wind pink and gold tinsel throughout, tucking it in between the doilies. Pin pleated leaves around the foam base, as for tree.

THE DANGLES: Make four pleated foil leaves in various shapes, sizes and color combinations. Fasten to a 27-in. length of tinsel with fine wire. Decorate leaves with sequins and add a few glass balls. Trim at intervals with looped strips of double foil.

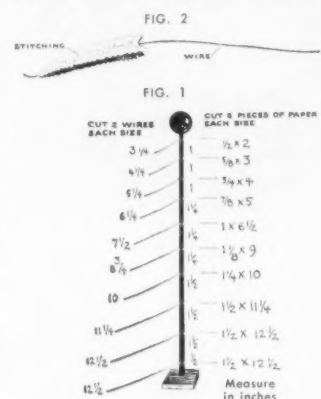
CHRISTMAS TREE

Materials: One package of gold (flame-proof) crepe paper; matching cotton thread; 12-in. length of 1/4-in. doweling; small piece of wood; plastic foam for base; wire; green petal sequins; small cake candles; glue and one 3/4-in. glass ball.



TO MAKE BRANCHES: Following measurements as shown in Fig. 1, cut all the wire lengths. Cut all the branch coverings and be sure to cut them lengthwise of the paper so the edges will flute. Place each pair of wires with their coverings, and stitch in order of size from longest to shortest.

Starting with the longest branches, put two coverings together having both right sides uppermost. Fold with right sides together lengthwise along the centre and crease. Adjust sewing machine to a long stitch, use a zipper foot and stitch through the two layers of paper on a straight line beside the crease mark. Slip one end of a wire between the layers close to this stitching. Now stitch along the other side of wire leaving enough freedom to



slip the covering back in fullness so half the wire is covered (Fig. 2).

Cover the opposite end of wire in the same way. Tie thread ends and clip. Fold the tips of wire under and press firmly to keep the paper fullness from slipping off. Separate the layers of paper and carefully flute by stretching the lengthwise edges. Trim the ends to a graceful point.

When two similar lengths of wire have been covered four branches have been made for the first position on the doweling (at the bottom). When all the other pairs of wires have been covered in this way you are ready to glue them in position.

TO ASSEMBLE: Glue the doweling into the foundation at base, then mark the positions of branches with pencil according to spacing measurements in Fig. 1.

The groups of branches can be moved closer together or further apart, if necessary, before the glue hardens, so glue branches on all at one time. Apply the glue to the group position on doweling. When tacky, wind the uncovered centre of wire around the doweling and fasten firmly by twisting with small pliers. Spread the covered ends out to make two branches. Wind the matching wire around doweling close to the first wire and fasten in the same way. Glue all the groups in place in their positions.

TRIMMING: Cut a long strip of paper about 1/2 in. wide and neatly wind it around the doweling from top to the bottom so that the wires and wood are completely covered. Glue at top and bottom. Cover the foundation with paper or paint it. The top of tree is finished by gluing on the glass ball. Cut candles to 1/2-in. size, glue to the petal sequins and glue the sequins to the tips of branches. **END**



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HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 23

evening something new could be placed there. Even this was as it had been the night he left. Panic clutched him cruelly.

His legs felt weak and heavy as he forced them up the steps. He rang the bell and through the small window could see her down the long hall in the lighted kitchen cock her head briefly then come toward him. He placed a hand against the door frame to support himself.

She opened the door. "Y — " and silence, cold and grey, and the early-falling dusk fell between them as they stood there.

"Ann," his lips framed but no sound came. Still she did not speak. Her eyes were enormous; her young body, trim and firm in tweed skirt and sweater, seemed to contract as if to ward off a blow.

The smell of cooking drifted past him and the child cried, "Mummy, where did you go?"

Ann swung the door open and stepped back.

A sense of strength flashed through

him. First hurdle. He walked into the house.

"Mummy!" imperatively and the sound of feet spanking the floor. Ann switched on the hall light. Libbie ran toward them, pert and penny-shining, her red curls swept into a tousled pony tail. She stopped. "Who is that man?" she demanded with four-year-old candor. A worried, uncertain look crept into her eyes, she looked up at Ann. "Is that my daddy?"

He knelt suddenly and held out his arms.

"Is it, Mummy?"

"Yes," Ann said, her voice husky with tearless wonder.

Libbie clutched her mother's skirt.

He rose awkwardly, his arms emptier than they had ever been. "May I take off my coat?"

"Yes." She went to the kitchen and Libbie followed her. He removed his coat and hung it in the alcove. There hung a new fur jacket, smart and rich-looking, and beside it Ann's old camel hair, the loose coat he had bought her when she was carrying Libbie. He rubbed his fingers on the soft worn sleeve and watched her moving back and forth across the kitchen doorway. She was setting another place at the table.

Slowly he went and stood in the doorway. Her hands on plates and saucepans were small and quick. He remembered how amused he had been in the first fine days of their marriage by the deftness of her young hands at household tasks. She indicated that he sit opposite her.

Libbie watched him curiously. "Are you left-handed, Daddy? I'm left-handed and I have my fork over here instead of over there like Mummy." Her chubby face expanded with interest, her curls flipped steadily with her chattering "Daddies."

"Why did you go away, Daddy?"

His eyes met Ann's as if by appointment and locked. She looked away. "Will you say grace, Libbie?"

"The special Christmas one!"

"No, no, not yet."

Libbie pressed her palms together, "For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful."

"Amen," he said. His voice sounded low and loud in the small room as if it were alarmed to hear a man's voice.

THEY DINED without communicating except through the child who talked constantly, her bright tongue flickering between the two. He toyed

with his food and watched his daughter hungrily; his love, the need to smother her with physical nearness, almost overwhelmed him.

While Ann washed the dishes he read to Libbie. Later when Ann had bathed her and she scampered to him to say good night he smiled painfully, aching for her quick warm little kiss but not daring to ask for it. She smelled of soap and toothpaste and clean flannel and she grinned happily. "Uncle Lindsay reads to me, too," and skipped away to bed.

Ann was a long while returning. He studied the familiar living room. New drapes? Certainly a new TV set. The angled view of the front door drew and drew his glance. He tried to avoid it. He was staring at it when Ann returned.

"Todd?"

"Ann."

"What do you want?"

He watched the door once more, his face stricken. "My home."

"You forfeited it. I don't want you here." She added dully, "I stopped wanting you here a long time ago."

"I know." He drew a deep breath. "A chance then—to win you again."

She sat down suddenly. "Where have you been? Where did you go



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Chatelaine • December 1959

that night two years ago? To the day. Is it the day?"

"I ran away." Fists clenched white-ly, he leaned toward her knowing he must not hesitate now, that however he answered he must never hesitate, never relent in the decision he had made. "I was up to my neck in poor job, mortgages, unpaid bills, nagging wife, interfering mother-in-law and I didn't know how I could pay for Christmas. I ran away.

"I was twenty-four years old and had less guts than a sixteen-year-old and I couldn't face it any longer. I went away and I went through hell to grow up and come back to the only woman I'll ever love to see if she'll—not forgive me, what I did was unforgivable—just give me a chance to show her I've grown up. Ann, let me win back my home!"

She stared a long moment into his dark-blue eyes, the conviction in his voice swept gently against her wounds. "You have changed," she said at length, "you seem . . . taller some-how."

"I feel taller."

"Do you know what I've been through!" she cried bitterly.

"No. All I know is that it must have been hell, too."

Her glance blistered. "I work. Sam and Fleta pulled me through the worst of it. Oh yes, Todd, Sam helped. Late wasn't he? Your father is your most ardent detractor. He always said you had no guts—I merely quote."

Todd shrugged uneasily.

"Are you going to see them? Fleta—"

"You tell me," he demanded urgently. "If you say so I'll go. Tell me now, Ann! Yes or no. If no then they don't have to know I came, you can cover Libbie somehow."

She rose and went to stand at the window beside the tree. He had tried to envision this scene many times but he had never foreseen her silences, the strange lonely silences she withdrew to without notice.

"Yes, Todd. I could never do that. Go and see Sam and Fleta. Fleta especially. See what the past two years have done to your mother, Todd."

He rose, "You're—"

"Don't touch me. Don't come near me with all the bitterness back in me. I thought I'd done with it." There was wonder in her voice and when she turned to him a small acid smile curled the corners of her lips. "We'll do as you asked. Win me, Todd. Win Ann if you can. I offer nothing more

than that. I have nothing more to offer. A nagging wife. I knew that, too. I knew there was fault on my part, Todd; I admit it all but my punishment was—"

"Disproportionate."

She nodded.

"Thank you." He went to get his coat not letting her see his eyes, the turmoil of his desire to stay, to ease the ache in his arms, to cry I love you till his love might overpower her resistance. "I'll stay with Sam and Mother."

"Will you?"

"Yes," he replied grimly.

She said slowly, "I'll telephone my mother."

He refused the challenge. "Yes, do that," he said steadily. "Tell Birdie that I've come home."

At the door he asked, "Who is Uncle Lindsay?"

Ann flushed and pushed one thin trembling hand against her smooth blond hair. "Your competition."

It hurt but it was a victory. He was competing. He nodded again and went out and did not look back at the little Christmas-frosted house, but let his feet carry him quickly down the street to his parents' home, fearing to look left or right now lest the immensity of the task he had created freeze his purpose.

SAM ANSWERED the door and stood as Ann had done staring out at him. In his hand he clutched his pipe, his face was stony. "So. You're back."

"Is Mother up?"

"No."

"Would you tell her I'm home. Break it gently."

"Gently! Oh, the Prodigal!" Sam's heavy breathing flocked the cold air like exclamation points. Todd went past him. His mother in a blue flannel robe, her greying hair in two thick plaits over her shoulders, stood on the stairs. He gasped and ran to her.

"I knew, I knew," she murmured and beat his broad shoulders softly with her palms. His father turned and left them. "I knew. Today I knew," she whispered and wept, and he wept with her knowing that for all his blundering, his destructiveness, he had at last done one good thing.

She led him to the kitchen. "I knew you'd come. I prayed and the police said I must assume you were gone but I knew you weren't, and with this terrible day and Christmas less than two weeks away I knew Our Lord would bring you home. I worked and work-

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With a dash of imagination, a spool of wire and beads you can embroider "jewel" motifs and borders for your sweaters and belts — with no sewing needed

How to do *Jewel embroidery* the easiest possible way

The old (and bright) idea of giving sweaters, blouses, dresses and gloves a new lease on life by embroidering them with pearls and beads, seems bright only to the girl who is a close friend of that admirable fellow, Manual Dexterity.

Many women aren't; and if you are one of these read on, for your day has dawned. You can speedily "embroider" any pattern you want with a spool of No. 24 gauge bead wire from a craft supply store, some pearls and beads, and a bit of imagination.

Suppose you want to decorate a sweater with simple swirling scrolls around the neck, or to cover a mended part. Just cut off a length (say 8 inches) from your spool of wire, thread the beads

Right: finished scroll after being slipped off pencil and patted flat.



on it. Fold back the ends to prevent losing the beads. Then wind each end of the filled-up wire around a pencil in opposite directions, pull out pencil, pat wire flat over the sweater, secure with a couple of random stitches, and there you are—you're ready to make the next scroll.

With this no-sewing method you can "embroider" any pattern you like, by fashioning it first out of beaded wire and tacking it loosely to the sweater. Later, you can even change the pattern into an infinite number of shapes, for the wire, though thin, is extremely resilient and will wear and wear. By the same token, it's very easy to cut, won't ruin even your embroidery scissors.

Want some ideas? Recently, I decorated a turban-shaped hat down one side with scrolls; an old handbag with my initials; a belt with loops all around; an old pair of gloves with flowers fashioned from the same beaded wire. It's easy—you'll see.

—EVA SZULNER



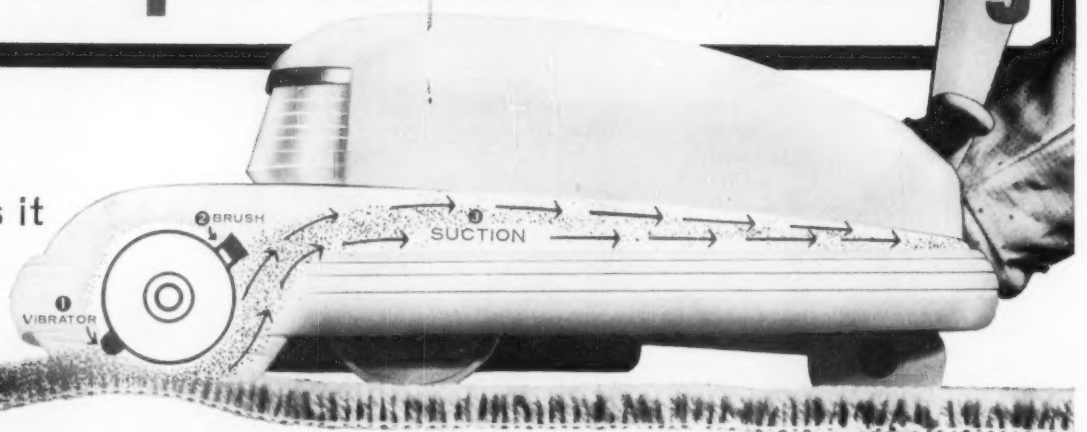
Left: shows how to bend back and fasten wire around end bead.



String beads on wire then wind around pencil as shown above.

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Continued from page 92
ed, Todd. I kept Libbie. Oh, dear! You've been there?"

He nodded and she fumbled with the cord on the electric kettle. "While Ann worked. She's back at the insurance office. And baby-sat while Ann went out. She did. She had to, you know. It's been like a test and it was terrible for me—you—because he's in love with Ann but what you did was so wrong. So wrong, Todd." Todd put his arm around her. His father returned and studied them without pleasure.

"I paid off that mortgage, Toddie-boy. I guess you knew I would."

"Yes, I suppose I knew unconsciously that you'd do the right thing, Sam," Todd said gravely.

Sam colored and looked away. "You haven't been at any desk these last two years."

"No."

Sam fidgeted. "It's not too much to ask—just where have you been?"

"Up north mostly. In the mines. Gold Lake. At the business end of a drill."

Sam's eyes gleamed. "You don't say? Must have been a bit rough at first, eh?"

Fleta was aghast. "Toddie, with all those horrible men!"

"Men," he amended thoughtfully.

"Where are you going to stay?" Sam queried.

"Here." He regarded Sam dispassionately. "I was wrong, I admit it. All right, weak. And I had an old man who held me in contempt all of my life. I ran out. I'm back to fight for my home and for—your respect."

Sam mocked, "You always talked a pretty good fight. Contempt?" he turned away suddenly. "You stay here then, Prodigal, and we'll see. Me, I don't especially care, I've taken about all the damage you can give. But Ann— No, I don't think so. Son, I don't think you stand a chance."

TODD WENT to bed that night in his old room, a boy's room with college pennants and cupboard full of stacked sports equipment, just as he had left it at twenty-one to marry. Too young, just as Sam had said so often: too young, it wouldn't work. It felt cool, unfamiliar, like the many strange unfriendly places he had slept in during the two years past.

On the following day Todd rose early and went looking for work. He did not attempt to resume his old profession, accountancy. No firm

would hire a man who disappears without cause. Doggedly fighting despondency he was rewarded in the late afternoon by an offer of Christmas rush work in the railroad's freight department. Todd went to the bus depot, collected his battered Gladstone from a locker and took it home. He telephoned Ann.

"Can I take you out tonight?"

"Not tonight."

"Uncle Lindsay?"

"Yes."



My most memorable Christmas gift

By Joan Fairfax, Singing star of TV's Joan Fairfax Show

"The Christmas I remember best is all mixed up in my mind with my first discovery of music. I was eight that year and living in Oakville, Ont. The summer before my mother had taken me to England to see her relatives and one of my aunts, a tall and beautiful woman, played the piano. She heard me singing one day and told my mother in front of me that I had something mysterious called 'talent'. It sounded very important and awesome and made me feel like a different person. All that fall I kept asking for a musical instrument for Christmas. A piano was out of the question but on Christmas morning I came downstairs to find a little toy accordion, not much bigger than a music box, but to me the most fabulous of gifts. I kept it for years, until my late teens, when I was able to get a full-scale accordion to accompany my singing. But that little toy was more precious to me than any grand piano I've seen since."

"Lindsay who?"

"Ross."

He said with heavy humor, "Is he rich?"

"Not terribly."

"Me, neither."

She hesitated. "Todd, last night you didn't blame Sam at all."

"I know. I've done too much of that. I have to settle it with him."

After a long moment she said, "Here's Libbie."

"Daddy! You're to come to dinner tomorrow night with Birdie."

"Thank you, Libbie, I'll be there."

He hung up and prowled miserably through the house. "Where are you going?" he asked his mother.

She pulled on her gloves, "Baby-sitting."

"Whose side are you on, Mom?"

She glanced at him oddly. "You know I've always been on your side."

As he watched her leave he wondered if his mother had considerably more subtlety than he had ever given her credit for. He was still up when she returned near one o'clock; it had seemed the longest evening of his life.

The following morning he went to work unloading cars in the rail yards. At six o'clock Sam eyed the signs of fatigue in his face and nodded with satisfaction. Todd dressed carefully

"Yes," Birdie laughed. "You didn't suppose I had married again did you, Todd?"

"No. You've said it so often, you tried it."

"Well, well, you've got some spunk have you? However did you manage that?" she smiled brightly, her glittering blond head, so like Ann's yet so unlike Ann's, tilted coyly.

"I grew up," he smiled in return but his eyes were sombre. "You should try it, Birdie. You learn to lead your own life. It's like meeting yourself after a long absence."

She flushed. "You're taking over are you? Let me tell you—"

"No," he said briskly, "I'll tell you. I never had a chance before but now I'm tough enough to see to it that people like you don't take my chances from me."

"We'll see about that!"

He grinned, "Yes, let's."

The evening was not successful. After trying to make idle conversation they resigned themselves to TV. Todd rose to leave early with Birdie's triumphant good-by stinging his ears. The house was too warm, the roses had already begun to droop. Ann, pale and withdrawn, stood in the doorway hugging her arms against the cool wash of night air. "It's no good, Todd."

"Tomorrow night?"

Birdie called, "That's a cold draft."

Ann pursed her lips, "All right, Todd, I'll go."

"Dancing?"

"Very well."

They would be alone in a place without all the old associations and he would be able to say all he had planned. Hope whistled him through the following day.

THE ORCHESTRA played old Christmas favorites with tender precision, and although the music called him strongly Todd was half-frightened to dance with her, so they sat at the dimly lighted table and looked at one another with faint seriousness and talked like strangers. Finally in desperation he asked, "How does he—Ross—feel about my coming back?"

"From the dead?" Her eyes were soft and her earrings caught the lamplight, a reflection of the bright feast in preparation. "He wants me to marry him."

"Would you?"

"He . . . I didn't know before you came and I still don't. I'm all mixed

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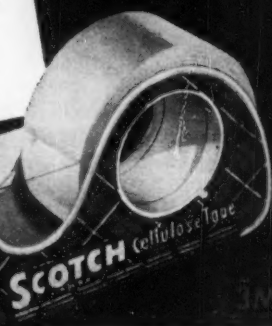


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Chatelaine • December 1959

up. Mother likes him tremendously and keeps saying that for Libbie's . . . Todd, you're not looking at the girls. You used to," she said quickly and blushed.

For the first time he was aware of warmth in her. "I didn't know there was only one for me."

"I nagged something fierce about it."

He laughed, "It kept my mind on the subject all right."

"Go ahead—look at them. It doesn't mean anything," Ann laced her fingers together. "He's good and steady and he loves me. That's it."

"I'd never leave you again," Todd said urgently. "You must know that, Ann. Look, I haven't told you but I've saved nearly enough money to pay Sam back. It'll be a fresh start. I'm working temporarily but I'll get something steady and— I'll never go away. If I hadn't known this—sometimes it seems the only thing I really do know—I never could have come back!"

The bitterness and silence was back in her eyes, she looked away. "Let's dance."

She slipped into his arms with the grace of a woman who had loved easily and well and knows no embarrassment with the memory. Todd whispered, "You belong here." Her shoulders moved. "I'd forgotten how well you dance, Todd," she told him indifferently.

The evening left him weary with his incompleteness, his inability to convey his heart to her without its faults. When he took her home he did not kiss her but stood on the steps and knew she must be comparing him with the other man, the goodness and steadiness she had spoken of, and a deep sense of humility grew within him.

Friday at noon he was told to take his half day. He called Ann and got no answer so he called his mother. Ann answered.

"Do you take lunch there?"

"Yes, and Sam comes home from the station. For Libbie." Todd had no answer, so she said, "Have you—not for a long time I guess—ever seen Sam with her? He's wonderful."

"He would be," Todd said slowly. "He had no time for me. Ever," he added and immediately wished the words back.

"Take that up with him."

"I intend to. Look, I called because I seem to have run into a half day. Can I take Libbie to the zoo or

something? The bears'll be there if no one else."

"It's her dancing day."

"What!"

"Her dancing lesson is at three."

"Maybe I could take her there."

After a long moment Ann began to laugh. "That's a good idea." She was still laughing as she hung up.

HE FELT HAPPY and unaccountably youthful as Libbie watched him shave. She and his mother alone accepted him and permitted him to love them, but his mother's acceptance oddly brought him no real joy. Always in the depths of her newly happy eyes he could read the record of the sorrow he had written there. But Libbie accepted him without reserve, easily. Just, he knew, as she must accept Lindsay Ross.

A few minutes before three o'clock they climbed the three flights of stairs in an old office building in the downtown area to arrive panting at the ballet school. Libbie led him to the barnlike studio where an emaciated young man wearing glasses was seated at a weary piano; he gave Todd a glance of infinite scorn.

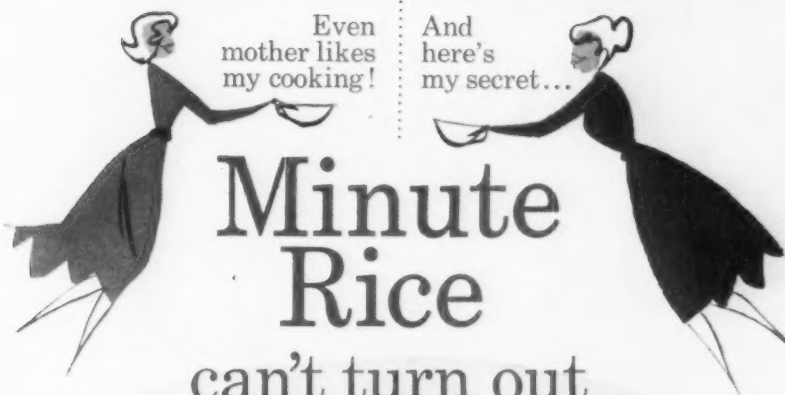
"Sit here, Daddy; this is where the mummies sit," Libbie explained, so he sat on the low bench, much pocked and chipped with age, which ran the length of the studio. The two ladies seated there gave him surprised looks, their little girls tittered. Libbie ran away to change. Todd had difficulty with his legs; they were certainly too long for comfort.

"May I smoke?" he asked and one young woman, after a startled glance, brought him an old tomato can from the piano to serve as an ash tray. The pianist glowered. More ladies and more little girls arrived. The children, in little blue shifts and dancing slippers, fluttered and chattered and cried with delight when the ballet mistress in black leotard appeared.

She cried, "But today we have a gentleman! Who owns that gentleman? Ah, Libbie, you are a wonder. We ladies shall dance superbly today. Ladies always dance best for the gentlemen." The mothers stirred and smiled, the ballet mistress waved a hand at the pianist, obviously not classed as a gentleman, and he commenced to play while she took her charges through their elementary exercises.

Todd's lips twitched with suppressed laughter. For several minutes it threatened explosively in his throat.

Continued on page 98



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Sweet and Tart Rice Molds

Combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Minute Rice, 1 cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup seedless raisins and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt in saucepan. Mix just to moisten all rice. Bring quickly to a boil over high heat. Cover, remove from heat and let stand 5 minutes. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup drained, canned crushed pineapple and 2 tablespoons butter, mixing lightly with a fork. Press into 4 well-greased individual molds. Unmold on serving plates. Serve with ham. Makes 4 servings.

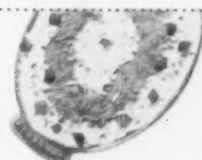


Meat-Crust Pie

Combine 1 pound ground beef, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry bread crumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped green pepper, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon each oregano and pepper and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato sauce. Mix well and pat into bottom and sides of greased 9-inch pie plate. Combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups tomato sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Minute Rice and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated Cheddar cheese. Spoon mixture into meat shell. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 25 minutes. Top with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated Cheddar cheese. Bake uncovered 10 to 15 minutes longer. Serves 6.



Another Delicious Time-Saver
from General Foods Kitchens.



Baked Rice with Cheese and Vegetables

Combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Minute Rice, $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk and 1 teaspoon salt in saucepan. Mix just to moisten all rice. Bring quickly to a boil over high heat. Then cover and simmer gently 3 minutes. Add 2 cups grated process cheese, dash of pepper, dash of dry mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each drained cooked peas and diced cooked carrots. Spoon into greased 1 quart casserole. Sprinkle $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine soft bread crumbs over the top. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 15 minutes or until crumbs are golden brown. Serves 4 to 6.



Peach Rice Pudding

Combine $2\frac{1}{2}$ cup Minute Rice, 1 cup water, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt in saucepan. Then bring to a boil. Cover and simmer 5 minutes; remove from heat. Blend 1 slightly beaten egg yolk and $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk. Stir into rice. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon each nutmeg and cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and 1 tablespoon butter. Mix well. Bring to a boil stirring constantly. Cover and remove from heat. Let stand 1 hour. Just before serving, fold in 1 cup drained, canned, diced peaches. Serves 4.

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Continued from page 96
By the end of the first half hour his discomfort on the bench was acute, he couldn't have laughed if he had tried. By the end of the hour he could scarcely get up.

"Mr. Furness!" The ballet mistress caught his arm as Libbie went to change. "She is like the ray of sun, no? Very quick, your Libbie. Such a good idea bringing the fathers. All the girls want to bring their fathers. Next week, Mr. Furness!"

Todd let Sam take Libbie, full of chocolate soda, up the street to her mother because Sam had glared at him indignantly and growled, "It's my job. I do it every day."

Fleta asked, "How was the lesson?"

"Great. Just great." He massaged the calf of his leg.

"Do you know I missed it? I always take her. I do wish I could have seen you!" Their eyes met and suddenly they laughed till the tears came.

HE THOUGHT Ann might call but she did not. On Saturday morning he could bear it no longer and ducked out of work to telephone her. "May I see you tonight?"

"Not tonight."

"I should have known," he said.

"Fleta is having a family dinner tomorrow."

"Sure," he choked. "Ann, can you meet me for lunch and help me buy Libbie and Mother Christmas presents? It won't be much but I'd like your help."

"I can't today, Todd."

"But it's your day off!"

"Yes, but when a mother works, her Saturday off is all taken up with sewing and cleaning and baking and mending."

"But not Saturday night."

"You haven't the right."

"I know."

"Perhaps I could meet you one day next week. Thursday? My lunch hour is from one to two fifteen."

The day before Christmas! He choked it back, said, "That'll be fine."

That night he walked his mother to Ann's to baby-sit and, heart in mouth, went inside with her. The need to meet the other man was too compelling; he could not forego it regardless of the humiliation or anger it might bring.

Lindsay Ross. He had blunt pleasant features and wore evening clothes with casual ease; his hair was flecked with grey and Todd judged him to be near forty. The older man surveyed him coldly and did not extend his

hand but nodded his head and murmured, "Furness?" distantly.

Ann, exquisite in her formal gown but white with nerves said, "Stay and watch TV with Fleta if you wish."

Todd rubbed his palms together and felt his hands calloused and clumsy with the hard work they had done, his shoulders overly heavy, as if he could not stand and feel so keenly the desire to strike out without giving physical evidence of threat. He was numb, his face blank as they fled from the house to Ross's car, Ann clutching Ross's arm defensively. Todd gave his mother a long glance of quiet misery, picked up his coat and went out into the white night.

Through the gently swirling snow drifted the sad strains of The Merry Widow from the skating rink two blocks away. As he walked the music drew him; he recalled how he and Ann had skated there as children, skated happily into marriage. At the rink he stood for a long while watching the boys and girls under the white cones of light with the quiet despair of one who has mislaid youth and no longer hungers for its return.

How old is a man at twenty-six? Old, old, the waltz returned with grand immutability. He knew now with the bright-cheeked girls, carefree boys skimming past him that Lindsay Ross could win his wife. He had not really believed it. Todd. Who wants the destroyer? His feet and heart were ready to run into oblivion. Never! Even enduring this battle was a kind of winning without which he could not be a man again. The snow flecked and melted in his lashes and on his cheeks like tears.

The Merry Widow mocked, the thick soft snow caressed him and never, not in the mines, on the road, not even in that terrible lonely pit, the first night away, had he ever been so alone. He saw himself through Ross's eyes.

"Snowing still?" Sam asked when he entered the house hours later.

"Who bought the tree?" A Christmas tree was thawing on the living-room carpet; the cool scent of pine needles permeated the house.

"Who else?" Sam glared at the tree as if it had offended him in some strange way. "You look bad, Toddie-boy. Tough?"

"Yes, you always told me life was tough, tough, tough, Sam. And when it did get tough all I had to meet it with was the grim assurance that that

Continued on page 102



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Continued from page 98
was the way it was meant to be and that there was only one alternative to misery — more misery. I'll tell you something else. I don't ever remember you being happy. The happiness in this house was made by Mother and she worked at it. I was afraid of you and afraid of growing up to life which was you, hard work and misery. It wasn't until I got away that I began to realize things were never that bad with you. You enjoyed 'hard' talk. But for a boy your outlook was plain horror. You didn't even know what you were doing.

"Sam, the hardest thing I've ever

hoarsely, "I'm not gloating. You can't get her back. He's a better man than you used to be and she can't forget what you did. Time, son, time! Let's shut our traps and fix up that blasted tree so your mother can bawl like a calf when she comes in here."

Todd felt his tired muscles relax. They smiled. It was the beginning of respect.

SNOW BEGAN again in the early hours of Wednesday and continued till trains and traffic outside the city came to a virtual standstill. On Thursday, with no cars to work on, the extra help in the freight department



My most memorable Christmas gift

By Bob Goulet, dramatic actor and singing star of TV.

"The Christmas I remember best started out very bleakly. It was 1953 and I had just come a few months before from my home in Edmonton on a scholarship to study at the Royal Conservatory in Toronto. It had been a lean autumn. I was very young (only twenty), almost penniless and had few friends in a new city that seemed too big and too cold. By Christmas Eve I hadn't received even one Christmas gift. Lots of old friends had sent me cards, but somehow it didn't seem the same. Late that night an actor friend phoned to say he and his wife would like to have me spend Christmas with them. They were new to the city, too, and had only slightly more money than I. It was wonderful just to be invited but when I got to their flat on Christmas afternoon to my astonishment, I found a package under the tree for me. They had bought me what might seem the most prosaic and commonplace of presents—a shirt, tie and socks. But for me it was a most wonderful feeling—better than receiving solid gold cuff links or a convertible car—because suddenly in the bleakness, I felt wanted."

had to do has been to stop using you as my whipping boy. And I have. Don't ever say tough to me, you don't even know what it's all about."

Sam was scarlet with choked words; he stared a long while at the tree between them on the carpet. "Todd, my old man was a living devil," he said abruptly, and the words hung incompletely in the air as if he wanted to say more.

"You gloated," Todd whispered.

Sam sighed, "No, son. I wanted you to come to me and ask for my help so I could sit back and feel big and important and — sure — needed. I'd have paid that mortgage but it wouldn't have been nice. We'll straighten things around yet."

"Now, Toddie," he exclaimed

were paid and let go; Todd was told to come back after Boxing Day.

He walked slowly through town to meet Ann, glad that he had worn his good coat. The crowds were thick, most shoppers possessed a frantic harassed frown as if Christmas were a train they feared they might miss. Here and there he saw young people smugly smiling for no reason; Christmas for them was a warm secret to clutch joyously before they must share it.

"Ann!"

Her face lit with a surprised welcome and a hot spasm of joy went through him. "Look, look." He fumbled in his pocket and brought out a small paper bag.

She opened it and took out the

cluster of holly and silver bells. She smiled. "Thank you, Todd."

He tried to pin it on her coat but his fingers trembled uncontrollably; he drove the florist's pin into his finger. She caught his hands in her small warmly gloved fingers and said kindly, "Todd, please don't make everything so difficult."

"I can't help it, everything is difficult," he said miserably and she laughed at him. He grinned suddenly. He was winning. Her voice, the touch of her hands told him. He took her arms. She blushed. "Let's go shopping."

He decided to buy Libbie a tricycle, and in despair about his mother finally said, "Let's get her some stockings and flowers, she loves things like that." Ann laughed again. "Fleta always says, 'Todd shops every year till he's exhausted and inevitably buys stockings and flowers,' but it pleases her that you're so inept and manlike about it. So let's. Then I must go home."

"Home?"

"I have the rest of the day."

"So have I!"

"Well," she half turned from him, her cheeks flaming, "then you must come along and have coffee. There's an office party but I've decided not to go."

They picked up the tricycle and he took her home in a cab still in his working clothes, conscious of them and wanting to change but afraid to leave her even for an instant, his heart explosively fearful with the new hope in it.

"I'll make coffee and sandwiches," Ann told him. "You dash along to Fleta's and get Libbie will you? I have so much to do before tonight."

He was afraid to ask about the night, his new hope was too frail to be pursued. He rushed home and changed, hurried back with Libbie. "Does Santa really come tonight? Really?" she sang like sunshine through the house while Todd's heart ached with the wonder of her, the smiles on Ann's face.

THE HOURS skimmed past. The telephone did not ring. No one came. He was not told to go so he remained, but without confidence. All the grim assurance he had felt when he first came back had evaporated. Libbie hung her stocking and reluctantly went to bed but not to sleep. The evening was punctuated with sudden cries of, "Is it morning?" "Has he

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Nothing Does So Much To Make Eyes Beautiful



come?" until nearly ten when she abruptly fell asleep.

"You bring up the tricycle," Ann murmured and when he came up from the basement with it she was busy filling Libbie's stocking. The tree was a colorful blaze of packages. Todd knelt beside Ann at the foot of the tree and took her hands. She returned his glance gravely. He asked, "What happened to the competition?"

"It was the office party. Suddenly I — I just didn't want to go. I wanted to be with you." She colored. "You passed the acid test and today I knew it. That's all."

He touched her cheek with his palm. "When?"

"At the ballet school."

His brain flooded with all the improbable images he had contrived of how he might have to fight Ross, all the passionate pleas he had intended to make to Ann.

"The old Todd would never have done that—taken Libbie dancing and laughed about his discomforts with his mother afterward. The old Todd just didn't know how to take the small joys in life. I didn't know how I would be able to tell, but as Fleeta told me about it something went click and today I found myself remembering it when Lindsay began talking about the party. I didn't want a party. I wanted home and you and a chance for both of us. You used to take her out Todd, you loved her, but —"

He said slowly, "I was ashamed to be a father. Things got rough and I knew I wasn't up to it. I didn't want to be a father or a husband, I guess. I'd never been shown that either things were a man's good portion."

"Let me say this now, Todd. We all loved you but none of us showed it. That's a terrible thing — to get so caught up in money trouble that you forget the thing you really live for. I think what happened to you was like a nervous breakdown. And whatever I've said — about how awful it's been — there's something else. I was relieved in a way to have Sam take over, even relieved not to have to look at you and know what you were going through and know I couldn't or wouldn't help but only made everything worse by complaining and clinging to Mother."

"Oh, Todd, we both had to grow up. We all did. And yet we blamed you. Now we've been testing you. I've said all this because you mustn't feel for the rest of our lives that you've got to make it up to me. Now, are

you — are you going to test me?"

There was no guile in her. He studied her serious little face. "You've passed all the tests any woman should ever have to pass."

Her eyes filmed. He held her hands tightly, afraid now to look through the door slowly swinging open in his life.

She said huskily, "I might one day have married him but I guess deep down I'm like Fleeta, I knew you'd come home. You only love once as we do and whatever Mother says I just can't throw it away for — for spite. It's just not sane."

She kissed him. The little bells of Christmas began to ring deep and true within him.

IT WAS DARK and warm and comfortable in the gentle love-complete place of half-sleep. A joyous scream tore them from it.

"Santa came! He came!"

Todd groaned. Ann groaned. She turned on the bedside lamp. "It's seven o'clock," she invited him to believe.

The thunderous sound of a tricycle being pumped enthusiastically through the house greeted him. Ann rose and put on her robe, rubbed her eyes.

"Todd! It's Christmas Day. Todd, wake up!" she cried pushing on her slippers. "Christmas breakfast — waffles and bacon."

"But I don't like waffles and bacon."

"On Christmas morning you eat waffles and bacon and enjoy them. Todd, stop snuffling! You're trying to sneak back to sleep. Darling, let's not waste this wonderful day!"

He laughed into the pillow, looked up at a tousled bewildered Ann. "Home."

"Oh dear, am I at it again? Nagging, I mean?"

"Just a little," he roared again.

She hit him with a pillow and unceremoniously began yanking the bedclothes. "Todd, you're awful." She hugged him, blankets and all. "But darling, that laugh was wonderful! Remember to laugh when I do it — that's the answer isn't it? You took it all so seriously."

He kissed her. "Merry Christmas."

The telephone rang. "That'll be Mother to wish me a Merry Christmas," Ann said and a worried frown crept over her brow.

"I'll get it."

"Good, I'll start coffee."

The shouts and cries from the living room had not diminished, between screams the tricycle was exercised

through heaps of wrapping paper.

"Hello," he said into the telephone and a shocked silence greeted him. Finally Birdie said, "A very Merry Christmas to you and yours, Todd."

"Thank you, Birdie."

She sighed resignedly. "You'll do it this time won't you, Todd?"

"Yes."

"No doubt I'll see you later," she said dryly.

"Fine."

He called his mother. The aroma of waffles and bacon drifted from the kitchen. Libbie ran to him and shouted happily at her grandmother then bolted away again. His mother breathed a choked happiness at him and told him to bring his family down the street for coffee later. Sam shouted exuberantly in the background that he hurry up about it.

They discovered that Libbie in her enthusiasm had unwrapped all the parcels. They would have to rewrap the family gifts. Todd took Ann by the hand and drew her to the tree. She smiled. "Breakfast will be ruined."

"I meant to give you this last night." He placed a small jeweler's box in her palm. Her face lighted with quiet joy when she saw the tiny gold nugget on its thin gold chain.

"It's you, Todd. I see what you want me to see. Oh, my dear, it's beautiful."

He sat at the kitchen table and watched his beautiful unpowdered wife and his wonderful undisciplined child. Ann placed their plates before them.

"Now! Now!" Libbie cried looking eagerly at her mother.

"All right. Now," Ann explained, "It's something Fleta taught her for Christmas dinner."

Libbie, pyjama-clad, her red curls dancing almost upright with gladness, bent her little face into her hands and recited over the plate of waffles and bacon:

God bless the master of this house,
The mistress bless also,
And all the little children
That round the table go.

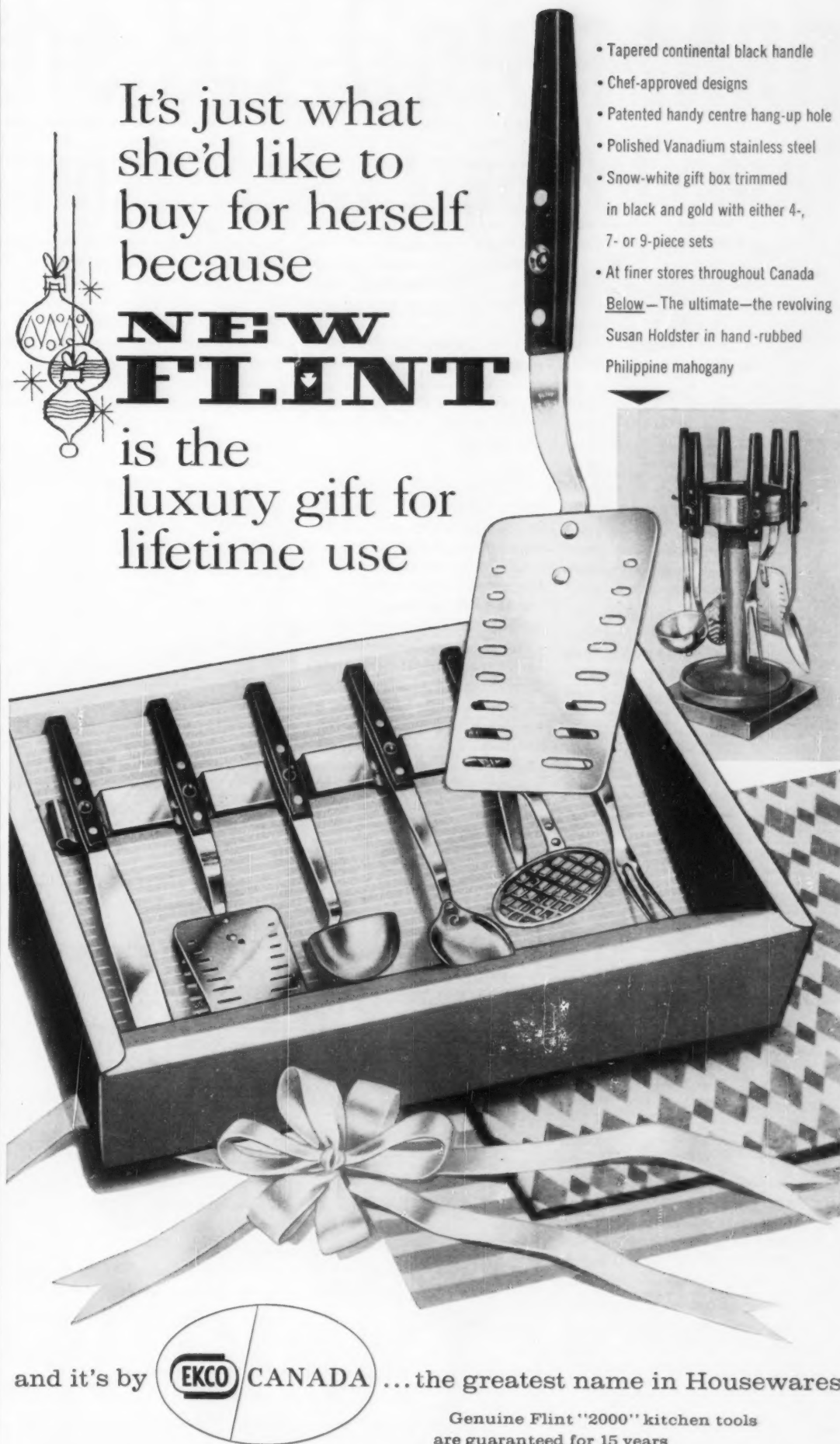
And all you kin and kinsmen,
That dwell both far and near,
I wish a Merry Christmas,
And a happy, glad New Year!

Todd's eyes met his wife's over the small head like an embrace of love. No more dark, no more cold, no more fear, he pledged himself and her white Christmas, the feast of love, sealed the promise, evergreen.

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IS THERE ANY EXCUSE FOR A MOM WHYTE?

Continued from page 29

thousand youngsters have been left in Whytehaven by their parents.

In late October the possibility arose that, no matter what Ontario officials ruled, thousands more children may come under Mom Whyte's wing in the year ahead. She announced with dramatic suddenness that she was moving out from under Ontario jurisdiction. She would sell her Bowmanville home, she said, move to a twenty-five-acre tract of land near Nelson, British Columbia, and set up a children's shelter there. Somebody had given her the land — she wouldn't say who.

While B.C. officials pondered the prospect of Mom's arrival, and social workers speculated on what changes, if any, might appear in a second Whytehaven, the Bowmanville experiment remained uppermost in everyone's mind.

Mrs. Whyte has always maintained that her home was merely a "temporary haven" for children, and that the average stay has been for three months. But it's a known fact that some children spent years there. Whytehaven, child-welfare authorities charge, has been a throwback to the old-style orphan asylum of thirty years ago, which crowded children of both sexes and every age into an institution.

"Mom prays over aches"

Worse still, they have long suspected (a suspicion that was later verified) that some of the children in Mom's haven should have been receiving special attention. A seriously disturbed fourteen-year-old boy removed last summer has since been admitted to a psychiatric hospital and a five-year-old Mongoloid girl, who was in Mrs. Whyte's care since infancy, is now in the Ontario Hospital School for mentally retarded children in Orillia. Another little girl, who entered Whytehaven with an eye injury, was allowed to wander about with an open eye socket; a Toronto specialist is now trying to undo some of the damage and to fit her with an artificial eye.

At Whytehaven no physical examination was required at the time of admission, and routine dental care was unheard of. ("Mom prays over

toothaches," one of her followers once explained.) There were no isolation facilities to cope with contagious diseases. Last spring two newly arrived little boys with scabies passed on the skin ailment to forty-one others, and when hepatitis broke out last summer the epidemic spread like wildfire. The fire marshal had twice warned that some of the wiring was faulty and urged more second-floor exits, fire-proofing of inflammable areas and better fire-fighting equipment, including more water. Government inspectors said Whytehaven had room for fifty-seven children, but as many as a hundred and twenty were sometimes packed into double bunks and cots.

Mom said, "If God wanted me to turn any of these children away, He'd have told me."

There was concern for the emotional needs of all these children. Babies deprived of individual love and "mothering" are known to grow up with damaged personalities — and there were thirty-three infants in the Whytehaven nursery. Mom's staff was inexperienced, unpaid, religiously motivated, and frequently on the move. They worked hard, but there just weren't enough of them. When a seven-year-old accidentally strangled while playing in an unused privy, the coroner's inquest blamed his death on inadequate supervision of facilities. When a baby girl died of asphyxiation after regurgitating her formula, the jury strongly recommended that a registered nurse be in constant attendance. (Mrs. Whyte has been heard to observe that "it's not easy to get a Born Again registered nurse.")

Worst of all, in the eyes of professional social workers, by taking each and every child that came to her door, Mom Whyte was shunting off any responsibility to keep a family to-

gether. There was no investigation to see if the parents' tale of woe was true, or whether they could be helped in any other way; there was no time limit on a child's stay, no planning for his future. As this is written, two sets of parents have still not turned up to claim their children. Forty-five children are back with their families, under the supervision of the Children's Aid Society, which suggests that perhaps they need never have left home in the first place. Twenty-nine children have been made temporary wards. One child has been made a permanent ward at the request of its parents. The future of sixteen children is awaiting a court decision.

James S. Band, Ontario's Deputy Minister of Public Welfare, says, "There's no need for a place like Whytehaven in Ontario. Within the framework of our existing social services every one of those children could have been helped somewhere else."

Mrs. Whyte disagrees. She says, "There's nowhere else for most of these kids. If they weren't with me they'd be abandoned in some washroom or under a railway bridge."

Until Whytehaven was registered as a boarding home or a charitable institution, the government could not enforce higher standards or proper supervision. Mom refused to register. "Whytehaven is a mission," she insisted. "God runs this place."

One afternoon last autumn, just before she departed on her fund-raising tour of the west, I visited Whytehaven to talk to Mom Whyte. Although the children were gone, several new helpers had arrived to swell her staff, and were busy in the kitchen and the garden.

Mrs. Whyte's first question, as we seated ourselves on the chesterfield in the downstairs sitting room was,

"What are they saying about me?"

I said that some people were calling her a religious fanatic. Was she?

"If Jesus was a religious fanatic, then so am I," she said.

I said another criticism being levelled at her was that she had never bothered to acquaint herself, or the parents who came to her, with other agencies set up to help people in trouble.

"They told me there were such places but they never sent me any information," she said.

"It's not my fault!"

Just prior to the government crack-down, according to the newspapers, there had been one hundred and seven children in Whytehaven and a staff of six. I asked Mrs. Whyte, "Don't you honestly think that one hundred and seven children were too many, considering your small staff?"

"There was a time not so long ago that we had one hundred and twenty-two children and only six on our staff. Why didn't they raid then?" she answered.

"Do you feel that you were doing the best possible job of looking after all those children?"

"There are plenty of places worse than mine that aren't under attack."

"What places?"

Mrs. Whyte pursed her lips. "I do not choose to name them," she said.

Welfare officials who have tried to work with Mrs. Whyte complain that she has a peculiar habit of retreating when things get unpleasant. Trying to pin her down on anything is like nailing jelly on the wall, they say.

I told Mom that a photographer had visited Whytehaven before the raid and found the beds placed so close together that he'd had to squeeze sideways to get through the nursery. Two weeks later, at an "open house" she'd held to bolster her case with the public, he'd noticed that eight beds had been removed.

"That's right," said Mrs. Whyte. "We took out eight beds. They told us the beds had to be two and a half feet apart, and we're just trying to keep up our standards."

"But the children were gone by then," I protested.

"That's not my fault," she said. "Better late than never."

Further discussion established that Mrs. Whyte didn't think most of the youngsters would have been better off at home ("You should have seen some of their homes"); that she didn't think



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GREEN GIANT

GOOD THINGS
FROM THE GARDEN

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much of foster homes ("I can show you some pictures of dreadful foster homes that a friend sent me"); and that she hadn't anything specific against the Children's Aid Society ("We don't know much about them").

Whether Mrs. Whyte admits it or not, the target for most of the angry brickbats in the Mom Whyte case has been the Children's Aid Society, an autonomous organization which a Toronto columnist recently nominated as "the group in our community — outside of used-car dealers — most in need of a good public-relations program."

Its duty is twofold: to protect neglected children (the Child Welfare Act states twelve definitions of the word "neglect"), and to prevent the breakup of marriages which might lead to the neglect of children. It is legally bound to investigate any complaint and, if true, to rescue the child. Its telephone number is in the local directory and its switchboard is open twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. In Toronto the society maintains an emergency shelter, and social workers stand by for weekend calls.

We're not baby snatchers

Unless the CAS can prove in court within ten days that a child is neglected, it must return him to his own parents. If neglect is proved, the court may allow the child to remain at home under supervision, or he may be named a temporary ward of the agency and placed in an approved foster home for a limited period not exceeding two years, and usually less. His parents are expected to visit him and make every effort to establish a satisfactory home to which he may return as soon as possible. A case worker keeps in touch with the child, the foster parents, and the real parents on a counseling basis. If at the end of two years the child's own parents have still not established a good home, the case returns to court and the child becomes a permanent ward of the CAS, and is legally free for adoption.

Many of the Whytehaven parents I spoke to had an extremely low opinion of the Children's Aid Society. "They're nothing but a bunch of baby snatchers and snoops," I heard over and over again.

Most of them had no idea of the "neglect" aspect of the agency. "They wanted me to take my kids to court and say they were neglected!" a young deserted mother told me. "Imagine!

If I'd done that I'd never have got them back." Instead, she had begged a ride to Bowmanville and left her three little girls with sympathetic Mom Whyte.

"They call us baby snatchers," says Jessie Watters, Case Consultant with the Children's Aid Society of Toronto. "Actually, we're convinced that most children are better off in their own homes than anywhere else, and we bend over backward trying to keep them there."

Parents who ask the Children's Aid Society to place their children in foster homes so that they can both work, or can take a trip, or (as in one of Mom Whyte's cases) so that the husband can go to college and his wife be left free to take a job and finance his studies, are often dismayed to find that the agency has other ideas.

Muriel Bissell, a longtime worker in the Toronto CAS's Intake Department, says, "Whenever we're faced with a mother asking us to place her child, we have to ask ourselves, 'Is it possible that this child may never come home again?' 'Is she trying to get rid of her youngster, or is she so frantic with her problems that she just can't see any other way out?' We ask her to consider her child's feelings at being sent away. We may suggest it would be better if she stayed home and went on Mother's Allowance, or relief. Some parents aren't entirely honest with us, but most of them are just desperate and in a hurry. They've made up their own mind that they're going to send the children away and take a job — and if we wouldn't help them they knew Mom Whyte would."

Should the Children's Aid societies do more than they are doing? In many people's minds the answer is a resounding yes. No less a person than William Bury, director of Child Welfare for Ontario, admits that "some agencies' concept is more limited than the legislation itself." And Eric Smit, a division director of the Canadian Welfare Council, feels that instead of a smug, "it's not a case of neglect, so it's no business of ours" reaction, the wise agency might stretch a point here and there.

Unfortunately, it's not all that simple. Children's Aid societies (even those that would be willing to do more) are hampered by lack of qualified staff — there just aren't enough social workers graduating from university — and also by lack of funds. Ward Markie, Executive Director of

the Catholic Children's Aid in Toronto, points to a trend that started in 1955 when he observes, "The more money we get from the government to help us in our protective work, the less we get from the United Appeal."

Bessie Touzel, Executive Director of the Ontario Welfare Council says flatly, "Supportive counseling is the gap," and many welfare workers agree that a combination of illness, unemployment, alcoholism, desertion and other family problems is just too much for some people to handle alone. Somebody's got to sort out the situation for them, give them a helping hand over a rough spot. But who?

Is today's charity cold?

In a big city such as Toronto, three agencies — the Neighborhood Workers, the Catholic Family Services, and the Jewish Family and Child Service — offer counsel to parents in trouble. But in smaller localities there may be nothing at all.

Other gaps and breakdowns in our social services which lead directly to a Whytehaven are: not enough good foster homes (the CAS is constantly looking for new ones); not enough day nurseries; not enough homemakers, especially of the live-in variety; not enough help for the emotionally disturbed or mentally retarded child too young to be admitted to an institution. Parents complain that Mothers' Allowance and relief cheques are inadequate, especially considering the high price of housing. "Take the advice of the CAS and stay home on Mother's Allowance, and where do you find yourself? In the slums for life!" one disgusted mother told me.

Even so, gaps and breakdowns don't explain entirely the tremendous attraction of Mom Whyte's haven. Two other factors enter the picture.

The first is the strong and magnetic personality of Mrs. Whyte herself. Even without her newspaper buildup, she'd be bound to attract followers. The second factor is the impersonal nature of modern-day charity, which leaves many well-meaning people dissatisfied at heart. As one employee complained recently, "I get more kick out of giving a dime to a panhandler than in seeing \$10.58 knocked off my monthly pay cheque to subsidize eighty-nine charitable organizations, most of which I never heard of." Some people who feel this way prefer to give to Mom, rather than to a large charity organization, because at

Whytehaven they can see their money being put to work.

Eric Smit of the Canadian Welfare Council sums up Mom Whyte's appeal this way, "A good social worker sees the complexity of a situation, but Mom has this fantastic ease in stating what she believes. It's a simple faith that God is on her side, directing every move, and it captures public imagination—especially among people who feel instead of think."

There's a general feeling that Mom Whyte would never have got where she did if it hadn't been for the newspapers. William Bury, head of Child Welfare in Ontario, declares, "Our worst enemy was the press. All the publicity went to her head."

It started innocently enough back in 1955, when Toronto reporter Jack Gale wrote a touching story about a kindly farm couple who were caring for thirty-four children in their nine-room house. *START ON FAITH ALONE TO AID NEEDY BABIES*, was its caption. Another reporter, Ben Rose, is given credit for inventing the touching appellation of "Mom." Soon every step of Mrs. Whyte's long and stubborn career was being chronicled sympathetically in half a dozen Ontario newspapers. As a result of all this publicity, more donations poured in for Whytehaven and more and more parents learned about Mom and brought her their children.

Welfare officials found the place overcrowded and the fire marshal gave an adverse report. Because Mrs. Whyte was not charging for her services, Whytehaven did not appear to fall under any existing legislation. So, in 1957, the Ontario government passed the Children's Boarding Homes Act which set minimum standards. Mom's answer was that Whytehaven was not a boarding home, it was a mission. In her book, institutions of any kind are cold and ugly places where children are tended for pay instead of for love.

In pink with a Bible

After a long and frustrating exchange of correspondence, things came to a head. Mrs. Whyte was hailed into magistrate's court on a charge of operating an unlicensed boarding home. She turned up dressed in pink, carrying a Bible, and flanked by all the children. (WHO'LL CARE FOR MY 60 CHILDREN IF I'M JAILED? the newspapers cried.) The magistrate found her guilty but let her off on uncondi-

tional suspended sentence. Mom's supporters cheered the victory. More donations and more children arrived.

Bessie Touzel, who is largely responsible for the legislation of the Children's Boarding Homes Act, thinks that a place the size of Whytehaven more properly falls into the category of a charitable institution. In Ontario, registered charitable institutions that can prove a need for their service, and which meet government requirements, are eligible for financial assistance — eight dollars a month for each child and considerable help toward meeting the cost of new buildings.

Mrs. Whyte admitted on several occasions that she was strongly tempted to register under the Charitable Institutions Act, but up to last summer she still hadn't done so. Social workers were still wringing their hands over deplorably overcrowded Whytehaven, and the government, unsure what to do about its defiant mistress, was still biding its time. It was rumored that

built on fifty acres of land not far from the present home — for which she still didn't have the down payment.

Three weeks after her departure, Mom's chief lieutenant, Sharon Roger-son, admitted that sixteen children were back in the old stone house.

Whytehaven was open again! The government quickly issued a stiff warning that Mom would have to register immediately, or close up.

Five weeks later, undoubtedly to their relief, Ontario officials learned that they would not have to face a showdown with Mom, who still re-

fused to register. She would pull up stakes and move west. Seemingly, the Ontario battle was over. Now Mom's future became British Columbia's concern. How would she fare there?

A new question mark had been dramatically inserted in the contentious Mom Whyte story.

END

QUICK-TRICK

A clothespin bag, the kind made on a wire clothes hanger, hanging on a hook near the kitchen door, makes a very convenient place to store dry mitts and gloves in the winter. No wild scurrying when leaving for school.

Mrs. L. A. Cullin,
Timmins, Ont.

Mom had friends in high places. Then, in late July, an epidemic struck Whytehaven and at last the way seemed clear. A quick decision was made, an order in council was passed, ninety-one children were whisked away and a charge of neglect was laid under the terms of the Child Welfare Act.

In the eyes of Mom Whyte, the raid was "the end of religious freedom in Canada" and she proceeded to camp for three days outside the door of the Sacred Heart Children's Village in Toronto, where a favorite child, Brucie, was confined with hepatitis. "I'm just a mother waiting outside the gates of a concentration camp," she told reporters.

In August the charge of neglect was upheld in court. Early in September Mrs. Whyte departed by automobile on a tour of western Canada and the United States. Her aim: to collect fifty thousand dollars for a bigger and better Whytehaven, to be

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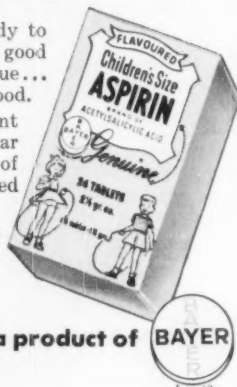


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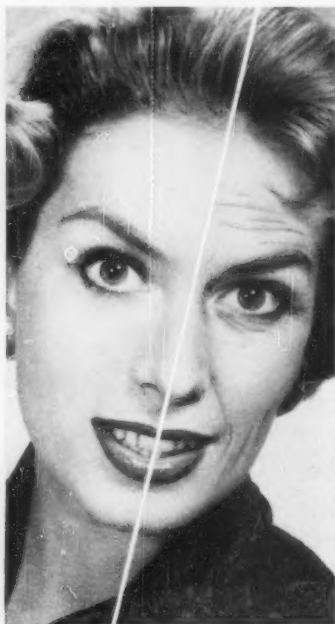
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 smooths away signs of age in the skin

YOUR CHILD



"Have some of mine!"

BY ALTON GOLDBLOOM, MD

A selfish child can grow into a demanding adult — so early in life teach him to share

● There is a well-known story of the little boy who saved a part of his allowance each week for many weeks for a present for his mother on her birthday, and when the birthday came around the little boy proudly presented his mother with a baseball.

We are approaching the season when giving is traditional and it is a good time to examine some of the problems involved in developing in children the spirit of giving and of sharing as distinct from the pleasure of merely receiving.

The infant has no such emotion. He receives willingly, he gives nothing. His possessions are everything within his sight and reach. The identification of a world beyond himself and, therefore, of rights and possessions beyond his own, is a gradual development which, after a certain age, can be retarded or fostered by the actions of his parents. It can be permanently retarded and persist into adult life.

We all know such children and such adults, devoid of all the social graces, disliked and unpopular, demanding everything and giving nothing. This is no more than an extension of infantile behavior into adult life.

We are born selfish and self-cen-

tered. Our original instincts are acquisitive and our original thoughts are of food, comfort and pleasure — for ourselves and ourselves alone. But life's discipline, most particularly in our Judaeo-Christian culture, demands giving and sharing; it demands compassion and justice; it demands the love of man.

The Bible is replete with such teachings. Sharing is a social necessity in order that we may live together in peace and in comfort. Children, left alone, will soon learn this. Observe them in groups, how they will at first fight for the exclusive possession of toys, and how the very achievement of an impasse will, quite automatically, without words or pacts or agreements, result in a compromising mutualism where everyone is happy and everyone shares.

"Learn to do well," says Isaiah, but when do we begin? The infant does neither well nor ill, he is neutral. Perhaps at four years of age or so, the idea of sharing with others begins to take hold if it is properly and gently taught. Sharing is one thing because sharing does not permanently cede possession. Giving is quite another matter and this is something that requires much more than instruc-



How to make Jell-O Jingle Jells

Dissolve 1 regular size package (3 ounces) Strawberry Jell-O (or any red flavor) in 1 cup hot water. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water. Prepare 1 package Lime Jell-O in same way. Chill separately in 8 x 8 x 2-inch pans until firm. Unmold. Using a bell shaped cookie cutter, cut out 3 red and 3 green bells. Flake remaining Jell-O with fork (or force through ricer) and place in serving dish as illustrated. Garnish with border of whipped cream and bells. Serves 6. For other gay Christmas designs, use a star or tree-shaped cookie cutter.

P.S. Try Jell-O bells a-top ice cream, pudding or cake.

Oh what fun it is to make

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tion but certainly never, commands.

Here is where the entire background of the parents comes in as well as the preparatory education to which the child has been subjected. Here, too, is where religion comes in, for in religion is the basis of all those ethical teachings which in their sublimest teach us that the road to the love of God is by way of the love of man.

So when our children are taught giving they must be taught in the spirit of the golden rule; as part of a great principle that in the sharing of our gifts lies our greatest happiness.

"I resent this child"

This may all sound sermonlike, but it is not. A doctor must deal with life, not with diseases alone, and in dealing with life he must deal with all its aspects, the spiritual included in so far as it lies within his capacities and understanding.

The accepted and well-loved child living in a harmonious household will present no problems when he reaches the age when he can be taught the importance of giving and sharing; the rejected child is another problem entirely.

Are there rejected children? Ask any pediatrician or any psychiatrist. It is difficult to believe, but a doctor must, oftener than you imagine, sit quietly without visible shock or surprise, while a mother says, "I resent this child"; or "I cannot say that I have ever had any affection for him or her"; or "since she was born, my husband has never taken any notice of her," and many other such statements. Obviously, sharing and giving can hardly be expected from a child who has received nothing.

When a child reaches the age of receiving an allowance, he can also be taught a little of the spirit of self-denial. It is a good thing for the child to know, not only at special seasons but always, that part of his good fortune should go to others.

I do not think that a young child should be induced to make too great a sacrifice of favorite toys or objects. Anything resembling the spirit of true sacrifice must come as a spontaneous development, resulting from such early indoctrination—a quality which is not universal, and which is given to but a few.

Generosity of spirit and sacrifice are not the monopolies of the materially endowed alone. The word philanthropy comes from two Greek words which mean love of man, some-

thing that can be expressed in many ways and in any season.

A poignant example of such philanthropy occurred a few years ago when a comparatively new Canadian, a Polish woman, came to me with a child that she had taken from a crèche for adoption. I pointed out to the woman that the child had a spinal deformity, and in her poor but eloquent English, she said, "I know, but I want give him chance. If me no give chance, maybe nobody." It was at Christmas that she came, and I thought, in the terms of what Christmas meant to this poor woman, nothing could more profoundly have expressed the spirit of the season and the meaning of philanthropy.

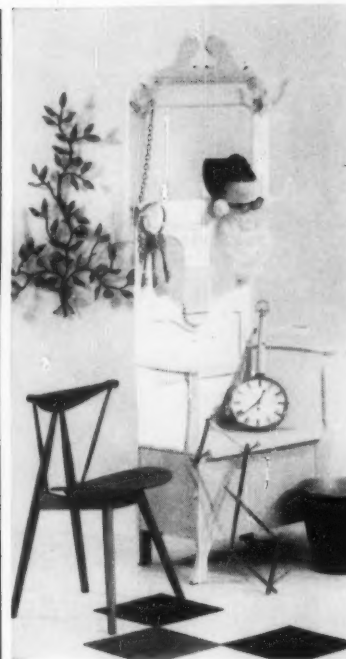
The child who has everything may also present a problem. Mary was a case in point. Mary was a child of extremely wealthy parents. The sheltered security of the private school which she attended did not point up to this sensitive child any great differences in the social and economic status of people. However, when she became a freshman at university, she began to have periods of depression, weeping spells and other emotional disturbances which led her mother to seek advice. A little questioning brought out the extraordinary fact that she was ashamed of being rich.

Giving is love

She became acutely conscious, for the first time in her life, of the big spread in economic status among people and was powerless to do anything about it. The family was devoutly Catholic and I was aware of the emphasis that had been placed in her convent days on charity and good works. I advised an increase in the child's allowance sufficient to permit her to have a generous outlet in charitable acts in which I had asked her priest to help me. As all this occurred during the Christmas recess, we could take advantage of the significance of this season to Christians. The result was a happy and well-adjusted child.

Giving, therefore, in the Christmas season or at any other time, sharing, or in short, accepting one's responsibility in the community, can derive only from the love of mankind. This is not inherent; it must be taught. It follows that it can be taught only by parents and teachers who love mankind. This is the sense, I think, of Isaiah's phrase, "Learn to do well." It must be learned first, in order that it may be taught.

END



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What's best for Baby

by Ruth Parsons

HEINZ BABY COUNSELLOR

What a big, beautiful choice there now is in clothes for your baby! Here are a few tips for you.

Comfort first, please!

Give your baby lots of growing room. Socks and booties should offer extra space for busy pink toes. Armholes should be wide. Nothing should bind—do watch the leg-openings of plastic



panties, particularly. The good fit of clothes is your foremost wardrobe concern. A reminder about sweaters: look for an extra-large head-opening, for easy on-and-off action.

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Compiled by HELEN O'REILLY

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• What do gardeners do in the wintertime? They read about gardening. Incurably addicted to their hobby, they read with the same hot-eyed enthusiasm with which they approach a ready-to-plant border in the spring. Their interest is boundless: they gobble up gardening books ranging from the simplest for beginners (the ones I think of as the now-put-down-the-spade-and-pick-up-the-hoe types) to the most literary and scientific for the fanatics. Now, gardeners are generally regarded as a notorious difficulty on Christmas lists — they come under the heading of those who "have everything," for actually their needs are few and ardent gardeners are the last to deny themselves, bless them, when it comes to gardening tools. But no gardener has all the books on gardening and nothing will please so surely as a reliable one chosen with particular care.

How do you choose? First, take a good detached look at your gardener, and then at the list below. There should be something there that your special gardener will read and cherish for years. You can buy or order any of the books through Canadian book and department stores.

10,000 GARDEN QUESTIONS, Answered by 20 Experts, edited by F. F. Rockwell (Doubleday, \$6.75): The amateur's encyclopedia for fifteen years, it has now been updated. Every gardener (beginner or old hand) wants these 1,324 pages, cov-

ering everything on which one could possibly seek advice, from pruning pea shrub (*Caragana*) to planting in signs of the zodiac (don't!).

THE CANADIAN GARDENER'S GUIDE, edited by Dr. R. J. Hilton (Swift Canadian Co., Limited, \$1.50): A bargain for beginners since it is a perfectly sound promotional piece containing practical information on general gardening which no commercial publisher could produce so attractively at this price. It is clarified and enlivened with line drawings and not so burdened with detail as to discourage the new homeowner.

ALL ABOUT HOUSE PLANTS, by Montague Free (Doubleday, \$4.75): This book is so timely as to seem a "natural" right now, but not every gardener dotes on indoor plants, so check! It covers everything that ever grew inside—bulbs, cacti, ferns, flowers, shrubs, vines, foliage plants, and, of course, African violets and geraniums. There is a chapter on growing plants in chemical solutions. I would say that this one is for the houseplant grower who knows his or her way about; to such it will be an inspiration to experiment.

PRACTICAL GARDENING, by Olive Mason Gunnison (Doubleday, \$5): Just the book for the weekend gardener, whether just learning or already immersed in the game. It gives all the newest short cuts to the efficient setting out of a garden and its

maintenance with the minimum expenditure of time and money. The illustrations will help the beginner enormously, and the data on new methods and new plants will intrigue the advanced gardener.

ANYONE CAN GROW ROSES, by Cynthia Westcott (McClelland & Stewart, \$3.50): In spite of its encouraging title, this book will be most appreciated by the really dedicated rose fancier. It is the enlarged second edition and it covers every detail of the care, selection and protection of roses as well as of the layout of rose gardens and the technique of "showing." Dr. Westcott writes with authority and verve—as when she notes crisply in the chapter on Rose Enemies, "The rose is sometimes defenseless against man."

GARDEN IDEAS AND PROJECTS, edited by Richard D. Whittemore (Doubleday, \$4.50): This how-to-do-it handbook is for the versatile, meticulous, and imaginative gardener. It covers garden carpentry from plant boxes to a "ten-passenger picnic table," and garden masonry from "flags without stone" to a four-way fireplace and formal and informal pools. Care of tools, fence-making, and the designing of rock gardens—all are combined with excellent tips on gardening itself.

TAYLOR'S GARDEN GUIDE, by Norman Taylor (McClelland & Stewart, \$6.95): A wonderfully complete reference book for the serious gardener—the one who plans and then follows the plan. It is really six books in one, as the section titles indicate: The Permanent Garden, The Ever-blooming Garden, Color in the Garden, Fragrance in the Garden, Herbs in the Garden, and Fruit in the Garden. Needless to say, it is a large book and it is intensely practical and very good value.

ALL ABOUT THE PERENNIAL GARDEN, by Montague Free (Doubleday, \$6.75): The author began his life work as a "journeyman gardener" more than fifty years ago, gained his unrivaled knowledge at some of the finest botanical gardens (including the Royal, in London, England, and the Brooklyn, and sharpened his gift for imparting that knowledge painlessly at the Pennsylvania School of Horticulture for Women. His book on perennials should be on

the shelf of every gardener who takes pride in constantly improving the herbaceous border.

EASY WAYS TO A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN, by Ruth Gannon (Macmillan, \$5.75): The new homeowner will love this understanding book about starting a garden and keeping it going with the least possible fuss. It is a do-it-yourself book based on the author's own gardening experiences, with explicit directions and good illustrations to encourage and demonstrate garden possibilities.

GARDENING INDOORS UNDER LIGHTS, by Frederick and Jacqueline Kranz (Macmillan, \$5.75): This book is for the serious gardener who starts flowers and vegetables from seed and/or for the indoor gardener with big ideas about house plants. "Bringing the sun indoors" is its theme and it shows how fluorescent lights do exactly that, either for seed propagation or for growing decorative plants in living areas. The question here is whether or not your gardener is progressive, willing to experiment, and handy with the odd bit of wiring. If so, you will be considered a genius for thinking of this one.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF BULBS, by F. F. Rockwell and Esther C. Grayson (Doubleday, \$5.75): A play-by-play description of the planting of bulbs, both outdoors and in, with clear explanations of the growth cycles of ten leading types. Suggestions for planting, based on the years of gardening of both authors, and descriptions of the less known bulbs, are features that will appeal to beginners and experienced gardeners alike. A handsome, practical gift book.

A COMPLETE GUIDE TO GARDENING, by Montague Free (Pocket Books, 50 cents): This fat little book, which contains a fabulous amount of information for its price, was first published as a full-sized gardening book in 1937 and as a Perma-book in 1954. This year it has been brought up to date and reissued for, I would judge, another very long run. If you feel it is too small for a full-dress Christmas gift, stuff it in someone's stocking (perhaps your own?), for it is a mine of information for anyone with the smallest clue about gardens. END

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—John Sebert (cover, 24, 25, 72), Tom Davenport (2, 15), Robert C. Ragsdale (2, 6, 95), Alex Dellow (3), Paul Rockett (21), Peter Croydon (28, 34), Star Newspaper Service (29, 32), Bettmann Archive (32), Miller Services (33, 68, 70, 110), Dennis Colwell (36, 37, 38, 39, 40), Capital Press (48), Clive Webster (56), Wide World Photos (66, 70), Ray Webber (84, 85), Herb Nott (102), N. C. Hutchinson (106). **ARTWORK**—Will Davies (22), Ed McNally (27), Arnaud Maggs (30), Sandy Van Norman (94), John Thorne (114, 116).

WHAT WOULD YOU DO... IF YOUR HUSBAND WAS A PROBLEM DRINKER?

What happens to a woman when her husband turns to drink? What can she do to help him? And how does she explain to their children his erratic behavior and frequent long absences from home? And just as important—how can she help restore him in the eyes of his family when he finally gives up liquor to re-commence a normal home life?

Don't miss this timely report on

THE ALCOHOLIC AND HIS FAMILY

by Sidney Katz

In the same issue

● MY FIRST FORTY YEARS BEHIND A NEWSREEL CAMERA

Cameraman Roy Tash writes: "From the days of nickelodeons and beauties in bloomers to stereo sound and bikinis, I've been photographing a fascinating world — including three men trying to make a moose climb stairs."

● WE LIKED ANIMALS BETTER THAN PEOPLE

When he was a boy, recalls humorist Robert Thomas Allen, animals weren't cute cartoon characters that talked and walked upright and sold motor oil on TV. No, animals then were sleek and inscrutable, wild and wonderful — and an important part of growing up.

*There's exciting reading for the whole family
in the December 5 issue of*

MACLEAN'S

Canada's National Magazine

ON SALE NOVEMBER 24



The last
word is
yours —

Are church women such backbiters?

"No," say CHATELAINE readers to Claire Jones, who wrote *A Minister's Wife Talks Back*, in the October issue. If extreme gossips and critics make life difficult for the minister's wife, they probably do the same for everyone else's wife, too. The remedy: ignore them.

● I don't really believe that women of the church who are using their time — in many cases their only spare time — to work for their church and to furnish and keep up a nice home for the minister and his wife are the gossipy, backbiting lot we are accused of being. This seems to be an opinion shared by the ministers' wives and most nonworking members of our congregations.

Let us give credit where credit is due; if our women's groups refused to work to earn the money for church use, it would be a revelation to both the minister and his family and the congregation. Everybody would have to dig a little deeper still . . .

Mrs. Percy Wamboldt, Enderby, B.C.

Mrs. Jones seems to have quite missed the point. We and our husbands are not in this job for our health, nor for a living. We are in it because our deep devotion to our Lord Jesus Christ compels us thus to serve Him . . . There are surely occupational problems to the wives of many professions. What about the hypochondriac who calls the doctor up in the night?

Also I think that the kind of people who criticize the minister's wife to such an extent as in Mrs. Jones's article would probably criticize the butcher's, the baker's, and everyone else's wife!

Mrs. Evelyn Ward, Toronto.

Any woman who has lived in a manse could make a much longer list of examples of generosity, kindness and understanding . . .

I prefer to remember the women in a mission congregation who worked and gave so that the minister's wife could have running water, although some of them were not only without water but without hydro . . . The arrival of a floor polisher as an anonymous gift when I was faced with acres of hardwood floors in our new manse, and the discovery that the giver was a working woman who already support-

ed the church far beyond her capacity . . . I like to remember the gracious manner in which innumerable people have looked after my youngsters and acted as if they enjoyed doing it . . .

No. The problem is not that there are some thoughtless people in the congregation. The problem is: that there is a stereotype into which the minister's wife is supposed to fit. I dare to suggest that we [ministers' wives] are the people who perpetuate the pattern and do not dare to make the break.

Are we afraid of that if people start treating us as persons we will then have to leave the safety of the niche which someone else has carved out for us?

Mrs. Helen Lowenberger,
Tillsonburg, Ont.

Charm at
Open House



I am shocked to read [October] the unfair and spiteful criticism of the CBC's lack of a woman's program with a compelling commentator such as Kate Aitken or Claire Wallace — the two most irritating, ordinary, crashing bores on record! Anna Cameron, as hostess of CBC's Open House, has all the charm of personality and voice, the appeal and spontaneity that the other two so woefully lack.

CHATELAINE, like Open House, strives to uplift the horizon of Canadian women beyond the purely domestic and dull, and I think your Miss May should tune in some afternoon before she makes criticisms she is ill qualified to make.

Mrs. Margaret Korell, Toronto.

We are firmly convinced that Open House has every feature you state

women are not getting. Open House gives today's women what they want five afternoons a week, and it has real women working for the women of Canada — this includes Anna Cameron, Peggy Nairn, and all the contributors to this fine show.

Isabelle and Anne Stein, Hamilton.

We women in London, Ont., have a rare opportunity, or so it would seem from your column. On Channel 10 we have the pleasure of viewing the At Home show, with Mrs. Hope Garber, a lovely young blonde, who is also a mother and housewife.

Her show features an exercise program, a cooking session, a sewing lesson and interviews with well-known personalities.

Janet Brown, London, Ont.



A case of double vision

I hope you will not mind some criticism. The fact is, I find your magazine rather dull! So much advertising.

This month [October] I would say your most interesting article is on Springhill. I also like your cover. However, I am not too interested in such an amount of recipes.

Mrs. Beryl Haslam, Pointe Claire, Que.

I cannot let another month go by without telling you that never have I seen a magazine change so excitingly as has CHATELAINE . . . Any day now, I expect a letter warning me that the price is going up, but I won't object. CHATELAINE is equal to a thirty-five-cent American magazine.

There is only one small complaint — I find those pages and pages of recipes rather like looking at a heavily laden dinner table and suddenly losing one's appetite.

Margery Scott Ritchie, King, Ont.

Each October Chatelaine publishes more than 200 recipes in a special once-a-year cookbook bonus. The

theme this year was *Make-Ahead Recipes*, for use the year round.

— The Editors.

Suppose Esther had "another man"?

I just finished reading *The Other Woman: A Threat to Marriage* [September]. Boy, I would like to see any woman who would stay with her husband when he had another woman. It wouldn't be me or my friends.

Mrs. Shirley Vankoughnett,
Fingal, Ont.

What kind of family counselor is this, too soft to call adultery one of the cardinal sins? And that so-called father — what an example of human dignity! Couldn't his wife help him more to repair his senses by insisting on stopping completely this disgusting self-pampering and, indeed, sinning?

W. Delvit, Montreal.

Let us picture Douglas Cameron coming home three or four evenings a week to find that his dearly beloved Esther has chosen to spend the night with an eligible bachelor of their neighborhood. I doubt if he would even consult a marriage counselor. He would dash off to a reputable lawyer and start divorce proceedings, declaring his wife to be unfit as the mother of his three children. What is sauce for the gander should be sauce for the goose, or is it?

Mrs. Myrtle Ward, Arrowwood, Alta.



That beautiful
Velvet Suit

I'm not one for writing letters, but I just have to comment on that beautiful illustration in your October issue: *The Velvet Suit*.

I look forward to your illustrations each month but this one was by far the most outstanding I have seen in any magazine for some time. My compliments to Eugenie Groh.

Sandra Kiviranta, Toronto.

Send letters to The Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

NEXT MONTH IN CHATELAINE

Gisele MacKenzie soars to new success

Beginning:

Dr. Marion Hilliard's last book
"Women and Fatigue"

"Married women are fools to take a job"





Crystal by Rosenthal, Shine by Simoniz

REFLECTION OF PERFECTION / SIMONIZ VINYL WAX / FOR ALL FLOORS



Does she...
or doesn't she?

Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!

Are mothers getting younger or do they just *look* that way? She, for one, has that wonderful wholesome quality—the fresh, radiant hair color that just naturally keeps a woman looking younger, prettier...feeling more confident. And when you think how easy it is to keep hair beautiful and sparkling with Miss Clairol, you wonder why *any* woman *ever* should let gray or fading hair age her looks or dull her outlook!

With Miss Clairol Hair Color Bath, finished color is always soft and ladylike...lively, natural-looking in *any* light. That's why hairdressers all over the world recommend Miss Clairol, use it every time to add lasting color to fading hair...and to cover gray! It takes only minutes! To look younger, more attractive right away, try Miss Clairol hair color yourself. Today. In wonderful new Creme Formula or Regular.

MISS CLAIROL® HAIR COLOR BATH

MORE WOMEN USE MISS CLAIROL THAN ANY OTHER HAIRCOLORING

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